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LIFE AS IT IS

By
J. W. M. BREAZEALE

Knoxville, Tenn.
1842

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Limited Edition
NUMBER 885

By
CHARLES ELDER
Bookseller and Publisher
Nashville, Tennessee

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LIFE AS IT IS;

OR

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL:

CONTAINING,

AMONGST OTHER THINGS, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE EXPLORATION AND FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS; THEIR WARS WITH THE INDIANS; BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN;

HISTORY OF THE HARPS,

(TWO NOTED MURDERERS;)

A SATIRICAL BURLESQUE UPON THE PRACTICE OF ELECTIONEERING; LEGISLATIVE, JUDICIAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL INCIDENTS; DESCRIPTIONS OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES; A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES, &C.

BY J. W. M. BREAZEALE.

KNOXVILLE:

PRINTED BY JAMES WILLIAMS, AT THE OFFICE OF "THE POST"

1842.

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DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE, ss.

Be it remembered, That, on the twenty-ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and of the Independence of the United States of America the sixty-sixth, J. W. M. Breazeale, of said district of East Tennessee, deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor, in the words following, to wit :—

"Life as it is; or, Matters and Things in General: containing, amongst other things, Historical Sketches of the exploration and first settlement of the State of Tennessee; Manners and Customs of the inhabitants; their wars with the Indians; Battle of King's Mountain; History of the Harps, (two noted murderers;) a Satirical Burlesque upon the practice of Electioneering; Legislative, Judicial and Ecclesiastical incidents; Descriptions of Natural Curiosities; a Collection of Anecdotes, &c. By J. W. M. Breazeale."

In conformity to an act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES W. CAMPBELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Tennessee.

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Nashville, Tennessee, 1969

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DEDICATION.

"God that hath made the world, and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and fixed the bounds of their habitation." HOLY WRIT.

To the inhabitants of every nation, kindred and kingdom this work is respectfully dedicated, in token of the regard and esteem entertained by the author for his brethren of the human family, as well as to manifest his desire to proclaim throughout the sunny realms of science and of song, and to make known through the dark and benighted regions of ignorance and superstition, LIFE AS IT IS; AND THE MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL, pertaining thereto, as it hitherto has existed, and now exists, in the romantic highlands, fertile plains, flourishing towns, prosperous villages and growing hamlets of his native State.

"Go, little book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days."

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PREFACE.

THE object of the author in presenting to the world the following pages, is to amuse, instruct and improve the human mind, while he rescues from oblivion some important memoranda of the history of the patriarchs of Tennessee—spreads before his countrymen the light and force of the example of their fathers—contrasts their plain, economical, republican manners and customs, with the vain, ostentatious, and, in many respects, aristocratic practices of the present age—lashes the vices of the times —lauds the virtues of his fellow-citizens—chastises them for their follies, and proclaims in high places, as well as throughout the humblest walks of obscurity, the history of his country, and the manners, customs, practices and policy of its inhabitants. True, he has "an eye to the recompense of reward, recollecting that the laborer is worthy of his hire," and hoping that his work may find favor and patronage from a liberal and enlightened public.

The plan of the work is entirely new, and original, presenting all the variety and novelty of human life for near a century, with geographical descriptions of many sections of the country we inhabit, and historical sketches of the manners, customs, habits and pursuits of the past and present generations.

History is the telescope through which we look back the stream of time, and take a view of the nations,

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kingdoms and empires that have arisen, flourished and fallen, leaving nothing to evince that they ever existed, save the decaying fragments of ruin that lie strewed along the vista of ages, as mournful mementoes of their sad and calamitous dessolation; and it is also the mirror in which we behold the men and manners of every age.

A desire for immortality is inherent in the nature of man, and next to this feeling of our nature, is that love of local renown that attaches itself to the place, kingdom or country of our nativity or abode. Hence, nothing is more desirable to man, save his own and his kindred's fame, than the honor and glory of his country. How important is it then to encourage and sustain the graphic pen of the historian! for, it is this alone can perpetuate the renown of a country and give to its inhabitants imperishable fame. While the historian perpetuates the chivalry, science and enterprise of his countrymen, and the moralist enforces the obligations of virtue, the satirist scourges vice from the precincts of refined and enlightened society. It has been the design of the author in the following pages so to combine history, morals and satire, as to perpetuate the virtues and strengthen the morals of his countrymen, while their vicious practices are lashed with an unsparing, but, friendly hand.

To improve the manners of the age, inculcate a love of propriety and truth, lend, *if possible*, an additional lustre to the beauties of virtue, and place (if but a pebble) one stone upon the rising column of his country's fame, is the ardent wish and anxious desire of

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

"AWAKE" gentle reader! "leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings;
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit;
Together let us beat this ample field;
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracks, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,"
Lash evil "manners living as they rise,
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man."

ONE hundred years ago the territory that now lies within the geographical limits of the State of Tennessee, was a vast howling wilderness. The rich and fertile valleys where now we behold widespread farms, flowery gardens, verdant meadows and splendid mansions, were then covered with tall and rank cane. The summits of our rugged hills, and the lofty peaks of our towering mountains, waved in majestic grandeur before the summer's breeze, their rich and luxuriant crop of wild pea-vine and green sedge. Here the bounding buffalo, the light-footed elk and the timid deer, browsed undisturbed, save by the swift-winged, but slender, arrow of the savage huntsman. The owl hooted mournfully in the wild

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and lonely valley, the wolf howled fiercely upon the mountain-top, the bear roamed undisturbed through the laurel brake, the eagle built her nest in the topmost heights of the craggy cliff; and here the red man of the forest erected his rude, but pious altar, on which to offer incense to the GREAT SPIRIT, whose warning and threatening voice he imagined he heard in the stormy tempest, as it swept with desolating rage through the gigantic forest where stood his humble bark-covered wigwam, and whose awfully glorious, grand and majestic image, with an eye of superstitious fancy, he beheld in the face of the broad and burning luminary of day, as it rolled its brilliant splendors above his savage head, and illumined the dreary and cheerless wilderness around him. Then was this wide-spread territory inhabited alone

> "By wild beasts of prey,
> And men more savage still than they;"

And all far from the habitation and the haunts of civilized man. Peace, such as savages and wild beasts can have, reigned over the land. But the *pale face* came, prompted by the rage of speculation, ever active in the bosom of enlightened man; and swift upon his heels followed the bloody strife of war and death. Long and fierce was the deadly struggle; but, finally, the Indian was compelled to yield to the superior skill, prowess and power of the white man. Slowly, and with tearful regret, the red man of the forest retired from the loved land of his nativity, and bid a final adieu to the graves of his ancestors and the bones of his kindred.

The storm of war, however, has blown by, the bloody strife is ended, and the wild man of the forest, who had only been partially conquered by the sword, has been completely vanquished by the intrusion of christian feet,

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overwhelmed by circumstances over which he could exercise no control, and driven from the last spot of his beloved hunting ground, where his fathers chased the buffalo, elk and deer, and slaughtered the bear, to seek a quiet and undisturbed home in the unexplored wilds of the far west: And, behold what a change has passed over the face of the land! "The wilderness where nettles and brambles grew, where the owl and the raven dwelt, and the wild beasts met together, now blossoms as the rose, and the solitary and desolate places are made glad." Where once stood the rude huts of the savage now are seen temples of justice, as well as churches dedicated to the living God, lifting their lofty spires to the clouds; and where the owl hooted, the wolf howled and the savage yelled, the air is now made vocal with hymns and psalms and spiritual songs, poured forth by christians, in adoration of the wise and beneficent ruler of the universe.

As the red man receded before the encroachments of the *pale face*, farther, and farther into the depths of the untrodden, but romantic wilderness, the sons of civilization poured with an increasing and accumulating tide over the mountains, from the older States. And as the emigrants came, the brawny limbed, sturdy husband and head of the family, was seen driving his pack-horse before him, his rifle upon his shoulder, his tomahawk and butcher-knife at his side, and followed by a stout, healthy, ruddy cheeked, strong-armed, nimble tongued wife, with a numerous train of greasy-faced, smutty-browed brats, shaking their tattered garments in the wind, and screaming along the way like panthers upon the mountains. When the lord of the family had conducted his command beyond the farthermost verge of the white settlements, (for each emigrant pushed farther and deeper into the

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wilds of the unexplored forest,) he selected a spot for his dwelling, felled the trees, cut the logs, or rather poles, hauled them with his poney, and with the assistance of his wife erected a cabin, to shelter his family, having no need for buildings in which to store away his household goods. His dwelling house being completed, he next turned his attention to the necessary means for the support of his family, relying alone upon his own keen eye and his sure shooting rifle; for the woods were densely populated with bear, buffalo, elk and deer, and the land teemed with honey, for the wild bees swarmed through the forest as thick as musketoes in the swamps of the Mississippi. His leisure hours were occupied in clearing a *patch*, and enclosing it within a brush or cane fence, upon which to raise corn for his next summer's bread. When the day's toil was o'er he seated himself in his homely, but peaceful and happy mansion, and regaled his wife and *weans* with some old-fashioned hunter's song, or, by playing a Virginia jig upon a gourd fiddle, while his train of tatterly brats kicked up a tremendous dust as they danced over the dirt floor, keeping time to the rich and mellow tones of music, as they rolled beneath the hand of their sire, from this magnificent stringed instrument of his own manufacture.

This was life as our territorial ancestors lived, and a merry life it was; and who will dare to say it was not a happy one? But their enjoyments were sometimes suddenly interrupted by the frightful war-whoop of the savage; who, after the lapse of a few years, began to consider these jolly new-comers in no other light than as most rascally intruders upon their rightful domain.

People of the present day have become extravagant and effeminate, fond of fine clothes and rich living, well-timed music and delicate women; but our fathers pos-

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sessed quite a different taste, and plumed themselves on different pursuits. A tow cloth hunting-shirt, buck-skin breeches, leggins and moccasons of the same material, with a cap manufactured out of the skin of an otter, beaver, fox or raccoon, was good enough raiment for them; and, as for music, the hooting of an owl, the bellowings of the buffalo, the screaking of a gourd fiddle or a good jolly song, was all the music they desired; provided they enjoyed the company and assistance of a cheerful, stout and hearty help-mate, who could grub cane or hoe corn all day, and at night dance a North Carolina reel or Virginia jig, upon a dirt or puncheon floor, to the music of a banjo. The *pride* of the man was to be active, persevering and expert in the pursuit and slaughter of the wild beasts of the forest, to procure food for his family; and brave and fearless in meeting the savage foe, to protect his wife and children from danger; and the *glory* of the woman was to labor by day and by night, both in the house and out of doors, to aid her husband in feeding, clothing and maintaining the family. Not that our ancestors were a savage, vulgar and vicious people: by no means. They were a hardy, free-born race, who loved and practiced virtue for virtue's sake, and not for gaudy show or an empty name. But the circumstances that surrounded them were entirely different from those that encompass us, at the present day; and therefore, their pursuits, manners, customs and habits were different from ours; for what is man in action but a creature moulded into being by the force of circumstances, and driven onward by the current of fashion?

Such were the first inhabitants of the State of Tennessee. But time rolled on and produced a change of circumstances, and, consequently, a change of pursuits, manners, habits and dress. The tide of emigration con-

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tinued to flow in—the country became more and more densely populated; the settlers being strengthened in numbers, felt more secure from danger, and turned their attention more to the cultivation of the soil and less to the pursuits of the chase. Extensive plantations were opened, wide fields of luxuriant corn shook their green foliage in the summer's blast; comfortable dwellings were reared, mills erected, school-houses built, and log churches, in which to worship the King of Heaven, put up; the man of God came amongst the inhabitants, to dispense the gospel and minister in holy things; the education of the rising generation was, in some measure, attended to; social and civilized habits cultivated, and many improvements made both in manners and dress. The roughness and rudeness of their manners and customs were gradually thrown off, and, by degrees, a change came over the spirit of the times. But the reader is not to understand that, in the lapse of a few years, our territorial predecessors became polished, fashionable people, according to the ordinary acceptation of these terms at the present day: not at all. If the first settlers in the then wilds of Tennessee, had met with one of our modern dandies, with his superfine cloth pantaloons, strapped on at both extremities of his person—his shirt manufactured in four or five different parcels, and fastened around his delicate and sickly looking frame with tape, ribbons and gold buttons—a superfine cloth coat upon his back, cut and made after our fashion—a dandy silk hat with a rim three quarters of an inch wide upon his head, and right and left calf-skin boots upon his feet, they would have caught and caged him, and carried him about as a natural curiosity. And if the old ladies of that day had met with one of our slender, pale-faced, fashionable belles, rattling in silks and satin—her clothing drawn over her delicate

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limbs as tight as the skin upon a lean weasel—her waist belted up in buckram until compressed within the circumference of six inches—her snow white bosom peeping over the top of her outer garments, protected only by the slight covering of gauze, ribbons and lace—a monstrous staked and ridered bonnet upon her head, streaming with flounces and furbelows—a green veil, half as long as her whole person, hanging over her face and fluttering its ample folds in the winds as she journeyed onward—a bunch of jewelry, as large as a wagoner's horse bells, suspended from each ear, and dangling upon her shoulders—her dress cut and made according to the fashions of the present day—her delicate ancles covered only by a pair of thin, flesh colored hose, at that day called stockings, and her tender little trampers encompassed within a pair of prunella slippers, they would have set all the bear dogs upon her, and ran off and reported that some nondescript monster or unknown wild beast was running at large in the forest.

The plain, old-fashioned sons and daughters of this country at that day, had no knowledge of such gaudy trappings and ostentatious flummery as bedeck our bucks and belles of the present age. They were content with the plain substantials of life; cultivated social and friendly habits; lived economical; enjoyed health and happiness, and died in old age at peace with each other and their God. Though they had troubles to encounter and difficulties to overcome, they met and encountered them like men. When the frightful war-whoop of the savage saluted their ears they did not become panic-stricken and fly from the country, but seized their weapons and rushed to the field of bloody strife; from which they never retreated until the barbarous and hostile foe was driven far from their dwellings. In the administration of pub-

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lic affairs, they selected the most competent and trustworthy individuals, without regard to the solicitations of aspirants; for, electioneering was wholly unknown amongst them; and the citizens made choice of public functionaries with no other view than that of promoting the public weal.

These were the days of primeval simplicity, happiness and delight; when virtue stood erect in the land, and walked with majestic stride through the public sanctuaries of the country—while gorgon vice fled from the public gaze and concealed its hellish deformity in the secret dwellings of the solitary villain. But, as days and years passed by, the vices of other times and of other communities crept into the country; and, unfortunately, finding in the rising and succeeding generations, a soil adapted to their nourishment, growth and propagation, have continued to increase, until now, they threaten to deluge the land with a flood more noxious than that of a sea of black and putrid waters.

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LIFE AS IT IS.

CHAPTER I.

EXPLORATION OF THE TERRITORY NOW CONSTITUTING THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

At a very early day, perhaps as early as 1690, or sooner, some straggling hunters, and individuals engaged in trading with the Indians, penetrated and traveled through the Cherokee country. These traders and hunters gave glowing descriptions of the country—the minerals, game, &c. which tempted others to visit the country, many of whom made handsome profits upon the furs and skins they procured in these unexplored wilds. Regular hunting and exploring companies were therefore formed, who traversed the country now constituting East Tennessee, with the hope of reaping rich rewards for the perils they should encounter. Judge Haywood, in his history of Tennessee, mentions a Mr. Vaughn, who lived in Amelia county, Virginia, as late as 1801, who had been employed as early as 1740, as a pack man to some Indian traders, and who gave a description of a great portion of what is now East Tennessee—the trader's path, fords of the rivers, &c. At that date there was not a hunter's cabin South-West of Otter River, a branch of the Staunton, in Bedford county, Virginia. He engaged in trading with the Indians, which he continued until the breaking out of the war between the French and English in 1754. These hunting excursions continued to be made until the

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breaking out of that war, but were then mostly discontinued, for a time, in consequence of the Indians joining in the war with the French.

After Braddock was defeated in 1755, Governor Dobbs, of North Carolina, deputed Captain Waddle to treat with the Indians. In 1756, he concluded a treaty with the Cherokees, and also with the Catawbas. The Indians required that a fort should be erected in their country as a place of refuge for their women and children, in the event their warriors should be called out against the French. In consequence of this arrangement, Fort Loudon was built and garrisoned in 1757. It stood on the north, or rather eastern side of Little Tennessee river, about one mile above the mouth of the Tellico river.—Col. Byrd, of Virginia, built Fort Chisel in 1758, and also built a fort on the North bank of the Holston, nearly opposite the Long Island, and took up his winter quarters there with his army, in 1758.

The Indians continued to aid the English colonists in their war with the French, until the year 1759; when they were induced by the influence of French emissaries to take up arms against the colonists. In the year 1760, they besieged Fort Loudon, and continued the siege until the want of provisions compelled a surrender upon the terms offered by the Indians.

According to the terms of the surrender, the inmates of the fort, consisting of between two and three hundred men, women and children, were to be allowed a safe retreat to the white settlements, upon their surrendering the fort with the stores and munitions of war, except as many guns and as much ammunition as would be necessary to hunt and kill game for their support during their retreat to the white settlements. The fort was surrendered, but most of the cannon and small arms were

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thrown into the river, and the ammunition thrown into the well, within the fort. After the party had marched about twenty miles, they were overtaken by the Indians, about day light on the next morning, and all massacred, except the advance guard consisting of six men, who effected their escape, and three others, *Jack*, *Stewart* and *Thomas*, who were saved by the interposition of the Chief, Little Carpenter.

In the vicinity of Fort Loudon there seems to have been a settlement, during the continuance of the fort, but what was its extent or population, I have not been able to ascertain.

In June, 1761, Colonel Grant, with some regular troops, marched into the Indian country, and was joined by the South Carolina provincials, as also by some friendly Indians. The Cherokees met and fought him, but he defeated them, destroyed their towns in the middle settlements, and laid waste their country. They then sued for peace, and a treaty was made with them. Soon after this treaty, a company of hunters, principally from the State of Virginia, came into the country about the head waters of the Holston, Clinch and Cumberland rivers, and continued in the country, hunting, for about eighteen months. A man by the name of Wallen was in company. He and Scaggs, Blevins, Cox and fifteen others, visited the country now called Carter's Valley; and from thence went through the Moccason Gap in the Clinch mountain, and established a camp on a branch of Powell's river, which they called Wallen's creek. They named Powell's mountain from seeing the name of Ambrose Powell inscribed on a tree near the mouth of Wallen's creek. They also gave the same name to the valley and the river. In crossing the river Clinch, which was then without a name, an Irishman, who was of the

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company, fell off the raft, and being unable to swim, was much alarmed, and bawled out to his comrades, *clinch me! clinch me!* which being a phrase they were unaccustomed to hear, at that day, they made themselves merry at the expense of the poor Irishman, and called the river CLINCH, in memory of the poor Irishman's prayers while undergoing this unceremonious immersion in the turbid and rapid stream. They then gave the same name to the adjacent mountain. Wallen's ridge was called for Wallen; and Newman's and Scagg's ridges from men of these names who were of the company. They went through Cumberland Gap, and Wallen called the mountain Cumberland, he having came from the county of Cumberland, in the State of Virginia. They named the river now called Cumberland, North Cumberland. They crossed the river and proceeded fourteen miles further, to the Laurel mountain, where, meeting with a body of Indians, whom they supposed to be Shawnees, they returned. When these hunters made their first excursion into the country we have been describing, in 1761, there were no white inhabitants west of the Blue Ridge, except a few men who were working at the lead mines. This company continued year after year to visit and hunt in these newly discovered wilds, still penetrating farther into the country every year.—The glowing descriptions they gave of the country, allured others into the same pursuits; and in the summer of 1766, the middle section of Tennessee, first called Cumberland, began to be explored.

Col. James Smith, Uriah Stone, Joshua Horton, and William Baker, and a mulatto boy, slave of Mr. Horton, came into the country on the head of the Holston, in the summer of 1766, and travelling westwardly, they explored the country South of Kentucky. Not a single vestige

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of a habitation of the white man was then to be seen in the country. They explored the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers from the head of Stone's river, to the mouth of the Tennessee. Stone's river received its name from Uriah Stone, one of the company. At the mouth of the Tennessee, Smith returned, leaving his horse with the company, and taking the mulatto slave of Mr. Horton. The remainder of the company proceeded to Illinois.

In the winter of 1768, Gilbert Christian, William Anderson, and John Sawyer, afterwards Col. Sawyer, of Knox county, Tennessee, came to the head waters of the Holston, in company with four others, all from Augusta county, Virginia. They crossed the Holston and explored the country to the Clinch mountain, and down it some distance. In the vicinity of Big Creek, afterwards included in the boundaries of Hawkins county, they found themselves in the hunting grounds of a large party of Indians, and therefore removed up the country some ten or fifteen miles. Here they remained a short time, and thence returned home. On their return after they had crossed the North Fork of Holston, and proceeded some twenty miles, they found the whole country dotted over with cabins, where only a few weeks previous there was nothing to be seen but the dreary wilderness, peopled alone by the wild beasts of the wood and the fowls of the air.

In the summer of 1769, a company of adventurous hunters, some from Virginia and the remainder from North Carolina, came out upon the head waters of the Holston, and travelled down by the Wolf Hills, where Abingdon is now situated; thence by the North Fork of Holston to Clinch River, at a place called Moccason Gap; they then went through Powell's Valley and Cumberland Gap to Cumberland river, at the place where the

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old Kentucky trace afterwards crossed it. They then traveled down the water courses, and finally established their camp at a place since called Price's Meadow, in what is now Wayne county, Kentucky. The company then hunted in different directions, returning to camp once in every four or five weeks. Some of them penetrated within what is now the territory of Tennessee as far as the Caney Fork of Cumberland; and one of them, Robert Crockett, was killed near the head waters of the Roaring river. No traces of any human settlement was then to be seen in the country through which these hunters passed; but they found vast quantities of human bones in caves and rock houses.

In the course of the succeeding year a part of this company built two boats and two canoes, and descended to Natchez to make sale of their furs, hides, bear meat, &c. As they passed where Nashville now stands they discovered the French Lick, as it was afterwards called, and saw an immense number of Buffaloes. Their bellowings fell upon the ear of these hardy woodsmen before they came in view of them, like the roarings of a distant, but tremendous cataract, or like the lumberings of an approaching thunder storm. There was then a stock-fort at the place, and these hunters discovered another on the Caney Fork, and one on Big Harper.

In the fall of the year 1771, a part of this same company returned to hunt in the country again, bringing others with them. They established their camp on a creek they called Russell's creek, from the circumstance of an old man of that name, who was dim sighted; and in consequence of which, in one of his hunting excursions, got lost and remained out nineteen days in very cold weather. He was helpless when found, but soon recovered, and killed many deer afterwards. He tied a

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piece of white paper to the muzzle of his gun to direct his sight at the game. The party built a skin house and hunted in the country till February; when, on account of their ammunition failing, they all left but five, and returned to procure a new supply. Isaac Bledsoe, William Lynch, William Allen, Christopher Stoph and David Hughes, remained at the camp; but Lynch being attacked with the shingles, Bledsoe went with him into the settlements, leaving but three at the camp. The company did not return until in May, but on their return they met one of the men who they had left to keep camp, who informed them that the camp had been attacked and broken up by the Indians; that he had escaped, but that the other two had been taken prisoners, and that he had been absent from the camp two months. When they arrived at their camp they found their dogs still there, but they had gone as wild as wolves. The Indians had not plundered the camp—nothing was missing except some meat, which they supposed the dogs had eaten. In a few days the dogs become tame again, and were as tractable as when they left them.

The party now broke up this camp, and established another one at a different place, on a creek which they named Station Camp Creek, on account of their camp being an established station for the company, until some time in the succeeding August. The Indians about this time plundered this camp also, in the absence of the hunters. They took off all the ammunition they could find, and all the pots and kettles, and carried off and destroyed about five hundred deer-skins, and all the clothing they found in the camp. The hunters did not, however, immediately break up their camp. They remained until their ammunition was exhausted; and then broke up

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their camp and moved on towards the settlements.—When they had proceeded as far as Big Barren river, in Kentucky, they met with another corps of hunters, and Casper Mansco and some others of the company returned, and hunted until the end of the year, and then went back into the settlements.

In the year 1776, Thomas Sharp Spencer, and a number of others, came to the country, and built some cabins on the Cumberland river. The majority of the company, however, soon returned, but Spencer and one Holliday remained in the country till 1779. In the year 1777, Capt. De Mumbrane, a Frenchman, who commenced hunting in the country as early as 1775, met with a company of six men and one woman, at a place called Deacon's Pond, not far from where Palmyra is now situated. The company informed him, that a man by the name of William Bowen, who had came out with them, had been ran over and trampled down by a gang of buffaloes, and had lain in the woods eight days before he was found, and died in consequence of the wounds he received by the buffaloes running over him, the day after he was found. John Duncan, who the company called Big John, had brought the woman along as his wife, but she had become tired of him, and took up with James Ferguson, another of the company. Duncan was taken sick, and the woman persuaded the company to leave him, and Duncan died. Capt. De Mumbrane saw his corpse.—This was, no doubt, the first white woman that ever visited the country now denominated Middle Tennessee. This company, woman and all, having taken water, sailed on into the Mississippi, halted there for a time, and hunted; but they were finally all killed by the Indians in 1779, except one or two; whether the woman

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escaped or not is not known, nor is it very material. If she lived it was only to disgrace her sex, and if she died society sustained no loss.

In the fall of the year 1777, Capt. De Mumbrane went to the Wabash country, leaving a man in the Cumberland country, to keep camp, with directions to join him at the mouth of the Cumberland river the succeeding spring. But the man, not being apprised that Spencer and Holliday were in the country, and seeing Spencer's huge tracks, (for he was a man of enormous size,) ran off in a day or two, and left the country, supposing he was in the midst of a nation of giants.

Spencer and Holliday planted a small field of corn near Bledsoe's Lick, in the year 1778. Holliday, however, had become tired of a hunter's life, in such wilds, and had long endeavored to persuade Spencer to return with him, but Spencer would not consent. Holliday determined, at length, to return home by himself, and Spencer went with him in the direction towards Kentucky as far as the barrens, and having but one knife between them, Spencer broke it and gave Holliday a piece and retained a piece himself. After Holliday left, Spencer went to house-keeping in a large hollow tree, as being more convenient and comfortable for a family of a single individual than an open camp.

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CHAPTER II.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF TENNESSEE—COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHEROKEE WAR, &c.

In the winter of 1768–9, according to the most certain information that can now be obtained, East Tennessee began to be permanently inhabited. Julius C. Dugger and Andrew Greer, with their families, were the first settlers upon the Watauga river. Shortly after they settled in the country, a company of about ten families came from the neighborhood of where Raleigh, in the State of North Carolina, is now situated, and also settled on the Watauga. Gilbert Christian, the Blevinses, Beenes and Cobbs, were also early settlers. The Seviers, Tiptons and Shelbys, and James Robertson, afterwards Gen. Robertson, came soon after; and a man by the name of Honeycut was living on the Watauga when Robertson first came to the country.

These emigrants were left to provide for themselves, being so far removed from the inhabited sections of North Carolina, that no civil government was exercised over them for several years. In 1772, they formed a written association, and articles for the government of the colony. By those articles, five commissioners were appointed to conduct the public affairs, and to decide all questions and controversies arising amongst the inhabitants.

Middle Tennessee, then called Cumberland, did not begin to be settled until about 1779, ten years after the settling of East Tennessee.

The inhabitants of the Watauga settlements continued under the control of their committee for some years.—Shortly after they settled in the country, they leased the

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lands upon which they had settled, from the Indians, in order to avoid the dangers of hostilities, although at that time there were no Indians in that region of country, the nearest Cherokee settlements being below the Little Tennessee river. Not long after the settlement upon Watauga, settlements were made on the Holston and Nolachucky rivers, and in Carter's Valley, some distance above where Rogersville is now situated. In the year 1772, a man by the name of Jacob Brown, established a small store on Nolachucky, and Parker & Carter opened a similar establishment in Carter's Valley, which latter was robbed by the Indians. The Indians were, however, generally peaceable, and but little danger was anticipated by the inhabitants, until a great horse-race was to take place on the Watauga, which brought together crowds of persons from every quarter, and amongst others some Indians came also. Previous to this time, a settlement had been made in Virginia, at what was then called the Wolf Hills, near where Abingdon is now situated; and some persons came from this settlement, to the race, by the name of Crabtree, who, as was supposed, killed one of the Indians. This outrage alarmed the inhabitants very much, and James Robertson, afterwards Gen. Robertson, undertook a journey to the Cherokee towns, to explain the affair and prevent hostilities. He explained the affair to the satisfaction of the Indians, and peace and quiet reigned in the colony, until the year 1774. In this year, the Shawnees made a campaign into the country, and penetrated as far as the section of country now constituting Sullivan county. The Governor of Virginia ordered out an expedition, in July, under the command of Col. Lewis, and on this information reaching the inhabitants of these newly settled regions, Capt. Evan Shelby raised a volunteer company, consisting of more than fifty men,

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amongst whom were the Seviers and Robertsons. They set off for the scene of strife, on the 17th of August, and joined Col. Christian, on New river, from whence they all proceeded to the Greenbrier flats, where they joined Col. Lewis' army about the first of September. The army arrived at the mouth of the Great Kanahwa on the 6th of October, where they lay until the 10th, without any apprehensions of danger. Before day on the morning of the 10th, James Robertson and Valentine Sevier, both of them, at that time serjeants, went out of camp to shoot a deer, and discovered a large body of Indians marching directly upon the unsuspecting provincials. It was yet too dark to see a man distinctly ten steps, but Robertson and Sevier fired upon the enemy at about that distance, which occasioned them to make a sudden halt, while Robertson and Sevier ran into camp and gave the information. A hot and furious battle commenced immediately, which lasted nearly the whole day. The whites kept the field; their loss in killed and wounded amounted to one hundred and sixty. The loss of the enemy was about the same. Their whole force was about eight hundred, consisting of Shawnees, Delawares and Mingoes.

At the time of this battle, the first Congress of the United Colonies was in session, and this victory of the whites over the savage foe had a very happy effect. It inspired the new settlers with confidence, and kept the Indians in check for the remainder of the year.

In the fall of the year 1774, a negotiation was commenced between a company composed of Richard Henderson and others on the one part, and the Cherokees on the other, which resulted in a treaty, concluded some time in April, 1775. By this treaty, the Cherokees ceded a portion of their lands, including what is now a part of

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Kentucky, a part of East Tennessee and a part of Western Virginia. Some of the Indian Chiefs, however, opposed the cession, and one of their orators, said to be Oconostoto, made a speech against it. The treaty was, nevertheless, entered into, but the peace expected to be secured by it was of short duration. Symptoms of hostility began very soon to be manifested; and, in a very short time, two men from Virginia, Boyd and Dagget, were killed by the Indians, on the south side of Holston, on a creek now called Boyd's creek, and their bodies thrown into the creek. About this time, Alexander Cameron, the British agent, then residing among the Indians, urged them to make war upon the Holston settlements, and the adjacent and surrounding neighborhood; and in the course of the year 1776, a formidable invasion of these settlements was planned and carried into execution, with the hope of breaking up the whole settlements, and driving the inhabitants from the country. But the settlers being informed of their meditated destruction. through the instrumentality of Nancy Ward, who was a relative of some of the Indian Chiefs, prepared themselves for defence as well as they could under existing circumstances. Five companies of militia were organized, amounting, in the whole, to about one hundred and seventy men, who marched from Heaton's Station, and from thence down towards the Long Island, in the Holston. Information was now received that a body of about seven hundred Indians were marching upon the settlements. A council was immediately held, and it was determined to march on and meet the enemy, and give them battle. When this little army arrived at the Long Island flats, a small body of Indians was discovered and fired upon; they instantly fled, and were pursued by the whites, but they made good their retreat. Another council was now held

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by the officers, in which it was determined to return to the fort for that night, as it was not thought probable they would meet with any other body of the enemy on that day. The men had collected into a crowd, and before they had all fallen into the line on their march back to the fort, the Indians were discovered marching on them in battle array. Capt. Thompson, the senior officer present, took the command. The Indians made a most furious attack, but met a warm and hearty reception, by the whites. Several of the savage warriors quickly fell, and in a very short time, their commander was wounded, and this ended the contest. The enemy made a precipitate retreat, leaving twenty-six of their number dead on the field of battle; and the blood of the slain and wounded that were carried off, covered the earth as they retreated. A number of the wounded Indians that were carried off died, increasing their loss to more than forty. The whites had not a single man killed, and only five wounded, all of whom recovered. The firing lasted but little more than ten minutes, until the enemy fled. This battle was fought some time in June, 1776. On the same day this battle was fought, the Indians attacked the fort at Watauga. The Indians were commanded by old Abram, of Chilhowee. Capt. Robertson commanded the fort; in which there were about forty persons; and amongst others Captain, afterwards Governor Sevier, as also some of the Greers. The attack was made about sunrise, but was soon repulsed by the fire from the fort. The Indians, however, lurked about the fort for some three weeks, until a party from Virginia reinforced the garrison. Several Indians were killed in the fight, but the exact number was not known. A portion of the inhabitants were not in the fort at the time of the attack, and some of those were slain or taken prisoners by the Indians. Among the pris-

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oners taken by the Indians were Mrs. Beene, and a lad by the name of Moore, the latter of whom was taken to one of the Indian towns and burnt. James Cooper, and a man by the name of Tucker, were killed. About the same time, a party of Indians went up to Wommack's fort, situated about ten or twelve miles above the mouth of Watauga, and killed a man in that neighborhood; and another party, commanded by the Raven, went up Carter's Valley, but finding the inhabitants all shut up in forts, they returned home. Another party went up Clinch river, and ravaged the country, from what is now Sullivan county to the Seven Mile Ford in Virginia. They divided into small parties, and spread themselves over the country, there being no force to resist them, and as they marched, they burned the houses of the settlers, and killed and scalped many of the inhabitants. The principal part of the citizens, however, were shut up in the forts, and therefore the slaughter was not so great as it would otherwise have been.

This unexpected and unprovoked attack of the Indians upon the settlements, occasioned troops to be ordered from both Virginia and North Carolina. Col. William Christian, with several companies from Virginia, was at the Long Island, (which is situated in the main Holston river, a few miles above the mouth of the North Fork,) by the first of August; and in a few days afterwards, he was joined by Col. Williams and Maj. Winston, from North Carolina, with three or four hundred men. The army marched in a few days after the arrival of Col. Williams' forces, for the Cherokee towns, crossed the Holston at the Great Island, and proceeded to a place called the Double Springs, on the head waters of Lick creek. There they encamped, and remained for several days, until the troops from the Watauga settlements joined

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them. The whole force now constituted a pretty respectable army, in point of numbers, for so new a country. Judge Haywood estimates it at eighteen hundred men, including bullock drivers, but this is doubtless an overestimate. I think it probable there were about twelve hundred men, in all. Col. Christian now despatched spies to reconnoiter the ford of the Frenchbroad river, the Indians having threatened that they would stop his march at the mouth of Lick creek. The army marched on the same day, having to pass for a mile through a swamp and cane-brake. They succeeded in getting through that night, and encamped on the other side. Here Alexander Harlin came into camp, and informed Col. Christian that three thousand Indians were embodied on the Frenchbroad, and would certainly dispute his passage. Harlin was ordered into camp until next morning, when he was directed by Col. Christian to inform the Indians that he, Col. Christian, intended to cross both the Frenchbroad and Holston, before he stopped. They marched from this place immediately, and crossed the Frenchbroad at the Big Island, finding no signs of Indians having been in the country for some weeks. This created much surprise, after having received the information they did from Harlin. But they continued their march, crossing the Tennessee near where Tellico Block-house was afterwards erected, and destroyed the Indian town called Tamotlee. They then marched to the Great Island towns, where they remained some eighteen or twenty days; the Indians, in the meantime, making applications for peace.

While these operations were going on in what is now East Tennessee, Gen. Rutherford, marched with a strong force from the Salisbury district; passed the Frenchbroad at the mouth of the Swannannoe, and penetrated the Indian country, to the Middle Settlements, on the

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Tennessee river, and the valley towns on the head waters of Hiwassee. He destroyed thirty-six towns; laid waste the country, gathered or cut down the corn, and drove off or destroyed all the cattle he could find. Col. Williamson, of South Carolina, also marched into the Indian territory with a powerful force, and destroyed the Seneca towns, bordering on the Keowee, and laid waste the country as far as the Unacoy mountain. Another army under the command of Col. McBury destroyed the Indian towns on the Tugalo.

The Indians now began to be anxious for peace, with the exception of a few, who occasionally broke into the settlements and committed depredations.

During this year, 1776, a convention was held at Halifax, North Carolina, and the citizens of the Watauga, Holston and Carter's valley settlements, elected John Sevier, Carter Wommack and a Mr. Hill their representatives, to the Convention. They were received and sat as members; and at this convention the district of Washington was established, which was afterwards organized as a county by the legislature of North Carolina.

In May, 1777, a treaty was made with the Indians, at the Long Island of Holston, by commissioners on part of both Virginia and North Carolina. The North Carolina commissioners were Waightstill Avery, John Winston, and Robert Sevier; and those of Virginia were Col. Preston, Col. Christian and Col. Evan Shelby. A part of the Indians, however, including the Chickamauga towns, under the command of Draging Canoe, were averse to the treaty; and depredations continued to be perpetrated upon the settlements for which the citizens retaliated; and although this may be termed the conclusion of the first Cherokee war, a formal treaty having been made,

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yet the citizens and the Indians lived rather in a state of half war and half peace, depredations being frequently committed by both parties.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF INDIAN DEPREDATIONS—TORIES—HORSE THIEVES, &c.

During the year 1777, small parties of Indians frequently committed depredations along the frontiers, occasionally killing and plundering the inhabitants; in consequence of which, companies of rangers and scouts were kept continually in active service. These companies of rangers and scouts guarded the frontiers with so much vigilance, as to render it very perilous for the Indians to attempt depredations upon the settlements; and consequently, during the greater part of the year 1778, Indian hostilities almost entirely ceased. But a portion of the militia being disbanded, Indian depredations re-commenced; the country was also infested by gangs of horse thieves and tories, which for a time, threatened to overrun and trample down the honest and patriotic part of the community. The citizens, therefore, elected a committee, and empowered them to take such measures as they deemed necessary to rid the country of this lawless, marauding banditti. Two companies were organized to patrol the country, and put to death every suspicious person who should oppose them, and refuse to give sureties for their appearance before the committee. Some of the ringleaders were shot, and others bound over, and

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punished with severity by the committee. These measures restored quiet and safety to the citizens; and those severe punishments ceased entirely. The horse thieves, were either subdued or driven out of the settlements, and the tories fled and joined the British standard.

While these transactions were being performed, Gov. Caswell was using every possible exertion by friendly measures, negotiations, presents, &c., to keep the Indians at peace, and prevent the British emissaries from enlisting them in the royal service. By these means the great body of the Cherokees were kept at peace; but the Dragging Canoe, who controlled the Chickamauga towns, continued hostile, and his party continued to increase. He had the address to enlist many of the hostile Indians of other tribes to join him; some of them from the waters of the Ohio. In the early part of the year 1779, it was ascertained that he had a large party of warriors, perhaps exceeding 1000, under his command. The States of Virginia and North Carolina, in conjunction, ordered out an army of about 1000 men under the command of Col. Evan Shelby. Both these States were so much straightened in their resources, on account of the existing war of the revolution, that they were unable to advance the necessary funds, with which to procure supplies for the troops. The necessary supplies, however, and means of transportation were procured, no doubt upon the credit of the two States, but by the indefatigable exertions of Isaac Shelby, and for the time on his own individual responsibility.

The army rendezvoused at the mouth of Big Creek a few miles above where Rogersville is now situated, and set out from there about the 10th of April, by water, in perogues and canoes. They descended the river so rapidly as to take the Indians by surprise, and they

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fled in all directions. The whites pursued and hunted them in the woods, killed upwards of forty, and burnt their towns, laid waste the country and drove off a great many cattle. Col. Shelby then ordered his troops to return home by land; and the provisions, which they had procured from the Indians, by capturing their cattle, and collecting what corn, &c., they could, soon being exhausted, they were compelled to hunt and kill the wild game of the woods to procure a subsistence. They returned in separate detachments, as they could by that means better obtain a supply of food.

In the month of October of this year, the county of Sullivan was established, and Isaac Shelby appointed Colonel of the regiment of Militia in said county. John Sevier had previously been appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Militia of Washington county.

Colonel Sevier was most admirably qualified for a leader and commander in a new country, where the inhabitants were surrounded with dangers, and continually harassed with difficulties and troubles. He was brave, talented, skilful and persevering; but cautious and prudent, withal. He also possessed those peculiar manners, and that dignified deportment which, when united, never fail to render their fortunate possessor esteemed and respected in all countries, and amongst all civilized people.

In the year 1779, two men who were engaged in trading amongst the Cherokees, one by the name of Thomas, and the other by the name of Harlin, came from the Indian towns to Nolachucky, and informed the inhabitants, that the Cherokees had determined to go to war, and were preparing to march into the white settlements. Upon receiving this information, Col. Sevier ordered the Militia of Washington county, to assemble immediately on Lick creek; at which place two hundred men were

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in readiness to march in a few days. Col. Sevier gave notice to Col. Arthur Campbell, of Virginia, and obtained from him the promise of assistance. Sevier, however, marched immediately to a creek called Big Creek, sending spies up Long Creek of Nolachucky, and thence down a creek which falls into Frenchbroad. Going down the last mentioned creek they were fired upon by a party of Indians. They then returned and joined the army again on Long Creek. The army marched next morning up Long Creek and crossed Frenchbroad at Sevier's island, and encamped on Boyd's Creek. Early the next morning the advance guard, commanded by Captain Stinson, marched up Boyd's Creek, and when they had proceeded about three miles, they discovered an Indian encampment. They returned and met the army, when a re-inforcement was ordered in front, and the guard directed to fire upon the Indians and retreat, in order to draw them into battle. Col. Sevier had divided his forces into three divisions, and so arranged the divisions as to be able to surround the Indians, provided he could bring them to battle on suitable ground. The center division he commanded in person, the right was commanded by Major Jesse Walton and the left by Major Jonathan Tipton.—When the advance guard had arrived within three quarters of a mile of the Indian encampment, they were fired on by the enemy. They returned the fire and retreated, the Indians pursuing, as had been anticipated. As the guard retreated, one of them, Adam Sherrell, was thrown from his horse, by reason of the horse falling, and was considerably hurt. The horse ran off, and Sherrell would have been killed or taken prisoner by the Indians, but one of his fellow soldiers sprang from his horse, threw Sherrell upon him, and jumping up behind him carried him off, the Indians all the while firing vollies of rifle

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and musket shot at them. Col. Sevier had chosen his battle ground in the rear as it were, of a small ridge or gentle rising ground, so that the enemy in their hot pursuit on the guard, were within gun-shot of Sevier's division, and nearly within the lines of the other two divisions before they discovered the army. Majors Walton and Tipton closed up, surrounding the Indians with all possible speed, while Sevier's division poured in upon them a galling and destructive fire; but a considerable swamp was on the right of the division, commanded by Tipton, and the Indians discovering their impending destruction, made a desperate rush for the swamp, which threw one flank of Tipton's command, in attempting to head the flying enemy, in contact with the swamp, and thus enabled a portion of the Indians to escape, through this interval in the line, and make good their retreat into the swamp. The Indians left twenty-eight of their warriors dead on the field of battle; and many of those who escaped were supposed to be mortally wounded, while Col. Sevier had not a single man either killed or wounded. Col. Sevier now returned with his troops, to Sevier's Island in the Frenchbroad, and awaited the arrival of reinforcements from Virginia, and from Sullivan county.

In a short time after the return of Col. Sevier and his gallant little army, to the Island in the Frenchbroad, he was joined by Col. Campbell, of Virginia, and Col. Isaac Shelby, of Sullivan county. The whole army now numbered some five or six hundred men. They marched by way of Little River, Pistle Creek and Nine Mile Creek, and crossed Tennessee river at a place called the Virginia Ford, went through the town of Tamotlee, and thence to the Hiwassee town. The Hiwassee town was evacuated, but one Indian being found, and he was shot by the spies. He was placed on the summit of a

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ridge with a drum, to give signals to the other Indians, as was supposed. The troops then marched to the Chickamauga towns and encamped near the towns. The next day they marched into the towns; where they took a Capt. Rogers, four negroes, one squaw and some children. From Chickamauga they marched by Vann's town, to the old Sumack town, and then returned home. On this campaign they destroyed many towns, killed the Indians' cattle, and devastated the whole country through which they marched.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF CUMBERLAND, NOW CALLED MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

In the spring of the year 1779, a party from East Tennessee, amongst whom was Capt. James Robertson, (afterwards Gen. Robertson,) crossed the Cumberland mountain, explored the country to the neighborhood of where Nashville now is, located themselves near the French Lick, and planted a field of corn. In the fall of the year they returned and moved their families. Another party also went to the Cumberland the same spring, being conducted by Mr. Mansco; they also raised corn; and in the fall Mansco went back and brought into the country a number of families, who settled in different sections of the country; some at Bledsoe's Lick, some at Mansco's Lick, and some at other places. In the month of October, of this year, John Rains, with a very considerable company, left New river, in Virginia, with a view of going to Kentucky, but meeting with Capt.

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Robertson in East Tennessee, with whom he had a conversation, he concluded to go to Cumberland, and settle there. Several other companies likewise came out about the same time. They went through Cumberland Gap, and passed through the southern part of what is now Kentucky, thence by Red river, crossing the same, and thence down Mansco's creek, and finally reached the Bluff where Nashville now stands, crossing the Cumberland near that place on the ice. Other companies came from South Carolina, amongst whom was Sampson Williams. These companies when they all reached the Cumberland, amounted to two or three hundred souls, as is supposed, most of them men, the greater part of the companies being young men without families.

During the time these companies were traveling to the Cumberland by land, another large company was descending the Holston into the Tennessee, and down the Tennessee, destined for the bluff where Nashville is. There were a number of boats in company, one of which was called the *Adventure*, and had on board John Donaldson, Esq., the elder. Some of the membarked at the Long Island, in Holston, and others at different points, all in the month of December. The Long Island fleet were detained by low water, and did not reach the mouth of Cloud's creek before the 20th of February, 1780, near which place they fell in with sundry other vessels, all having the same destination. From Cloud's creek they set sail on the 27th; and on that day some of the boats struck upon the Poor Valley shoals, where the whole crews lay in distress until the morning of the 29th, when the water rose and they got off, the Adventure having received some damage, and many articles of property being lost. They proceeded down the river, passing the mouth of Frenchbroad on the 2d of March; and about

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12 o'clock of this day, Hugh Henry's boat ran upon the point of an island and sunk. The whole fleet landed, and the crews went to the assistance of the sunken boat. After much difficulty, the water was bailed out and the boat raised. In this misfortune, the lives of this boat's crew were much endangered, but fortunately, none were lost. At this point, Reuben Harrison went out to hunt in the woods, and got lost; in consequence of which, the whole fleet lay there until the 4th, making search for the lost man, and firing guns. On the 3d, they fired a four-pounder, but all attempts to find him proving fruitless, they resumed their voyage on the 4th, leaving old Mr. Harrison's, and some other vessels and crews, to make further search for the lost man. About 10 o'clock on that day, he was found a considerable distance down the river. They then sailed on, nothing of importance taking place until the evening of the 5th, when they passed the mouth of Clinch river, and fell in with a company who had descended that stream. The evening was rainy, and the companies all united and encamped together. The next morning they set sail before sun-rise. A dense fog covered the broad bosom of the river, and enveloped the whole fleet in a cloud of mist and darkness; in consequence of which, many of the crews were unable to steer in the proper direction, and an indescribable confusion and perplexity ensued; some of them rowing up, some across, and some down the river, while others were sailing round in a circle, and the boats occasionally coming in contact with each other. In order to collect the boats, and put an end to this hazardous confusion, the Adventure put to shore. By 10 o'clock the fleet was assembled, the fog blew off, and they proceeded on their voyage. On the night of the 7th, they encamped at the upper Chickamauga towns, which had been evacuated by the

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Indians. Here the wife of Ephraim Peyton was delivered of a child. Peyton himself had gone through the wilderness by way of Kentucky, in company with Capt. Robertson.

On the 8th, as they passed an Indian village situated on the south bank of the river, the Indians invited them to come on shore; showed signs of friendship, and called them brothers, in consequence of which, John Donaldson, jr., and John Caffrey, took a canoe, and were about to cross the river, the boats having landed on the north side; but Archie Coody, in company with some of the Indians, jumped into a canoe, and coming across to the boats, warned Donaldson and Caffrey to return. Some presents were given to the Indians who came over with Coody, and they seemed pleased and friendly. But a number on the other side of the river were discovered embarking in their canoes, armed and painted. Coody directed his companions to leave the boats, which they did. He remained, keeping one of the Indians with him, and advised the boats' crews to set sail immediately, which they did accordingly. The Indians traveled down the south shore of the river, armed and painted, for some distance. Coody remained with the boats, on board the Adventure, for about an hour, and then, informing the crews that they were out of danger, he left them. But in a short time, they passed another town situated on the north bank, near where John Brown's ferry was afterwards established, where the Indians again invited them on shore, and called them brothers, as they had done at the towns above; and one of the boats, incautiously approaching the shore too near, a young man by the name of Payne was shot. One of the boats in company, when the fleet set sail from the Long Island, owned by a Mr. Stewart, had on board whites and blacks to the number of twenty-

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eight, and amongst whom the small-pox was prevailing; in consequence of which, Mr. Stewart agreed to travel in the rear, and the others were to notify him every evening of the place of their encampment, by blowing a horn. This boat was attacked by the Indians, and the whole crew either killed or made prisoners. As the fleet passed through the narrows, where the river breaks through the Cumberland mountains, their dangers and difficulties increased to a degree that would have caused less brave and fearless individuals to have left their boats, fled to the mountains for shelter, given over their perilous voyage, and made their way by land back to the settlements as best they could.

When they approached the suck, a man by the name of Cotton, who had his family and household goods in a canoe, his canoe being lashed to one of the boats, went with his family into the boats, for fear the canoe might upset. His fears were realized; for the canoe was overturned, and his property lost. After this boat passed through the suck, a part of the company were returning by land, in company with Mr. Cotton, in hopes of being able to recover his property; but, to their astonishment, the Indians appeared in considerable numbers, on the bluffs on the opposite side of the river, and commenced a hot fire upon the boats. This company immediately retreated to the boats, and each boat's crew made the best defence they could, and escaped as best they might. Four persons were wounded by the Indians, and in the hurry, alarm and confusion, Mrs. Peyton's infant, that had been born the night preceding, was accidentally killed. When the boats were fired on, the crew on board Mr. Gower's boat being thrown into confusion, and consequently in imminent danger, his daughter Nancy sprang to the helm and steered the boat, exposed to the fire of the enemy,

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and was severely wounded, being shot through the thigh; but she stood like a heroine, as she was, at her post, while the men were in disorder and dismay. She manifested no symptoms of alarm, nor did she utter a complaint, or even give the information that she had received a wound; but after she had steered the boat beyond the reach of danger, her mother discovered the blood flowing through her clothes. Her wound was immediately dressed, she recovered, and afterwards married a man by the name of Anderson Lucas. The boat of Jonathan Jennings, father of Mrs. Peyton, struck upon a rock on the north side of the suck, (Mrs. Peyton was in this boat.) The boat was almost instantly immersed in the water. The other boats were forced to leave her and her crew to their fate; and they accordingly sailed on, and floated all night, and until midnight of the succeeding day, being the 9th of the month, when they encamped on the northern shore.—About four o'clock on the morning of the 10th, they were surprised by the cry of *help!* which they soon ascertained proceeded from Jennings' boat. He had discovered their fires at a considerable distance, and being in a wretched condition, was calling for assistance. He reported that the Indians, discovering his situation, continued to pour a hot and furious fire into his boat; and in order to get his boat off, he directed his wife, and his son, who was approaching manhood, a young man who was with them in the boat, and two negroes, a man and a woman, to throw all the lading into the river, in order to lighten the boat, while he returned the fire of the Indians, and defended his boat in the best way he could. But his son, the young man and the negro man, becoming alarmed, jumped out in the river, and left them. The son and the young man swam to the north side, but the negro was drowned. Mrs. Jennings, however, and the negro wo-

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man, succeeded in unlading the boat; and Mrs. Jennings got out of the boat and shoved it off, by which she had very nearly been left standing upon the rock in the river, at the mercy of the barbarous and infuriated savages; for the boat started so suddenly, that it was with much difficulty she succeeded in getting on board. Mrs. Peyton, notwithstanding all this exposure, and being without nourishment from the time the boat ran upon the rock until the 10th of the month, done well, and soon recovered her usual health and strength. Mr. Jennings' son and the young man who left the boat with him, found a canoe on the north side of the river, in which they embarked, but were met the next day by five canoes filled with Indians, were taken prisoners and carried to the Chickamauga towns. The Indians burned the young man to death, and would have killed young Jennings, but Rogers, an Indian trader, ransomed him for a stipulated price, to be paid in goods.

On the morning of the 11th of March, after providing for the necessities of Mr. Jennings' family, the whole fleet set sail, and proceeded on their voyage. On the 12th, as they passed an Indian village, the Indians fired upon them, but they sustained no injury. About 10 o'clock of this day, they arrived in sight of the muscle shoals, and landed on the north side.

It had been agreed between some of the boat's crews and Capt. Robertson, that Robertson should go through Kentucky, and after his arrival at the bluff of the Cumberland, proceed across to the shoals, and leave certain signs by which the emigrants would know that he had been there, and also at what point they should set off for the Cumberland, they having been informed that they could travel across by land. But, greatly to their disappointment, they could find no signs of Robertson having

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been there. The river was high, and the shoals presented a frightful appearance; the angry and turbid waters dashing and foaming with the most astonishing velocity, along their rough, ragged and rocky path, and dashing back their tremendous bellowings and roarings, that resounded through the wild and trackless forest like the bursting of ten thousand ocean-waves beneath the weight of a furious and rushing hurricane. But these brave, fearless and hardy pioneers were not to be intimidated by trifles. They trimmed their boats in the best manner they could, cut cable, and cast their fortunes upon the raging stream, trusting to their own exertions, and the protection of an all-wise and beneficent Providence; and before the sun had rolled his burning banners below the western horizon, the whole fleet was safely moored on the north bank of the river below the shoals. There they encamped for the night; and from thence set sail again on the 13th. On the 14th, as they were descending the river, the Indians again fired on two of the boats, that went too near the shore, and five persons were wounded, but none of them dangerously. That night they encamped on the north side, near the mouth of a creek; but after the kindling of their fires, they became alarmed on account of the barking of their dogs, and supposing the Indians were about to make an attack on them, they hastily embarked, fell down the river a mile or more, and encamped on the south side. In the hurry and bustle, they left an old negro at one of the fires, asleep. On the next morning, young John Donaldson and a Mr. Caffrey crossed the river in a canoe, and went back to the deserted camp, where they found the old negro, still fast asleep, by the fire. On the return of Donaldson and Caffrey, some of the others went back to the camp, and collected some articles of property which had been left in their

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hasty removal, and then the fleet got under way, and proceeded down the river.

Nothing very important or uncommon happened to the emigrants, until they reached the mouth of the Tennessee, which they succeeded in doing on the 20th of the month, (March, 1780.) Here they were involved in new troubles. The Ohio was high and the current rapid, their provisions were almost entirely exhausted, their boats were illy constructed for ascending a rapid stream, they were wholly unacquainted with the country, and knew not how long they would be occupied in performing their journey thither. Several of the boat's crews declined the idea of attempting to ascend the river; and these again, divided in their determinations of whither they would steer, some determining to go to Natchez, and others to Illinois. And accordingly, on the 21st of March, 1780, they assembled on the bank of the Ohio, took an affectionate farewell of each other, and then embarked and set sail, each in the direction he had chosen; some for Natchez, others for the Illinois, and the Adventure, with a little cluster of boats in her train, breasted the current of the Ohio, and made sail for the Cumberland.

What an affecting scene, for one in whose bosom the warm sympathies of human nature glow with pristine purity and ardor! A band of associated friends, endeared to each other by common toils, difficulties and dangers, separating in the midst of a vast and trackless wilderness, without even the hope of hearing of the fortunes that attended, or the fates that befel each other, or ever meeting again this side the boundless expanse of eternity; each setting out on the raging and turbid stream, in the direction he had chosen, to seek a home in a wide-spread wilderness, filled with barbarous and hostile savages, and wild beasts of prey. Here we must take a final leave of

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the crews that set sail for Natchez and Illinois, for the chronicles of the times have left no record of their destiny.

The Adventure and her companies reached the mouth of the Cumberland, after encountering many difficulties, and enduring great labor and fatigue, on the 24th, but the river was so much smaller than they had expected to find it, that great doubts were entertained whether it was the Cumberland or not; but not having heard of any river falling into the Ohio, on this side, between the Tennessee and Cumberland, they determined to sail up it, as the Cumberland. The current was smooth and gentle, and gradually became wider for some distance up, and they soon become satisfied that it was the Cumberland. They suffered for want of provisions, but they occasionally succeeded in killing a buffalo, which greatly relieved their necessities; and, on one occasion, they killed a swan, which proved to be a very delicious dish. At one time, however, they were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon a kind of weed called Shawnee salad, which some of the crews happened to know. This they boiled in water and eat without any thing else to give it a relish. It was a poor dish, but sustained life. On the 31st, they found Col. Richard Henderson encamped on the north bank of the river. He had come out with a company who had run the line between Virginia and North Carolina. From Col. Henderson they obtained all the necessary information, in relation to the country, which they desired; and were also informed by him that he had purchased a quantity of corn in Kentucky, for the use of the Cumberland settlements. He was, however, not able to furnish them with any provisions to supply their immediate necessities, and they were compelled still to hunt and kill buffalo, and subsist upon the meat, without bread. On the 12th of April they came to a small river running

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into the Cumberland on the north side, which Moses Renfroe and his company, named Red river, and on which river Renfroe and his company determined to settle, and therefore left the Adventure and the other boats, and sailed up this river. The Adventure, and the boats that accompanied her reached the bluffs of the Cumberland, near where Nashville now is, on the 24th of April, 1780, where they found Capt. James Robertson and his companions; who had erected a few log cabins. In the vicinity of this place the emigrants settled. Renfroe and his company settled on Red river; but, in the month of June or July the Indians broke in upon them, killed many of the settlers and broke up the settlement. The survivors then removed to the bluff on the Cumberland, and fixed their habitations there.

The circumstances of this voyage have been thus particularly detailed because they portray in striking colors, the true character of the brave and enterprising individuals who first inhabited the, then, dreary and dangerous wilds of Tennessee. Accustomed to encounter difficulties and meet dangers, they did not shudder at the approach of a band of hostile savages, or shrink back at the foaming and frightful cataracts, whirlpools and shoals of the unexplored stream; but pressed on through all difficulties and over all obstructions, to the point of their destination. Who does not admire the firmness and intrepidity of the noble souled matrons of Tennessee, of that day, and that of their spirited, sprightly and fearless daughters! They were fit mothers of an honorable, patriotic, brave and talented race, and it should be the pride of their descendants never to degrade their exalted ancestry.

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CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF INDIAN HOSTILITIES—PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, &c.

During the year 1780, the Indians continued their hostile assaults upon the inhabitants of both Holston and Cumberland, and also made war generally upon the Southern States.

Some time in the spring of this year, a small settlement being made on the south side of the Chucky river, the settlers employed a young man by the name of Williams, to act as a spy and scout. Returning home late one evening, he discovered a considerable body of Indians, who had already advanced between him and the settlement. He took a hollow, and traveled round the Indians, without being discovered; and then pushing with all possible speed, arrived at the settlement, and gave the alarm in time to afford the inhabitants an opportunity to fortify themselves in a cabin owned and occupied by one Boylston. He then proceeded to the next neighborhood, and gave the information, with the hope of obtaining assistance. On the arrival of Williams in the last mentioned neighborhood, Capt. Dougherty, (afterwards Gen. Dougherty,) raised some fifteen or twenty men, and was at the house of Boylston by sun-rise next morning. But, in the meantime, the Indians had attacked the house, having lain in ambush all night, the citizens being concealed in the loft, or upper part of the cabin. The Indians made the attack about day-break; the barking of the dogs warned the inmates of the cabin of the approach of the enemy. As soon as day-light came, an Indian was seen lying at

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the gate, and was shot through the head and killed. The whole band of Indians then immediately rushed into the yard, screaming and yelling like a legion of infuriated spirits from the burning regions of tophet; upon which, four or five others met the same fate as that of their brother at the gate. There were but four or five men in the house, one of whom was so horror-stricken that he fell down behind a loom, where he lay shivering with a fright like a man laboring under a severe attack of the ague, until after the battle was over. But the others who were in the house, kept up the fire with so much energy, and with such success, that the Indians soon fled in confusion. During the battle, the wife of the horror-stricken coward, who was lying behind the loom, was moulding bullets for the remaining men, lest the battle might last until their bullets should be all shot away.—The Indians were supposed to number some one or two hundred, yet Capt. Dougherty and his few brave veterans made immediate pursuit; but the Indians, after retreating something like the distance of a mile, scattered in various directions, so that it was impossible to pursue them with any hope of success, and Dougherty and his men therefore returned.

The war of the American Revolution now seemed to have reached the climax of darkness, horror and misfortune. The prospect, to the timid, seemed to promise no hopes of success. Lowering and portentous clouds seemed to darken the political heavens, the infuriated wrath of offended majesty seemed already to thunder in the ears of the alarmed and dismayed inhabitants, and they daily expected to be visited with an overwhelming and universal storm of devastation and ruin. The British had taken the city of Charleston, Lord Cornwallis had defeated Gen. Gates, with great slaughter, at Camden;

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South Carolina was entirely overrun by the enemy, and Georgia nearly in the same unfortunate situation. New York was daily menaced, and the victorious British army was marching in various detachments, through North Carolina and Virginia, laying waste the whole country, and frequently butchering the inhabitants; and, in addition to all this series of misfortunes, the affrighted and dismayed inhabitants were flying in crowds to the British standard. It was at this gloomy and portentous period, that the inhabitants of the Holston settlements left their homes, though their families were hourly in danger of being assailed by a savage foe, and flew to the standard of freedom and their country, repulsed and vanquished the proud and haughty foe, while yet vainly exulting in his recent victories, and boasting that the royal standard should sweep in triumph over the western mountains.

A short time before the defeat of Gen. Gates, at Camden, Col. Isaac Shelby, of Sullivan county, and Col. John Sevier, of Washington, had crossed the mountains with about two hundred men each, and joined a small force under the command of Col. McDowell, on the Broad river, near the Cherokee ford. Soon after their arrival, they marched, by order of Col. McDowell, with Col. Clark, of Georgia, to a strong fort of the enemy on the Pacolet river. The whole force, consisting of about six hundred men, was placed under the command of Col. Shelby. He marched immediately to the fort, and demanded its surrender. Capt. Moore, the commander of the fort, refused, answering, that he was determined to defend his position to the last extremity. Col. Shelby drew up his forces and surrounded the fort, marching up within musket-shot, but before commencing the attack, he sent in another demand for the surrender, which was complied with, and the fort accordingly taken, without the fire of a

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gun. In the fort was found ninety-three men, and two hundred and fifty stands of arms, loaded with ball and buck-shot, and so arranged at the port-holes that they could have defended the fort against an enemy of double the strength of Col. Shelby's.

At this time, Col. Ferguson, of the British army, an officer of great talents, enterprise and bravery, was in the vicinity, with an army of two thousand strong under his command. Colonels Shelby and Clark were dispatched with about six hundred men, to watch the movements of the enemy, to cut off his scouts and foraging parties, and harass him as much as possible. Ferguson made many attempts to surprise and cut off Shelby, but failed in all. On the 1st of August, however, Ferguson's advanced detachment, about six or seven hundred strong, coming up with Shelby at a place called Cedar Spring, he gave them battle, but Ferguson's whole force soon coming up, Shelby retreated, carrying with him twenty prisoners, besides two British officers.

A few days after this affair, Colonels Shelby and Clark were again detached with about six hundred mounted men, to attack a party of British and tories, then lying at Musgrove's mill on the Enoree river, about forty miles distant from Colonel McDowell's camp. Ferguson's whole force lay immediately on the route Shelby had to march. He therefore marched all night, went through the woods, and passed Ferguson's encampment three or four miles to the left. Just at day-light, Shelby met a strong patrol party of the enemy, and a smart skirmish ensued, but the enemy soon retreated. A countryman of the neighborhood now came up, and informed Col. Shelby that the enemy were reinforced the previous evening by six hundred British regulars, under the command of Col. Ennis. The men and horses were now so fatigued, that to retreat was im-

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possible; and Shelby therefore fortified himself with a breastwork of logs and brush, and sent out Capt. Inman with twenty-five men, to skirmish with the enemy as soon as they should cross the river, with the hope, by this stratagem, to throw them into confusion. Capt. Inman had suggested the plan, and therefore was detached to execute it; and it succeeded most admirably. As soon as the enemy crossed the river, Inman's little force fired on them and began to retreat, the enemy pursuing in disorder, believing they had routed the whole party of Americans; nor were they undeceived until they met a hot and destructive fire from Shelby's riflemen, behind the breastwork. The battle raged most furiously for about an hour, the British officers falling every few minutes. The British forces, however, being greatly superior in numbers, forced a few of the riflemen from the breastworks at one or two points, but just at the same instant, Col. Ennis was wounded, and Capt. Hausey, the leader of the tories, being shot down, the whole of the enemy's line fled. The Americans made hot pursuit, and drove them across the river. The loss of the Americans was six or seven killed, and a few wounded. That of the enemy was very great, besides more than two hundred prisoners taken by the Americans.

As soon as the battle was ended, the victors mounted their horses, determining to make a dash upon Ninety-six, a weak British post about thirty miles distant; but just as they were getting in readiness to march, an express arrived from Col. McDowell, with the information of the defeat of Gen. Gates at Camden. Shelby therefore distributed the prisoners amongst the different companies, so as to make one prisoner to three men, and set off with all speed towards the mountains; and continued his march until late the next morning, without stopping to

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refresh either man or horse; being all the while pursued by Maj. Dupoister, with a strong body of mounted men from Ferguson's army. But the spirited and hardy Americans made good their retreat. After they were beyond the reach of danger, Shelby left the prisoners with Colonels Clark and Williams, to be conveyed to some place of safety, and returned with his volunteers to the western side of the mountains; for it was not then known to Shelby, or a man of his party, that there was an American corps embodied any where south of the Potomac. A general panic prevailed over the whole southern country. McDowell's army broke up, and he retreated, with a few hundred of his followers, west of the mountains. The alarmed and desponding inhabitants flew in crowds to the British standard, or sought protection under the proclamation of Lord Cornwallis, who had promised a pardon and kind treatment to all such as should return to their allegiance, and support the authority of the King. Meantime, Ferguson, finding he could not overtake Shelby, took post at Gilbert-town, North Carolina, and sent an insulting and threatening message over the mountains, by a paroled prisoner, telling the officers west of the mountains, that if they did not cease their hostility, he would march over and lay waste the whole country.—But such spirits as Shelby and Sevier were not to be intimidated by this windy gasconade of the chagrined and infuriated Briton. They met and consulted upon the course proper to pursue, and instead of awaiting the haughty royalist's approach, they determined to raise what men they could, and dash across the mountains, and attack him in his camp. They appointed a day to rendezvous their forces near Watauga, and then set about raising volunteers, Sevier having agreed to procure the aid of Col. McDowell, and Shelby to use his best en-

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deavors to enlist the interest and influence of Col. William Campbell, of Washington county, Virginia. Sevier succeeded in prevailing on McDowell to engage in the campaign at once; and Shelby sent his brother, Moses Shelby, to see Col. Campbell, and wrote a letter, informing him of the whole plan. Campbell did not at first agree to join them, thinking it best for him to march his forces in another direction, in order to meet Cornwallis in Virginia; but Shelby sent another express, urging the propriety and necessity of the campaign, and Campbell finally was prevailed upon to give his assistance.

They rendezvoused on Watauga on the 25th of September, 1780. Col. Campbell had about four hundred men, Sevier two hundred and forty, Shelby about two hundred, and these, with the few under the command of Col. McDowell, constituted the whole force, with which they set off on the next day to attack Col. Ferguson, an experienced, talented and veteran officer of the British regular army, having at the time treble the number of troops under his command, all well armed and disciplined, and a portion of them regulars. But having crossed the mountains, about the first of October, they fell in with Col. Cleveland, with an army of about three or four hundred men, slipping through the woods, with the hope of falling in with some party, who might be marching to attack the enemy. On the succeeding day, the rain poured down so incessantly the troops could not travel; and the officers met and held a council, in which it was agreed that Col. McDowell, although the commanding officer of the district, was too far advanced in life, and too infirm and inactive to command such an expedition; and that it was most prudent to send to head quarters, wherever it might be, to procure an active and experienced field officer to command them. Col. McDow-

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ell, at his own request, was appointed the messenger, and set off immediately, leaving his men under the command of his brother, Joseph McDowell. And, in the meantime it was agreed, at the instance of Col. Shelby, that Col. Campbell should, for the time, have the command. The third day after Col. McDowell left the army, they were joined by Col. John Williams, of South Carolina, and a number of other field officers, with a force of about four hundred men, as the army were in pursuit of Ferguson, it having marched the next morning after McDowell left, to Gilbert-town, from whence, on their arrival, they found Ferguson had retreated, having permitted many of his tory friends to visit their families, not expecting an attack. He took a circuitous route through the country, sending expresses in every direction; and finally took a permanent stand on King's mountain. These brave and intrepid Whigs, having ascertained that Col. Ferguson wished to avoid them until he obtained reinforcements from the Tories, determined to pursue with all possible speed, and force him into a battle as soon as they should overtake him. To this end, two nights before the action, the officers spent the whole night in selecting the best horses, men and arms, and took Ferguson's trail the next morning, with a force of about nine hundred expert marksmen. During the last thirty-six hours preceding the battle, the Americans halted but once to refresh either themselves or horses. On the 7th of October, they came up with Ferguson, encamped on the summit of King's mountain. The troops were so disposed as to march up the mountain on different sides, and surround the enemy. They accordingly marched up the mountain in this order, and attacked the enemy on all sides. Ferguson's troops, however, fought with a courage and valor worthy of a better cause; but nothing could resist the invincible and

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important character. It completely turned the tide of fortune in favor of the Whigs, rolled back the storm of war, dispersed the dark and lowering clouds that hung over the prospects of the Americans, chagrined and dismayed the royalist, and infused an indescribable ardor and enthusiasm amongst the Whigs in every quarter of the country. Hundreds and thousands deserted the royal standard and came flocking in crowds to the American banner; the British forces made a precipitate retreat from the territory of North Carolina; one brilliant victory after another crowned the American arms, and within one short year Lord Cornwallis surrendered with all his forces, to General Washington, at Little York.

All who participated in achieving the brilliant victory of King's Mountain done their duty like men and patriots; but amongst those who signally distinguished themselves, the gallant Shelby and Sevier stood foremost.—They planned and concerted the campaign; by their exertions and influence it was prosecuted, and their skill and intrepidity contributed greatly to the achievement of the victory. Their bold and daring demeanor inspired their troops with the most unshaken confidence in their skill and valor as commanders, and diffused amongst the whole army an ardent enthusiasm, which burned to revenge the cruel wrongs inflicted by the merciless British and Tories upon their unfortunate countrymen who had fallen within the grasp of tyrannical power. In the heat of the conflict they were emphatically the lions of the day. Bold, fearless and daring, wherever the battle raged the hotest there they were seen at the head of their columns, encouraging and animating the troops; and when the forces of the one were likely to give way, before the frightful array of a thousand bayonets, (the Americans being armed only with rifles) they were suc-

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determined prowess of the gallant and hardy mountaineers, who had deliberately determined to die asserting the rights of freemen, in preference to enduring a life of ignoble bondage. The battle was most furious and hot for near an hour. The whole summit of the mountain was enveloped in dense clouds of smoke, and broad sheets of liquid flame; and the roar of the fire-arms seemed to shake the neighboring hills, and cause the very foundations of the mountain to quake. The British troops several times charged the American lines with fixed bayonets, but when they did, they received such a galling fire from a neighboring wing of the American army, as quickly compelled them to cease their pursuit, and the moment they ceased the charge, the Americans rallied and continued to pour upon them a most destructive and deadly fire. Ferguson displayed great tact and prowess, charging repeatedly at the head of the column; and finally, in attempting to charge through the American lines, he was shot, and fell dead from his horse. He was said to be a man of handsome features and martial appearance. He was easily distinguished from all the other officers of the enemy, because of his carrying his sword in his left hand.

When Ferguson fell the command devolved on Major Dupoister, who instantly hoisted a white flag and surrendered. The loss of the enemy was about one hundred and fifty killed, and as many wounded. About six hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and some four hundred or more escaped. Fifteen hundred stand of arms was obtained by the victory, besides much other valuable property. The American loss in killed was Col. Williams, of South Carolina, and twenty-seven others, mostly private soldiers.

The consequences of this victory were of the most

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important character. It completely turned the tide of fortune in favor of the Whigs, rolled back the storm of war, dispersed the dark and lowering clouds that hung over the prospects of the Americans, chagrined and dismayed the royalist, and infused an indescribable ardor and enthusiasm amongst the Whigs in every quarter of the country. Hundreds and thousands deserted the royal standard and came flocking in crowds to the American banner; the British forces made a precipitate retreat from the territory of North Carolina; one brilliant victory after another crowned the American arms, and within one short year Lord Cornwallis surrendered with all his forces, to General Washington, at Little York.

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cored and sustained by those under command of the other. And when the humbled Dupoister hoisted his white banner and cried for quarter, Shelby and Sevier found themselves already at the spot, in the presence of each other, their victorious troops literally commingling with those of the vanquished foe. But the brave and intrepid Col. Campbell must not be forgotten. He was the junior field officer, in point of years, but he had under his command the greatest number of troops, and this circumstance, added to his well known talents and bravery, no doubt, induced the other Colonels to yield the command to him. He conducted the battle with great skill, and fought with a gallantry seldom surpassed. The legislature of Virginia, shortly after, voted him a horse, pistols and sword, in testimony of their high regard for his distinguished services on this occasion. The general assembly of North Carolina, also voted a sword and pistols, to Sevier and Shelby, in testimony of their regard for the great services they had rendered their country, and the cause of freedom and liberty, in this memorable battle. Colonels Williams and Cleveland, as well as Major Winston, rendered important services during the conflict. Col. Williams received his death wound while fighting gallantly almost hand to hand with the enemy; and Col. Cleveland is said to have marched up the mountain, with a gun in his hands, fighting as well as commanding. In short all done their duty to the utmost; and displayed a chivalric courage that should immortalize their names, and embalm their memory in the everlasting remembrance of every true-hearted American and real friend and lover of liberty and free government.

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CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUATION OF INDIAN DEPREDATIONS—COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED TO TREAT WITH THEM, &c.—CONTINUATION OF HOSTILITIES—THE CHEROKEES MAKE PEACE.

The successful issue of the battle of King's Mountain inspired the citizens on Watauga and Holston with additional confidence in their valor and prowess, and made them feel much more secure from danger. The Indians, however, continued their hostile movements upon the settlements; and in January, 1780, a band of Indians, supposed to be of the Delaware tribe, had began to disturb the infant settlements upon the Cumberland.

In February, 1781, Lieut. Col. Sevier was appointed Colonel-Commandant of Washington county; and in the same month commissioners were appointed to treat with the Indians, for the purpose of establishing their boundaries, exchanging prisoners, concluding a peace, &c., &c. Notwithstanding these overtures the Indians continued their hostility. And in the spring of the year, Col. Joseph Martin, who resided on the Long Island in Holston, collected three or four hundred men, and made a campaign into the Indian country, burnt and destroyed their corn and other property, and killed some straggling Indians. The Indians finally met and fought him between Little Tennessee and Tellico rivers; but Martin defeated them, taking twenty or thirty prisoners, and then he returned with his troops, by the same route he went.—While Col. Martin was performing this campaign, Col. Campbell, from Virginia, arrived at Long Island, and sent out runners to ascertain where Col. Martin and his

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troops were, whom they found returning. Col. Campbell remained at Long Island about three months, for the protection of the inhabitants.

In the month of March, of this year, Col. John Sevier made a campaign into the country of the Cherokees, with about one hundred and thirty men, and laid waste the Indian towns in the Middle Settlements, on the head waters of Tennessee river. He marched into the town of Tuckasejah, and killed fifty of the warriors and took fifty women and children prisoners. He also destroyed fifteen or twenty other towns, and burnt all the corn and other property he could find and which his men could not carry off. Col. Sevier lost one man killed, and had one wounded, who afterwards recovered.

In the summer of the same year, 1781, Col. Sevier also made an attack on a camp of Indians on a creek called Indian creek, below Big Pigeon, having under his command on this occasion about one hundred men. He surrounded the Indian encampment and killed seventeen; the remainder, supposed to be thirty or forty, made their escape. He then returned with his troops to Washington county.

These repeated and successful incursions into the Indian country, and the many severe chastisements they had so recently received, induced them to sue for peace, which was made with them during the summer of the same year. But before the making of this peace the Indians had committed many cruel and bloody depredations on the settlements on the Cumberland, as well during the year 1780, as in 1781; which we must now proceed to relate.

In the month of April, 1780, two hunters by the name of Keywood and Millikin, were coming to the fort on the bluff where Nashville now is, and stopping on Rich-

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land creek, five or six miles west of the bluff, the Indians fired upon them, and killed Millikin. Soon afterwards they killed Joseph Hay, and an old man by the name of Bernard, who was making an improvement at a place then called Denton's Lick, and cut off his head and carried it away. They also killed many others.—About the same time they attacked and broke up the settlement of the Renfroes on Red river, and killed Nathan Turpin and another man. These Indians were supposed to be Choctaws and Chickasaws, the Chickasaws, who had always previously, been at peace with the whites having become offended on account of a settlement being made below the mouth of the Ohio, on the east side of the Mississippi, by a man by the name of Clark. The Indians also killed some of the Renfroes and an old man by the name of Jones, and all his family. In the fall of the same year, 1780, Col. John Donaldson, and others, went up the Cumberland to a place since called Clover Bottom, with two boats, for the purpose of bringing down the corn and other products which the inhabitants had raised there; and on their return they were fired upon by the Indians, and nearly all killed. One man, beside Col. Donaldson escaped, and a free negro. One of the boats was discovered the next morning, about the time of cock crowing, by the barking of a little dog, who was still on board; and the boat was landed at the fort, on the bluff where Nashville now is. A negro who had gone up with the party, was found dead in the boat; and the supposition then was that the whole party had either been killed or taken prisoners by the Indians; but Col. Donaldson, one other white man and the free negro had escaped, as before mentioned.

In the summer of this year, a man by the name of Robert Gilkey died of sickness. He was the first of the

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settlers on the Cumberland that died a natural death.—Disasters and dangers thickened around the settlers.—They were in continual danger of being scalped by the barbarous savage, and sometimes in imminent peril for the want of provisions; and under these distressing circumstances many of them left, and went to Kentucky and Illinois. In the fall of this year, a party went from the bluff up the Caney fork of the Cumberland, upon a hunting excursion, for the purpose of procuring meat for the inhabitants; and Judge Haywood states that they killed *one hundred and five bears*, seventy-five buffaloes, and more than eighty deer.

In the beginning of the year 1781, an attack was made by the Indians, upon a place called Freeland's Station. They killed Major Lucas and a negro. The battle was fierce and hot for some time, but the whites succeeded in defending the station. But the Indians went through the country burning and destroying the crops, fences and houses of the inhabitants. The alarm became general and all who could get to the bluff or to Eaton's Station done so; but many were killed on their way thither.

Most of these depredations were committed by other hostile tribes, and not by the Cherokees; but the Cherokees soon joined in these hostile operations. They aided in the attack on Freeland's Station; and in the spring of 1781, a numerous party of them came to the fort on the bluff, where Nashville now is, and lay in ambush, while three of them came up and fired on the fort. Nineteen horsemen went out in pursuit of them, and were soon fired upon by the Indians, who were lying in ambush.—Several of the horsemen were killed; the remainder alighted from their horses and gave battle; but finally, those who were not killed, were compelled to take refuge in the fort; which, with much difficulty, they succeeded

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in retreating to, the Indians having formed a line in the direction of the fort, to cut off their retreat; nor would they have been able to have returned to the fort, but the dogs within, having been trained to make war upon the Indians, broke out of the fort, and assailed them most furiously; and so disabled and confused them as to prevent them from doing anything more than barely to defend themselves against the assault of this novel and unexpected reinforcement. The Indians finally fled, leaving one of their warriors dead, and another they buried near the battle ground. Many of them were known to be wounded; and it was believed they carried off several dead, besides the one they buried. They got possession of, and carried off, the nineteen horses, saddles, bridles and blankets; and therefore, could, with convenience carry off their dead and wounded. During the whole of this year, 1781, the Indians continued their hostile movements with so much vigor, and with such relentless cruelty, that the settlers could not cultivate their fields and consequently made no corn; but in the year 1782, they were enabled to cultivate their fields to some small extent, by placing sentinels around them while they labored. In the mean time, the Indians continued their inroads upon the settlements on the Cumberland; coming in in small detachments, and waylaying the paths, and killing and scalping many of the inhabitants. They also renewed their hostilities upon the Watauga and Holston settlements.

In the autumn of 1782, in consequence of the renewed attacks of the Indians upon the inhabitants of the Holston and Watauga, Col. Sevier raised an army of volunteers in conjunction with Col. Anderson, rendezvoused at Buckingham's Island, on Frenchbroad, and marched into the Indian country. His force consisted of some four or five hundred, all mounted riflemen except one company of

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dragoons. He crossed the Little Tennessee at Tamotlee and went to Chota, where he held a talk with the chief Hanging Maw; the Indians of the upper towns still continuing friendly. He then proceeded across Hiwassee, and went to the Chickamauga towns, passing Vann's town; and near this latter town John Watts, who was then at peace with the whites, surrendered to Col. Sevier, a young woman, by the name of Jane Iredell, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians about a year before on Roane's creek, in what is now Carter county. The army then marched to Bull's town, which they destroyed. They then marched to Coosa river; and on the way fell in with a white man in company with Nancy Coody, an Indian woman; the man run and was killed. His papers proved him to be a British Sergeant. His name was Fleming. (Judge Haywood says Clements.) Col. Sevier continued his march up the Coosa, passed the mouth of Hightower to the Coosawattee towns, which he destroyed, and then set off for home, burning and destroying other towns as he went. The campaign lasted five or six weeks; and a number of Indians were killed.

In the year 1783, the Indians attacked the citizens in the neighborhood of Buchanan's Station, which was situated about five miles from the bluff where Nashville now is, and killed a number of them. Capt. William Prewit raised about twenty men, and pursued the Indians to Richland creek, of Elk river, where he overtook and fired upon them, but killed none; he, however, succeeded in re-capturing many stolen horses, and set off on his return march. The Indians pursued, and overtook him on the north side of Duck river, and fired on him and his men early one morning, as they were just leaving their encampment. A man by the name of Brown was killed, and Captain Prewit retreated with his men,

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into open ground, being, at the time the Indians fired upon them, in a cane-brake. The Indians pursued, and Prewit having retreated a mile and a half, into open ground, gave them battle, was killed himself, with two or three others, the survivors fled to the fort at the bluff.

Thus the reader has seen that, although the Cherokees made peace with the whites in the summer of 1781, yet they did not long keep their promises. The settlements on the Cumberland were weak and feeble compared with those on Watauga and Holston, and the Indians having been severely scourged for their outrages upon the latter settlements, now turned their wrath upon the inhabitants of Cumberland. Some time previous to the treaty of Hopewell, which was made with the Cherokees in the year 1785, the Indians began to cease their hostilities towards the whites, and it was hoped this treaty had put a final end to their depredations; but the issue did not justify these pleasing anticipations; for in the spring of the year 1786, they commenced hostilities afresh. They made incursions into the settlements of what is now East Tennessee; penetrated as far as Beaver creek, now in the county of Knox, attacked the house of a man by the name of Biram, and killed two men. Troops were immediately raised and assembled at Houston's station, on the south side of Holston, and marched from thence under the command of Col. Sevier, being about one hundred and sixty in number. They crossed the Tennessee river at the Island ford, went through the Tellico Plains, and crossed the mountain, marching to the Valley Towns, on the head waters of the Hiwassee; where they destroyed several towns, and killed fifteen Indians. They encamped near an Indian village, and the next morning a trail was discovered where a large body of Indians had

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passed along; and Col. Sevier and his little army returned to the settlements.

After this campaign the Indians became desirous for peace, and ceased hostilities for a time; but it was a deceitful calm; for, in the year 1788, they broke in upon the white settlements with more ruthless and savage barbarity than they had ever done before.

CHAPTER VII.

MURDER OF KIRK'S FAMILY—THE INDIANS COMMENCE HOSTILE DEPREDATIONS AFRESH—COL. SEVIER'S CAMPAIGNS, &c., &c.

In the spring of the year 1788, the Cherokees came into what is now Blount county, and murdered John Kirk's family, on Nine-Mile creek. Kirk was from home when his family were murdered; he came home in the night, and when he entered his cabin, stumbled over the dead bodies of his slaughtered family. He immediately alarmed the neighborhood; Col. Sevier raised a small force, rendezvoused at David Craig's Station, and marched into the Indian country, crossing Tennessee river at Citico, where his men killed four Indians; then went up Tennessee to the Chilhowee towns. On the way they saw some Indians, and Col. Hubbard killed one as he was running up the mountain, and Hubbard's horse was in full gallop. As the troops were going up the Tennessee river, Corn Tassel, who was then the King of the Cherokees, in company with an Indian called Abram, crossed the river with a flag, bringing with

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them some other Indians. Kirk's son, a young man, who had been absent with his father at the time of the murder of the family, was in company, and burning with revenge, on account of the barbarous murder of his mother, brothers and sisters, he sought an opportunity, while Col. Sevier was absent, to slaughter all the Indians that came over, except the squaws, Abram's wife and daughter. Abram's son was in company, a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years of age; and Kirk killed him with the others. Abram's wife was not a Cherokee, but a Mohawk, whom Abram had taken prisoner in some of the wars between the two tribes; she could speak pretty good English, and she put forth loud and mournful lamentations for the death of her Mohawk son. Abram's wife and daughter were taken prisoners, together with another squaw and her child, who were found in the river concealed under the bank, in the water; the squaw just holding her mouth and nose above the water, and keeping her child in the same position. On this campaign Sevier marched to the Hiwassee Old Towns, which had been previously destroyed; he found some Indians in the towns; they fled, but many were killed; he burnt the towns and returned.

The Indians continued their depredations upon the settlements; killed many of the inhabitants, and continued way-laying the public roads and murdering travelers as they passed along.

Shortly after the massacre of Kirk's family, a company of the citizens went from Maryville and vicinity, across the Little Tennessee river, to an Indian settlement called Citico, to gather apples, and while they were in the orchard they were attacked by the Indians, sixteen of them killed, one taken prisoner, four wounded, and one man was missing and never heard of; it was supposed he was

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lost in the river. Troops were immediately raised; some under the command of Captain Stewart and some under Captain Evans; and Col. Sevier having heard that the Indians were threatening to attack Houston's station, was on his march for that point, which was not far from the scene of disaster, and hearing of the murder of the citizens at Citico, he pushed on with all possible speed, took command of the whole forces and marched to Citico. On his march, Col. Sevier accidentally fell in with about one hundred Indians, upon whom he fired, they retreated and he continued his march; went through Citico and up to the Chilhowee towns, where he had a skirmish with the Indians and killed thirteen of them, without loosing a single man; and he then returned. A few weeks after this affair Col. Sevier made another campaign into the Cherokee country, went through the Tellico towns, crossed the Unacoy mountain and marched through the valley towns, on the head waters of Hiwassee. While on the march Col. Hubbard took ten men and turned off along a path, which soon took them to a cabin, out of which ran ten Indians, five of whom Hubbard's company killed and took one prisoner, and then returned to the army. When the army halted at noon, of this day, Capt. Evans, seeing an Indian coming down a ridge, took two or three men, pursued the Indian and killed him. Sevier then turned down the Hiwassee river, destroying the corn-fields and laying waste the country. After they had marched down the river for two days, Captain Evans was sent out with a few men, early in the morning of the third day, to reconnoiter the encampment; and on the top of a ridge he discovered the trail of a large body of Indians who had passed the army and gone down the river. Col. Sevier with his officers went out and examined the trail and being satisfied that not less than eight hun-

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dred or a thousand Indians had passed, he held a council with his officers. Col. Hubbard, who was proverbially called the fool warrior, was anxious to pursue the Indians, notwithstanding Sevier's army only consisted of about one hundred and forty or fifty men; but Col. Sevier, ever cautious and prudent, as well as brave and fearless, would not consent to Hubbard's headlong and reckless proposition, but turned his course and set off across the mountain, with a determination to reach the Tellico Plains that night. He accordingly sat off at a brisk gate, the army being all mounted men; on their march they discovered two remarkably fat cows, which they drove on. In a short time one of the cows became so tired she could not travel, and a few of the men lit from their horses and slaughtered her, and packed the beef along with them. The army happened to take a level route, which led them to the mountain, where they had crossed as they marched into the country. They got over the mountain about sun-down, by which time the other cow became tired, and they halted a few moments, at a large spring at the foot of the mountain, and slaughtered her also. In the hurry and confusion John Byrd forgot his butcher knife until he had rode some seventy yards, when he returned and got his knife. After picking up his knife and mounting his horse he looked up the mountain and saw a large body of Indians coming round a spur of the mountain, about a quarter of a mile in the rear. Col. Sevier continued the march of his little army until ten or eleven o'clock at night; when having reached the Tellico Plains, he caused his men to construct a temporary breast-work by falling trees, and posted out triple sentinels all around. It was afterwards ascertained that John Watts, with about one thousand warriors had passed down the Hiwassee, leav-

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ing a small detachment behind to decoy Sevier on and lead him into a narrow defile, between the river and a bluff, where the Indians had constructed a rock wall across from the bluff to the river, and piled up vast quantities of loose rocks upon the top of the bluff, the warriors being secreted in a deep ravine just above, and which was grown over with laurel and cane; and on the top of the bluff they had placed their old men, boys and women, to hurl down the rocks upon Sevier's men as soon as they should approach the stone wall, over which it would have been impossible for them to pass; and in the meantime the warriors were to charge them in the rear. Thus Col. Sevier's prudence and true generalship, saved his little band of brave men from inevitable destruction; whereas, if he had listened to the mad and imprudent counsel of Col. Hubbard, it is very questionable whether one of them would have returned to tell the story of the overthrow and destruction of his comrades.

The next day after Col. Sevier encamped his army at Tellico Plains, he set out for the white settlements, and returned by the same route he had went into the country.

In October, 1788, the Indians took Gillespie's Station, on the waters of Pistle creek, in what is now Blount county; killed Gillespie and nine others, burned the station, and took thirty-one or thirty-two prisoners. On their march back, they killed Ephraim McDowell and Jacob Rife, son-in-law to McDowell. Shortly after, Col. Sevier collected about sixty-four men, and marched into the Cherokee nation. He crossed the Tennessee river at the Tamotlee ford, and marched to the Coosawattee towns, which he burnt. He took thirty-three prisoners, beside an Indian trader by the name of Foreman. He also took forty horses, and returned, without losing a sin-

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gle man. After his return, he sent Foreman back into the Cherokee country, with a proposition to the Chiefs to exchange prisoners, with a view to procure the release of those taken by the Indians at Gillespie's Station. The exchange of prisoners took place some time in the course of the next spring.

During all this time, the Indians were continually committing depredations, as well on the inhabitants of Cumberland, as on those of Holston. But it is impossible to give all the particulars, otherwise we shall have no room for other matters which we have promised our readers. A few more campaigns and battles, and we must close this part of our work.

In the year 1788, Gen. Joseph Martin, who had recently been promoted from Colonel to that of Brigadier, assembled an army of several hundred men on the Holston, where Knoxville is now situated, crossed the Holston there, and marched to the Chickamauga towns, which he burnt. He then detached about one hundred men, to proceed to a town below Lookout mountain. This detachment was met by the Indians on the mountain and fired upon, and they retreated. The next morning, Martin fought the Indians on the side of the mountain. He sent a detachment round to fire on them in the rear, while he met them in front with the main force. When the detachment in the rear fired on the Indians, they supposed they were surrounded, as was believed, and came yelling and screaming most furiously down the mountain, broke through Martin's lines, killing three men, all Captains, and made their escape into the cane-brake between the mountain and the river. One Indian only, was found killed; and he was of most gigantic stature. The three men who were killed, were buried in an Indian cabin near the foot of the mountain, and the cabin burnt over

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them, to prevent the Indians from finding and mangling their bodies. The army then returned, setting out on their homeward march, on the evening after the battle.

While all these operations were going on in the eastern section of the country, there were wars and fightings in the Cumberland settlements. In June, 1787, Gen. James Robertson made a campaign with about one hundred and thirty men to the Muscle Shoals, crossed the Tennessee river there, and had a battle with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, whom he defeated and routed, killing several of them. He also found some French traders there, supplying the Indians with goods, guns, ammunition, &c. Some of these traders were killed in the battle, and all their goods were taken from them, carried to Nashville and divided out amongst the troops. Very shortly after this affair, however, the Indians marched secretly into the settlements, ravaged the country and murdered many of the inhabitants; in consequence of which, Maj. Evans was sent with a battalion of men from East Tennessee, to aid the settlers on the Cumberland in making defence against the ruthless savages. Maj. Evans' command was ordered out in different detachments, to act as scouts and spies, and patrol the country.

During the years 1788 and 1789, the Indians continued their hostile operations upon the Cumberland settlements, as well as upon those of East Tennessee. In 1788, they attacked Bledsoe's Station, but were repulsed. In 1789, they attacked Judge McNairy, and a party in company with him, who had encamped on the north side of Clinch river. A man by the name of Stanly was killed, and a Chickasaw Chief called Longhair, and his son. The others escaped by swimming the river, leaving their horses and all their baggage. They also attacked Col. Robertson's station, and wounded the Colonel. Capt. Sampson

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Williams pursued them with a company of men, amongst whom was Gen. Jackson. They overtook the Indians at Duck river, killed one, wounded several others, and drove them across the river, taking from them sixteen guns, nineteen shot-pouches, and a quantity of baggage, clothing, &c. The party then returned.

CHAPTER VIII.

CESSION ACT OF NORTH CAROLINA TO CONGRESS—APPOINTMENT OF OFFICERS FOR THE TERRITORY—TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE INDIANS—*WAR* BREAKS OUT AGAIN, &c.

In the month of December, 1789, the Legislature of North Carolina authorized their Senators in Congress to cede to the United States all that tract of country which now constitutes the State of Tennessee; and, accordingly, the Senators from North Carolina, Samuel Johnston and Benjamin Hawkins, executed a deed of cession on the 2d of April, 1790. Congress accepted the cession, and in the month of August thereafter, William Blount was commissioned Governor of the new Territory, then called the Territory south of the river Ohio. David Campbell and Joseph Anderson were appointed Judges. Gov. Blount arrived in the Territory in the following October, and assumed the government. He fixed his residence, for the time, at the house of Mr. Cobb, not far from the court-house of Washington county. Col. Sevier and Col. Robertson were appointed Brigadier Generals upon the recommendation of Gov. Blount. The other necessary officers for the government of the Territory were ap-

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pointed by Gov. Blount. The Governor also caused a census to be taken of the inhabitants, by which it appeared that the whole number within the Territory was 36,043—3,417 of whom were slaves.

The Indians continued their hostility during the year 1790, and part of 1791; but the Governor finally prevailed upon them to enter into a treaty of peace; which was signed by Gov. Blount, on the part of the United States, and by the Chiefs of the Cherokees on behalf of their nation, on the 2d of July, 1791, on the banks of the Holston, where Knoxville is now situated.

The inhabitants now hoped for peace and quiet, and looked with some confidence and with strong hopes, for the blessings of an uniform and regular government.—Gov. Blount was a man possessing a high order of talents, much experience, and a thorough knowledge of human nature. He displayed great judgment in the choice of public functionaries, and much tact and prudence in the government of the country.

But the hopes of the citizens for peace and quietude very soon passed away, and left the inhabitants involved in new and accumulated troubles and dangers. Early in the spring of 1792, the Indians commenced hostilities anew. Straggling parties, five or six in number, frequently penetrated the settlements, and murdered the inhabitants. They commenced hostilities by murdering the family of Harper Ratcliff, some twenty miles from Hawkins court-house. They left at the house three war clubs, a bow and a sheaf of arrows, to evince a determination to go to war again, as was supposed. Gov. Blount now authorized troops to be raised to protect the inhabitants. The Indians continued their depredations; went into Powell's Valley, stole horses, and murdered some of the citizens. They were pursued by Col. Cox with a few

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men, overtaken, and one of them killed, called Big Aaron, and two others wounded, who escaped.

In October of this year, 1792, Black's Station, on the waters of Little river, was attacked, three men killed, and one wounded. About the same time, measures were concerted between the Creeks and Cherokees, to build block-houses near the frontiers, and carry on a continual and furious war upon the white settlements. In November of this year, a house was attacked in Grassy Valley, Knox county. There were two men and their families in the house. The Indians forced open a window, and pointed in their guns, but the two men fired upon them, wounded two, and by a second fire, killed one of the others, and the remainder of them fled.

Gen. Sevier was now ordered into service, with a number of volunteers and militiamen; and he established his quarters near South-west Point, at the place where Thomas N. Clark has for many years resided. Detachments of his brigade were posted at different points along the frontier.

In November, 1792, Capt. Samuel Hanley, with forty men under his command, marched from South-west Point, for the Cumberland settlements; and, on the third day after he set out, he was attacked by the Indians near the Flat Rock, on Cumberland mountain, had several of his men killed, and he taken prisoner; those who escaped returned to Gen. Sevier's camp, at South-west Point. Capt. Hanley was treated with great cruelty by the Indians. They made him carry an enormous burden every day, and confined him at night by splitting a sapling and placing his leg in it, and letting the split sapling close upon it, thus forming a most secure and effectual clamp, and one that gave the gallant Captain (for such he was) great pain. He was taken to Will's town, where the Indians

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attempted to make him run the gauntlet, and would have done so, but two old Chiefs interfered, and pulled him through the lines. He afterwards escaped, or was exchanged for, and returned to his friends.

The Indians continued to commit depredations during all the winter of 1792–3; and in the spring, they killed many persons in East Tennessee, and stole a great number of horses. About the 8th of January, 1793, the troops under Gen. Sevier were discharged; and as soon as this was known to the Indians, they broke in upon the settlements with increased vigor. John Porter was killed on Crooked creek, two men of the name of Nelson killed on Little Pigeon, a number of horses were stolen from the neighborhood of Flat creek, in Knox county, Blackburn's station, on the north side of Holston, below Knoxville, was burnt, and numberless other depredations committed.

In the spring, or early part of the summer of 1793, the Cherokees offered to make peace; in consequence of which, Gov. Blount ordered the citizens, by proclamation, to cease all offensive operations. But, while the Cherokees were proposing peace, the Creeks were continually warring upon the settlements. Gov. Blount ordered troops to be raised in the Cumberland settlements, and sent Maj. Baird, with the troops under his command, to march over upon the Caney Fork of Cumberland, and scour the country.

While the Cherokees were professing peace, depredations were daily committed, and many of the inhabitants believed these hostile acts were committed by Cherokees, though they continually charged them upon the Creeks; consequently, the white people could not always be restrained from committing acts of hostility upon the Cherokees. And about this time, Maj. Baird and Col. Dougherty

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raised troops and marched into the Cherokee towns, in violation of the orders of the Governor. They killed a number of Indians, and Baird lost one man killed, and another was wounded. These operations of Col. Dougherty and Maj. Baird were occasioned by the constant depredations committed by the Indians; and although the Cherokees charged them upon the Creeks, the citizens were well satisfied they were in fact committed by the Cherokees; and hence, the citizens could not be restrained from taking vengeance upon their enemies. The war soon became general. In the month of August, of this year, 1793, a large party of Indians attacked Henry's Station, in the lower end of Blount county, killed two men, Lieut. Tedford and a man by the name of Henderson. Tedford, and a man by the name of Jackson, had gone out of the fort to a corn-field, and when the firing commenced, they attempted to return to the fort, but were intercepted by the Indians; Tedford was killed, but Jackson made his escape, being so hotly pursued by the Indians, however, that he stripped himself as he ran, in order the better to prevent the Indians from seizing him. He ran naked to Craig's Station, ten or twelve miles distant, and gave the alarm.

In the month of September, succeeding the attack upon Henry's Station, the Cherokees made an incursion into the settlements, (being in force about one thousand strong, as was believed,) and attacked and took Cavit's Station, eight miles below Knoxville, murdering the whole family, thirteen in number. After the massacre of the inmates of the fort, the Indians made a precipitate retreat, turning across the country towards the Clinch river, which they crossed in a few hours afterwards. It was believed, at the time that the Indians intended to attack the town of Knoxville, and were only prevented by day-light break-

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ing upon them sooner than they expected; for, it was about sun-rise when they murdered Cavit's family.

Gen. Sevier was then lying at John Ish's, on the south side of Holston, having arrived a few days before with about four hundred men; he immediately raised additional troops, and marched into the Cherokee country, hoping to overtake the party who had murdered Cavit's family. His force consisted of about seven or eight hundred men. (Judge Haywood says eleven hundred and twenty-three, but this, I believe, is a mistake.) They crossed Tennessee at the Coyetee ford, Hiwassee at the mouth of Ocoee, and marched directly to a town called Oostenalla, on the Coosawattee, (the name of which has since been changed to Oostenalla.) At this place, the army lay three days on account of sickness, which was produced by eating spoiled flour. During their stay here, they killed a great many remarkably fat cattle, and got vast quantities of very large and fine sweet potatoes. The first night after the army crossed Coosawattee, just after they had encamped, the Indians fired upon them, and wounded a man by the name of Gott, but he recovered. The second night, Sevier caused a breast-work of logs and brush to be erected. On the next morning, John Lowry (now Col. John Lowry) and others went to the river to water their horses; and were fired on by the Indians, and Lowry was shot in the arm. Either at this place, or the first night after they crossed the Coosawattee, Nathan Breed was shot in the knee. On the third day after the army crossed the Coosawattee, Gen. Sevier ordered Col. Kelley to march with his army up the river, to the Coosawattee village, and destroy it. On the march, Luke Hendrix broke his stirrup leather, and William Baird halted with him until he mended it. The army went on, and Hendrix and Baird missed the route taken

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by the army, and entered the Indian towns alone. The Indians had fled, leaving their pots on the fire, and their dogs shut up in the houses. The dogs barked and made a tremendous uproar. Hendrix and Baird, on arriving at the village and seeing no Indians, rode through to the upper end and returned just as the army was coming in sight. Colonel Kelley destroyed the town, and returned to Sevier's encampment the same evening. On the next morning General Sevier marched the army down the river. When he came within half a mile of the junction of Coosawattee and Hightower, the paths forked, one leading to the Hightower towns and the other crossing the Coosawattee, and leading down it on the northern or eastern side; and here he divided his army, and placed one detachment under the command of Col. Kelley, and took command of the other himself. He ordered Col. Kelley to cross the Hightower, and proceed down on the southern side, and destroy all the Indian towns as he marched; while he (Gen. Sevier) would march down on the other side of the river, and lay waste the country there. Carey and Findleston had been employed as pilots, two Indian traders, well acquainted with the country. Carey went with Sevier, and Findleston piloted Kelley. Upon arriving at the ford of the Hightower it was discovered that the Indians had fortified themselves at the ford, on the opposite side. They had dug holes in the river-bank in which to secrete themselves, and had cut saplings and fell them down the bank where the path went out of the river. Upon making this discovery, Col. Kelley concerted a plan with Major Evans, to draw the Indians out of their strong holds, and compel them to fight on open ground; and he succeeded most admirably. He marched the army down the river, a few hundred yards below the ford, to a canoe landing,

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where the water was swimming, and himself, Findleston and a few others, plunged in and swam across the river. Major Evans instantly ordered the detachment to halt; and seeing the Indians running down on the other side of the river, to meet Kelley and his comrades, he faced the men about, all being horsemen, and dashed up to the ford in full gallop, and crossed the river at half speed. The Indians seeing the main party crossing at the ford ran back, leaving Col. Kelley and his friends to escape from the water in safety. A hot and furious battle ensued, which lasted about twenty minutes. When the front of the detachment had crossed the river and reached the bank they were obliged to alight and cut the saplings and brush with their hatchets and remove it out of their way, before they could ascend the bank; and while this was doing the Indians fired upon them, and killed one man; but the little army succeeded in ascending very quick, and returned the fire of the Indians with so much alacrity, that they soon retreated, carrying with them all their killed and wounded except one, which they could not get away. They were seen by the whites dragging their killed and wounded over logs and into the cane-brake. Judge White was in this engagement, then a very young man, and was amongst the first that ascended the bank of the river, under the fire of the enemy. Evans had two men killed, Wear and Prewit. John Wallace was mortally wounded and died the night after the battle. General Sevier hearing the firing wheeled his detachment about and pushed with all possible speed to the assistance of Evans, and came up just as the Indians had retreated. The two men, Wear and Prewit, that were killed, were taken down the river to an Indian village, buried in a cellar in an Indian cabin, and the cabin burnt over them, to prevent the Indians

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from finding and mangling their bodies, as was their custom to do. Gen. Sevier then marched the whole army back across the Hightower, crossed the Coosawattee, and marched down the river, destroying all the towns as he went. Wallace was buried in another Indian village, in the same manner Wear and Prewit had been. Sevier continued his march down the river for about twelve miles, laying waste the whole country. He killed a great number of fine fat cattle, and the troops got a great abundance of sweet potatoes. The Indian warriors fled before the march of Sevier's army in every direction; the squaws and children might have been taken prisoners, but the General did not think it prudent to encumber his army with them.

The successful result of this campaign had a very happy effect upon both the Creeks and Cherokees. Hightower was the principal place of rendezvous, where the warriors of both nations assembled, and from whence they set off on their hostile excursions. The Indians, in some measure, ceased their depredations for a time. But in a short time, they broke in upon the settlements again. In December, of this year, Roger Oats and Nicholas Ball were killed, near Wells' Station, in Blount county, and a mulatto boy was taken prisoner and carried off. A party of citizens immediately assembled, and pursued the trail of the Indians to the camp of the Chief, Hanging Maw, killed several Indians, and returned.

In February, 1794, Peter Bowerman was fired on by the Indians near Wells' Station; and in the same month, Russell and others were attacked near Spencer's Hill, of Cumberland mountain, by about twenty Indians. Russell was badly wounded—the others escaped unhurt. Russell, however, made his escape, and was afterwards carried to Dr. Cozby's, eight miles above Knoxville,

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where he lay under the care of Cozby until he recovered of his wounds. In March following, a man by the name of Martin was killed near Henry's Station; and a party passing from David Craig's Station, to the Station of John Craig, in Blount county, were fired on by the Indians, and a man by the name of Ferguson killed. There was a young lady in company, the sister of Ferguson, and a young man, son of David Craig; he was but a lad, not exceeding seventeen or eighteen years old. When the Indians fired upon them, and killed Ferguson, who was leading the company, they dashed into the road, and one of them seized the young lady's horse by the bridle, having his tomahawk uplifted, but she gave the bridle a sudden jerk, and broke loose from the Indian, young Craig halting, in the meantime, to render her such aid as he could; and when she was extricated from the grasp of the Indian, both her and Craig set off at full speed. The road forked near the place, and came together again within a few hundred yards; she took one road, and Craig the other, and where the roads came together, their horses met and came in contact, Craig's horse knocked the young lady's horse down, and she was thrown off; Craig, however, boy as he was, sprang from *his* horse, assisted the young lady to re-mount her's, and they both fortunately made their escape, though the Indians were making hot pursuit.

In April, 1794, the Indians killed Thomas Sharp Spencer, on Cumberland mountain, at the place ever since called Spencer's Hill. There were five persons in company; two others were wounded, and two horses killed. It was supposed there were forty or fifty Indians.

Numerous other depredations were continually committed, both by the Cherokees and Creeks. A great number of horses were stolen from the citizens of Knox

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county, about this time, and many individuals murdered in different parts of the country. William Casteel, his wife and five children, were butchered and mangled in a most awful manner, on the south side of Frenchbroad, about eight miles above Knoxville. Only one of the family escaped, a little daughter of Casteel's, about five or six years of age; and she was tomahawked, and two scalps taken from her head. She was discovered the morning after the murder, sitting in the door of the cabin, by two men who were out hunting horses. She was taken to Dr. Cozby's, nursed and taken care of by his family and others, received medical attention from the Doctor, recovered, lived many years after, and, for aught the author knows, is yet living.

About the month of May, 1794, a great portion of the Cherokees professed a wish for peace; and many of them, no doubt, were sincere in their professions; but others continued their hostile operations, in connection with the Creeks. And the white people were compelled to be always on the alert. About this time, the Indians had came into the settlements, and killed a man by the name of Piercyfield; and Capt. Joseph Evans, two men by the name of Sellers, and James Hubbard, jr., dressed and painted themselves like Indians, and went in pursuit of the Indians who had killed Piercyfield. They soon fell on the trail of the Indians, and pursued them into the Tellico towns, where they entered their camp in the night-time, killed four Indians while they were asleep, and retreated unhurt.

Such an act of bravery and bold daring deserves a passing remark of commendation. Where are the men at this day, who would make such a tour and run such a hazard? To see four men plunge into the midst of a hostile village of savages, (where one hundred warriors

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could have been assembled in five minutes by a single war-whoop,) to take satisfaction for the murder of a neighbor and fellow-citizen, in truth, wears more the appearance of romance than reality. But, at that day, such was the fearless intrepidity of the inhabitants, that such transactions were looked upon merely as the necessary operations of a defensive war.

In the month of June, of this year, Stephen Jones was killed by the Indians, on the waters of Little Pigeon. And about the same time, a boat left Knoxville for Natchez, owned by a Mr. Scott, laden with iron and castings, and having on board six white men, three women, four children, and twenty negroes. The Indians attacked the boat as it passed what was called the Long Island towns, but were driven off by the fire of the men in the boat, two of the Indians being wounded, without the boat sustaining any injury. But a large party of Indians pursued, and at the Muscle Shoals, they took the boat, murdered all the whites, and carried off the negroes, as well as the articles on board of the boat.

In the month of August, 1794, a party of Indians attacked the block-house on Bull-run, sixteen miles from Knoxville; but they were repulsed without the fort sustaining any injury. In the same month, Lieut. McClellan, (afterwards Col. John McClellan,) was attacked at the foot of Spencer's Hill, and defeated, having under his command about thirty men. He was marching towards the Cumberland settlements, and had been ordered to meet his Captain (Evans) at the Crab-Orchard, but on his arrival at the Orchard, he found a letter from his Captain, stuck up on a pole which was set up in the road, directing him to return. It had rained incessantly all day, the men, baggage and fire-arms were all wet, and the men and horses much fatigued. They turned about, retraced

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their steps about a mile and a half, to the foot of Spencer's Hill, and there halted to encamp for the night. They spanceled their horses, turned them loose to graze, and commenced building fires, without taking the precaution to draw the wet charges from their guns, and re-load. The men scattered in every direction, gathering wood; and the first notice they had of the attack, the Indians were in amongst them, between them and their horses, firing upon them. General confusion, of course, ensued; McClellan, however, rallied his men, as well as circumstances would allow, and they fought, as they retreated, with the utmost valor and intrepidity; but many of them could not get their pieces to fire, at all. Some of the men whose guns would not fire, ran along the line priming for the others, when their guns happened to misfire. The Indians were twice repulsed, but they again rallied, and so far outnumbering the whites, (there being about one hundred Indians,) McClellan was finally compelled to make a precipitate retreat up the mountain. Most of the men lost their horses and baggage; Lieut. McClellan lost his. James Dearmond ran to his horse, cut the spancel from his legs, and mounted him bare-backed, the halter being upon him. As he mounted, an Indian threw a tomahawk at him, which grazed his head; but he escaped unhurt. He then pursued his retreating companions up the mountain; and on overtaking them, McClellan halted, and bawled out to his men—"*Boys, make your escape—I can go no farther—I am done—but pay no attention to me—take care of yourselves.*"—Dearmond, hearing this, sprang from his horse, and threw McClellan on him, exclaiming, "now, Lieutenant, make your escape; there is not a damned Indian in all the nation that can catch me." And McClellan did escape, and so did Dearmond. McClellan lost four men killed,

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and one was wounded. The loss of the Indians was fifteen or twenty—they were seen to fall under the fire of McClellan's men.

While the hostile operations above detailed were going on in East Tennessee, the Indians were continuing to commit like depredations on the Cumberland settlements. During the years 1792, 1793 and 1794, they ravaged the western settlements, stealing horses, burning houses and butchering the inhabitants.

In March, 1792, Brown's Station, eight miles from Nashville, was attacked, and four boys killed; and a few days afterwards, Dunham's Station was burnt. In May following, Gen. Robertson and his son were fired upon, near Robertson's Lick, and both wounded. Gen. Robertson's horse took fright and threw him, when his son, although wounded severely, dismounted and fired upon the Indians, which enabled his father to escape, and they both made good their retreat to Robertson's Station. In June of the same year, Zeigler's Station, near Bledsoe's Lick, was attacked, and six persons killed. Gov. Blount arrived at Nashville shortly after, and ordered out an additional force of three hundred militia; and three companies of mounted infantry were ordered from East Tennessee. In September, 1792, a large party of Indians, Creeks, Cherokees, and some Shawnees, attacked Buchanan's Station, there being at the time only nineteen men in the fort, but they repelled the attack with such vigor as to put the savages to flight. Several Indians were killed, and they retreated, leaving several swords, kettles, pipes, &c., on the ground. The inmates of the fort received no injury. Gen. Robertson, hearing of the attack on Buchanan's Station, immediately raised a few troops and pursued the Indians; but finding, from every appearance, that the savages out-numbered his

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forces at least four to one, and that they were retreating out of the settlements with all possible speed, he thought it prudent to return. This was the last formidable invasion of the Cumberland settlements, though the Indians continued to penetrate them in small detachments, and to harass and kill some of the inhabitants.

In April, 1793, Maj. Hugh Baird was sent to the Cumberland settlements with upwards of one hundred men, to aid in defence of the country. He scoured the country, and searched out the Indian encampments, even in thickets and cane-brakes, and killed several Creeks and some Cherokees. This new mode of warfare alarmed the Indians, and most of them fled from the country.

In the month of August of this year, Abraham Castleman, having had many of his relations murdered by the Indians, raised a company of volunteers for the purpose of marching into the Indian country, and retaliating the destruction of his friends. When he arrived at the Tennessee, however, ten of his company refused to cross, because Gen. Robertson had issued orders that no scouting parties should cross the Tennessee. Castleman and five others crossed the river, notwithstanding, dressed and painted themselves like Indians, and after traveling about ten miles, they came upon a party of Creek Indians, about fifty in number, who were seated on the ground eating. The approach of Castleman and his comrades excited no alarm, as the Indians supposed they were friends, of the Cherokee nation, or Creeks. Castleman and his friends marched up within a few paces of the Indians, fired upon them, and killed seven; Castleman killed two, and each of the others one. The consternation and surprise of the Indians were so great, that they did not even offer resistance until the whites escaped.

Let the youths of the present day, who are now spring-

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ing into manhood, many of whom have been reared up in the large towns and cities, with so much tenderness, and have been so little accustomed to danger, that their hair would rise on end at the chirping of a cricket, or the rustling of the leaves under the feet of a lizard, ponder on these acts of bold and fearless daring; and let them remember, that a new country, inhabited by warlike savages, can only be settled by a civilized population through the instrumentality of such daring and chivalric spirits as Castleman and his companions: and let them also bear in mind, that the same noble and chivalric spirit is necessary to maintain the freedom and independence of their country, and the honor and glory of their government.

Through all the fall and winter of 1793, and through the spring and summer of 1794, the Indians continued to harass the inhabitants, small marauding parties continually breaking into the settlements, stealing horses, waylaying the roads and murdering the citizens; in consequence of which, the citizens of the Cumberland settlements thought it necessary to make another campaign into the Indian territory. And Capt. Sampson Williams procured Col. Whitly, of Kentucky, to raise troops, and join the citizens of Cumberland in a campaign. In the meantime, Maj. Ore, of East Tennessee, had been ordered to Cumberland with a battalion of men, to protect the inhabitants. General Robertson, Colonel Montgomery, of Clarksville, and Captain Miles, between Nashville and Clarksville, raised troops. Col. Whitly came on with his troops, and they all rendezvoused at a block-house near Buchanan's Station, where Maj. Ore joined them; and the campaign was denominated Maj. Ore's, to enable the troops to draw pay, he being the only officer that was regularly ordered into service; but it was agreed to give Col. Whitly the command. The whole army marched

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on Sunday, the 7th of September, 1794; they crossed the Tennessee river about six miles below Nickajack, at the place where Rice's ferry is now established; they arrived at the river on the 12th of September, made a sort of boats of cowhides, to convey their guns and ammunition over the river; and the men crossed on rafts of logs and dry cane. A few men were left on the north side of the river. All this was effected on the night of the 12th, and on the 13th, they marched up the mountain, and came down on the back of the Indians, who were in the midst of a frolic or dance. The army flanked around, and hemmed the Indians in between the mountain and the river, and fired upon them before they were apprised of danger. The Indians fled in the utmost confusion, plunged into the river, and most of them were killed. The number could not be exactly ascertained, most of them being killed in the river; but as near as could be ascertained, the number killed was about seventy. The whites had none killed, and only two wounded. Maj. Ore marched on the same day with a part of the forces to a town just above, called Running Water, attacked the town, and defeated the Indians, who fought him furiously. He killed seven Indians, and had one man, Joshua Smith, mortally wounded, who died on the return march, just before the army reached Nashville. The army re-crossed the river the same evening, carrying with them the prisoners, some fifteen in number, one of them a woman and the others boys and girls. They also captured a great number of Indian ponies, and got a great quantity of powder and lead, and many guns, blankets, &c. The army marched to the Cumberland settlements as fast as convenient. After it had crossed the mountain, one of the men, by the name of Lemon, by some means became detached from the army, was missing all night and

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found next morning dead. From every appearance about him he had climbed up a tree and fell off and was killed by the fall. It was supposed he had fallen from the tree when asleep.

The Indians now began to make proposals for peace, the Creeks as well as the Cherokees. Doublehead and Watts, two of the most warlike Chiefs of the Cherokees, sent peace talks to Gov. Blount; and the Governor used every possible exertion to induce the Indians to enter into a treaty of peace and friendship; but still some stragling Indians continued to plunder and murder the inhabitants, during all the fall and winter.

In the early part of the year 1795, some Indians came into Blount county and committed numerous depredations; in consequence of which Col. Alexander Kelley raised forty or fifty men, and marched across the Chilhowee mountain to Tallassee Old Town, on the waters of Tennessee river. When he arrived at the river he saw the smoke of the Indian's fires on the opposite side, and sent a detachment down the river to cross below, and come in upon the rear of the Indian encampment. The detachment succeeded in surprising the Indians and killed two, without receiving the least injury. The remainder of the company then crossed the river and marched to the town, which the Indians evacuated. Col. Kelley burnt the town, and pursued the Indians up the mountain, whither he discovered they had fled, except two, who were found in the town and killed. The Indians had congregated together on a high bluff of the mountain, and it was two or three hours before they could be routed; nor were they driven from their stronghold until Col. Kelley sent a part of his forces round to fire on them in the rear. When they were fired upon in the rear, they immediately took to flight. Four more

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of the Indians were killed on the bluff, making in all eight; and one squaw was taken prisoner, but Col. Kelley had her turned loose. The whites received no injury. This was the last incursion made by the citizens into the Indian country. A suspension of hostilities now took place; garrisons were established along the frontiers to prevent the Indians and imprudent white men from coming in collision, and embroiling the country again in war; and in the fall of 1798, a formal treaty was concluded between the United States and Cherokees.

CHAPTER IX.

ISOLATED INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN WARS.

There are many remarkable incidents which transpired during the wars between the inhabitants of Tennessee, and the Indians, that deserve to be noticed, and which could not well be embodied in a general history, for the want of dates, which have now been forgotten, by the few surviving veterans who are yet lingering amongst us, and from whom alone the particulars of those thrilling incidents can be obtained. I have therefore concluded to present a few of the most important in a separate chapter; for, although the dates are lost, the facts are every way worth preserving.

In the summer of 1792 or 1793, Judge David Campbell, in company with a man from North Carolina, by the name of Johnson, who had with him a negro man, traveled from Nashville to East Tennessee, in company with a man by the name of Clack. When they came on the eastern side of the mountain, they took what is

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now called the Emery road, and night coming upon them just before they reached the eastern branch of Emery's river, called Little Emery, they halted in an old Indian field, where James Robertson now lives, tied up their horses, and lay, themselves, in the tall grass that covered the old field. They set off the next morning before daylight, crossed Little Emery, the road leading on through a narrow gap of a large ridge, about one mile east of the river. They reached this pass through the ridge about day light. The ridge, on each side of the road where it passed through the gap, was very steep and grown over with laurel. Clack was in front carrying a gun, the negro was on foot and in the entire rear.—When they had arrived at the narrowest part of the pass through the ridge, and where it was very steep on all sides, they were fired upon by the Indians, from the Laurel thicket, and Clack was killed. Judge Campbell and Johnson immediately left the road, turning to the left up a steep point of the ridge; and Judge Campbell having a heavy great coat with him, threw it away, to lighten his burden and facilitate his escape. The negro picked up the coat, caught Clack's horse and mounted him, and pursued Judge Campbell and Johnson, making his escape also. After the party had got beyond all danger the negro offered Judge Campbell his coat, but the Judge refused to take it, telling the negro he had risked his life for it, and was justly entitled to it. There is now and has been for many years, a public road crossing this ridge at the same place, which has always been known by the name of Clack's gap. The spot where Clack was killed was then in the midst of a wilderness, and of course his corpse was mangled by the Indians, and left a prey to wild beasts. His bones were found a number of years afterwards, when the country was settled by the white

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people, scattered along the margin of the road, some at one place and some at another, where they had, doubtless, been dragged by the carnivorous beasts of the forest.

Sometime during the war, two men, one by the name of Henderson and the other by the name of Crab, went from the settlements near Bean's Station into Powell's Valley, on a hunting excursion. Some days after they left the settlements their dogs returned, which induced the belief that they had been killed by the Indians.—Capt. John Blair raised a company of about twenty-five men and went out to seek after them. Their remains were found near the Kentucky trace, beyond where Jacksborough is now situated. The Indians had murdered them, and thrown them on the fire and left them, and they had been burned in two, leaving their extremities unconsumed. Capt. Blair pursued the trail of the Indians, and found them, late in the evening, encamped a few miles north from where they had killed the two men. There were seven of them. He surrounded their camp in the night, and directed his men to be vigilant and wait in the morning until the signal was given to close upon the camp of the Indians; but the dogs of the Indians continued barking all night; and early on the next morning, about day-break, one of the Indians rose from the camp and marched out, and came directly to where one of Blair's men, (Joseph Robertson) was lying behind a log, so that he was obliged to fire on the Indian or otherwise be discovered. He did fire and killed the Indian; and immediately, the balance of the company closed up around the Indian encampment, and killed four others. Two made their escape. Blair and his comrades then built a fire, and put the five Indians they had killed upon it and burned them up, in retaliation for the

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barbarity of the savages. They then took the horses of Johnson and Crab, which they found at the Indian camp, and packed as many bear and deer skins upon them as they could carry, which they also found at the camp, and returned home.

At another time the Indians came into the settlements near where Blain's Cross Roads now are, and waylaid the road. A man by the name of Patterson, who lived in the neighborhood, for fear of being attacked by the Indians, had removed with his family, to the house of James McDaniel, who lived in the same neighborhood. It was in the fall season of the year, and Patterson, with his two sons, was in the habit of going to his farm, two or three miles from McDaniel's, almost every day, in order to gather and take care of his fodder. A surveyor by the name of Marshall was in the vicinity, surveying the lands of the settlers. The surveyor, McDaniel and a man by the name of Forga, went out to survey McDaniel's land; and were attacked and killed by the Indians. Patterson and his two sons were returning from pulling fodder, and came in sight just at the time the Indians made the attack; there were six or seven Indians.—They were in pursuit of Marshall when Patterson and sons came in sight. When the Indians overtook Marshall he turned round and held up his hands, to signify that he surrendered, and begged for mercy, but the savage monsters sunk their tomahawks into his head, and he fell. Upon seeing this murderous deed performed, Patterson and his sons wheeled about and ran to Haley's station, on Richland Creek, three miles distant; and when they arrived there they were yet so much excited and alarmed, that it was some time before they could give the information. Patterson was speechless, and his sons were in such a fright that nothing intelligible

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could be learned from them; and it was something like an hour before the citizens at the station could learn what had happened. When Patterson so recovered from the effects of his panic as to be able to communicate what he had seen of this tragic affair, the inmates of the station, as well as some others of the neighborhood, turned out in pursuit of the Indians; but they made good their escape. Marshall, the surveyor, had a watch in his pocket, which was missing from his person when the citizens went to bury him, and his companions; and it was at that time supposed the Indians had carried it off; but seven or eight years afterwards, in clearing a farm at that place, the watch was dug out of the ground by a man who was grubbing.

During the war by the Shawnee Indians upon the inhabitants of the Holston and Wolf Hills, an old man by the name of White residing some where near the Moccason Gap of Cumberland Mountain, sent out two of his sons, small boys, to cut fire-wood; they did not return in the evening—search was made for them, and their axes were found, one of them stuck in a sapling they had commenced cutting, and the other lying at the root of the same sapling. The boys were never after heard of, with any certainty; and there was no doubt but the Shawnees had come upon them, taken them prisoners, and carried them off. One of the brothers of these little boys, afterwards well known as 'Squire William White, settled in Roane county, at the head of the east fork of Poplar Creek, where he resided for a great many years, and raised a very numerous family. Sometime about the year 1829, when 'Squire White had arrived to the age of eighty years or upwards, a traveler came through the country and lodged all night at White's house, and informed him that he had seen an old man at Detroit,

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trading there, who talked the Shawnee tongue altogether, although he was a white man; and this circumstance induced the gentleman, who gave White the information, to enquire of the man, through an interpreter, who he was, and how he had happened to get amongst the Indians. Upon making the inquiry he was informed by the old man, that himself and a younger brother, had been taken prisoners by the Shawnees, somewhere near the head waters of a river called Clinch or Holston, while they were out cutting wood; and that after some days his brother and himself were separated, and he never heard of his brother afterwards. He was carried far to the north, and did not see a single white person until he entirely forgot his own language. He could not, at the time of this interview, speak a word of English except to pronounce his name, which he still remembered was White. He had married an Indian woman and raised a family of thirteen children, acquired a considerable estate, was well satisfied with his condition and did not wish to return to the white settlements.

In concluding this chapter, and with it, our history of the Indian wars, it may not be uninteresting to make a few remarks upon the tragical scenes we have been portraying, as well as upon the character and conduct of the citizens who, at the time those bloody and frightful transactions were taking place, inhabited the territory now constituting the State of Tennessee.

At the first view, without reflection, it may seem astonishing that the federal government afforded the inhabitants of this country no more assistance than it did; but, when we reflect, that during a great part of the time these Indian wars were going on, the United Colonies were battling with the most warlike and powerful nation upon the earth, whose fleet covered the seas, and

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whose conquests had carried its name and the terror of its arms over half the globe; and that this, now, proud, powerful and mighty nation, was then in the infancy of its existence, in the cradle of childhood, rocking upon the stormy tempest of hostile conflict with the mother government, and struggling into manhood through a hurricane of war which covered the land with carnage and death, our wonder must cease. If the people of the United States, at that day, extended their settlements, and peopled new territories, the settlers of these new territories were obliged to rely upon their own prowess, and their own energies for security; and such was the course the first inhabitants of Tennessee pursued. They did not expect nor look for much assistance from the federal government. They relied upon their own prowess and their own resources for protection and defence.—They took possession of the country under contracts fairly and amicably entered into with the Indians, and when the ignorant and lawless savages, in disregard of the stipulations they had entered into, invaded the country, the inhabitants determined to maintain their rights, and hold possession at the point of the bayonet, at the muzzle of the rifle, or under the frightful flourish of the tomahawk and scalping knife. And they did maintain their possessions and their rights, but in doing so they were compelled to pass through a bloody ordeal. Perhaps there never was a country settled by civilized people under the same perilous circumstances, and, in all probability, it will be a hundred ages before another country is settled under similar circumstances. But such were the bold, hardy, energetic and chivalrous spirits that inhabited the whole united colonies at that day. It was not only those who came to Tennessee that possessed his noble and intrepid spirit, but every American evinc-

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ed the same manly, independent and fearless soul. Such a population could well appreciate the blessings of free government, knew how to spurn the usurpations of despotism, and were fit instruments to guard and defend the citadel of liberty.

CHAPTER X.

CONFERENCE WITH THE CHOCTAW AND CHICKASAW INDIANS—GOV. BLOUNT'S ESCORT FROM KNOXVILLE TO NASHVILLE, AND INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN—PRESENTS FOR THE INDIANS SENT IN BOATS DOWN THE HOLSTON AND TENNESSEE—RESULT OF THE CONFERENCE WITH THE INDIANS, &c.

Gov. Blount and Gen. Pickens having been empowered by the National Government, to hold friendly conferences with the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, and Gov. Blount being furnished with goods, guns, &c., to distribute amongst the Indians, as presents, the Governor made arrangements for the conference to take place near Nashville in the summer of 1792. Captain Hugh Baird, with about one hundred mounted gun-men, was ordered to rendezvous at Knoxville, and be in readinesss to march early in the month of July. In the mean time, Capt. David Allison, with about fifty or sixty men, was ordered to take charge of the boats, two or three in number, laden with the presents for the Indians, and proceed down the Holston and Tennessee rivers, and up the Ohio and Cumberland to Nashville. The whole were in readiness about the middle of July; and Governor Blount,

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with Captain Baird's company, as an escort, set off by land; and Capt. Allison set sail down the river.

The Governor and escort, crossed Clinch river near where Low's Ferry now is, and encamped the first night on Poplar creek. The next day they proceeded on, crossing Emery's river, and encamped at a place called the Blue Springs, about six miles beyond the river; the next night they encamped at the Crab Orchard; and from thence proceeded to the Cumberland river, near Fort Blount, not far from where Williamsburg now is.—When they arrived at the river they found a gang of buffaloes crossing, and the men killed several of them in the river. They encamped that night on Peyton's creek Not far from Cumberland river they found a horse running in the woods, packed with two feather beds and a trunk. The horse was caught, and the trunk opened, when it was found to be filled with hats and boots. The next night they encamped at Dixon's Springs; and there they ascertained that the horse and goods they had found on the way, belonged to Dixon. The horse had broken away with his pack upon him, and had been running several days in the wilderness, carrying his burthen upon his back. From Dixon's Springsthey proceeded the next day to Bledsoe's Lick, where they remained a week or two, when Capt. Baird's men were sent off in detachments, to different posts, to aid in building block-houses, and guarding the inhabitants; about fifteen or twenty being retained with the Captain as an escort for the Governor, that number being deemed sufficient, as they had now penetrated the settlements, and forts were established at different points, along the route they expected to travel. The Governor and suite proceeded to Nashville, where they remained a short time awaiting the arrival of Capt. Allison with the boats.

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Capt. Allison proceeded down the river to Colbert's Shoals, and there left the boats, taking one or two men with him, and an Indian pilot, and set off across the mountains, to Nashville, leaving the boats under command of his lieutenant, who he directed to take the boats and goods on to Nashville. On the way Capt. Allison gave out, the whole party being on foot, and the balance of the company were obliged to leave him, in the wilderness. Upon their arrival at Nashville, however, Capt. Allison was immediately sent for, and arrived safe.

Gov. Blount met about three hundred Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians about the 7th of August, a short distance below Nashville; Gen. Pickens, also, attended, and the conference lasted three or four days. The Governor and Gen. Pickens, made addresses to the Indians, and, in return, the Indian Chiefs made talks to the commissioners. Many valuable presents were distributed amongst the Indians; they appeared well satisfied, manifested a warm attachment to the white people, and parted with the commissioners under the most warm and positive assurances of lasting friendship and peace.

A few of the Cherokees attended this conference, by whom Gov. Blount sent to their nation, a strong remonstrance against their hostile conduct, advised them to consult their own best interests by ceasing, immediately, their depredations upon the white inhabitants of the country; and invited them to meet him on the borders of their territory to smoke the pipe of peace, and unite their hands in lasting friendship with their white neighbors.

Shortly after this conference ended, Gov. Blount returned to Knoxville, taking with him an escort of twelve or fifteen men.

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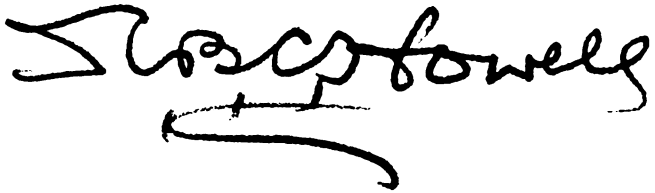

CHAPTER XI.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF TENNESSEE.

Man 's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful, beyond all wondrous measure.
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gained we die.——

LORD BYRON.

All new countries have been, in the first instance, peopled by the most bold, fearless and intrepid spirits, of other, and older communities. In every country there are, always, some individuals who become restless under the rigid restraints of polished and fashionable society; and such individuals will seek for homes in some new and unsettled region, if within their reach, in order to free themselves from the shackles which the wealthy, proud and haughty few, never fail, by means of their superior intelligence, address and management, to impose upon the many. In old, wealthy and densely populated communities, family rank, and opulence, exercises an influence which bears down and over-rides the poor, obscure and indigent, however talented and enterprising they may be. Hence, the bold, talented, intrepid and aspiring amongst the lower ranks, many of whom are frequently the most virtuous and highly gifted individuals of the community, will seek a theatre for the display of their energies, and the exercise of their genius where

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they can be useful to their country, and acquire rank and honor for themselves. It, therefore, frequently happens, that men of the most brilliant and lofty genius leave the country of their nativity, to seek a field for the exercise of their talents, and the display of their enterprise, in new and thinly populated regions, where they can rise to distinction with the growth of the community, and participate in the honors and emoluments of official rank and station. And hence it is, that we often see the most wonderful feats of military skill and valor, and the most adroit tact in diplomacy, displayed in new governments, just struggling into existence, where a learned statesman or experienced general, would expect to see nothing but a jumble of blunders, miscarriages and misfortunes.

At the time the first settlements were made in what is now the State of Tennessee, the whole population of the United States, were of the character of persons we have just described. They, or their ancestors, had fled from the storms and tempests, the tyrannical oppressions and odious distinctions of Europe, to seek the rich and delightful enjoyment of liberty and freedom, in the unexplored, but romantic wilds of this new continent; where they could enjoy that liberty, and live with each other upon such brotherly and friendly terms as their own sense of propriety, and their lofty and dignified feelings of honor and equality, dictated to be in accordance with the laws of their God, of nature, and of man. They brought with them no aristocratic fashions, or despotic notions of rank Each felt himself upon an equality with his neighbor, but none pretended to claim any precedence over his fellow man other than that which his talents, intelligence and public services procured for him.—They possessed no thirst for ostentatious pomp, parade and show, but were content with the honors won by their

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patriotic services in the cause of their country, and satisfied when the wants of nature were supplied. They loved each other, as brethren of the same family, prided in the glory and honor of their country, and worshipped their God in sincerity and truth, humbly thanking him for past blessings, and ardently beseeching him to grant them future prosperity, happiness and peace.

When the most bold, chivalrous and enterprising of such a population, strike out from the permanently inhabited sections of the country, to settle a new territory, we may well look for deeds of noble daring, and for the establishment of republican institutions calculated to secure the liberty of the citizen, consistent with the dignity and honor of the government. And such were the first inhabitants of Tennessee, and such the institutions they established, for the security of their rights and the promotion of their happiness. The luxuries of fashionable and prodigal life were unknown amongst them. They lived by the labor of their hands, and looked not back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. In other words, they did not long for the refinements and luxuries of older and more densely populated countries, nor copy the silly fashions and noxious vices of more wealthy and refined communities.

When the first inhabitants of Tennessee settled down upon the Watauga, the Holston and the Cumberland rivers, they were compelled to rely upon their own industry and enterprise, and live upon the plainest and most common necessaries of life. There was not, of course, a grist mill in all the country, for the aborigines did not know how to construct them, and, if they had been informed, were too indolent, and too fond of the sports of the chase, and the pursuit of the wild game of the forest, to take the time or trouble to erect them. Hence, the

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first inhabitants were under the necessity of beating their corn into meal by hand, in the same way that some of our citizens yet prepare their corn for making homony. The floors of their cabins were laid with broad split timbers, hewed with a common chopping axe, and these broad timbers were called puncheons. They were far from commercial towns—had no means, if they had been so disposed, of procuring any of the luxuries of life, and therefore, lived upon the productions of the soil, the honey they found in the trees of the wood, and the wild beasts they slaughtered in the forest. Their wearing apparel, (except the scanty supply they brought with them into the country,) was necessarily manufactured, for a time, out of the skins of the wild animals of the wilderness; which the inhabitants dressed and prepared in such a manner as rendered them both comfortable and durable, and, in many instances, even tasteful and neat. Their cabins were furnished in a very cheap, but convenient manner. Their cooking utensils consisted of a single cast iron pot or oven; and they frequently baked their bread upon long boards, called *Johnny-cake boards*. Upon these boards the dough was spread, and then set up before the fire, until it was baked; and a most delicious bread it is, when well managed. The balance of their household and kitchen furniture, consisted of a table made of a broad slab, split out of a large poplar or walnut tree, and hewed in the same manner as the puncheons with which their floors were laid. A washing tub, a water pail and a piggin, often made with no other tools than that of a chopping axe and butcher knife, (the latter being fastened in a stick of timber hewed and made as straight as possible, in imitation of a carpenter's plane, called a jointer,) constituted the ordinary kitchen vessels; and the ornaments of the parlor, were a few round or square benches,

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called stools, made out of the same material as that of their tables. The table furniture consisted of a few pewter plates, wooden bowls and trenchers, as wooden plates and dishes were at that day called. Table knives and forks very often became scarce, but each citizen was supplied with one or more butcher knives, and the inhabitants often manufactured forks out of small canes. The most difficult necessary of life to procure was salt; and the settlers were frequently compelled to live without it, for a long space of time; and some of them did not use one pound in a twelve-month. Here, we have no doubt, that portion of our readers who have sprung up to man and womanhood since the day of these toils and troubles, are perplexed to conjecture how those hardy and enterprising pioneers contrived to preserve their meat, and prepared it, so as to render it palatable to the taste and healthful to the system; and, for the especial gratification of this class of our readers, we will give them a description of the *modus operandi*, as detailed to us by some of the hoary-headed patriarchs of Tennessee, who are yet tarrying with us, but tottering upon the outermost verge of time, and preparing to take their flight to other, and more peaceful and happy realms, where toils and troubles shall be no more, and where the weary shall have rest.—After the meat was butchered and cut up, in the usual manner, it was suffered to lie a short time and cool; if in the summer season, it was plunged into cool spring water, until the animal heat escaped, then covered with clean strong ashes, and packed down in a large trough, made for the purpose, where it remained a short time, the length of time depending somewhat upon the temperature of the atmosphere; it was then taken up, plunged, for a moment, into boiling water, to extract the bloody fluid, then hung up over a brisk fire, and thorough-

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ly smoked and dried. After being cured in this manner, it remained sound nearly as long as though it had been salted; and the inhabitants being accustomed to use it, relished it just as well as we now do our high seasoned viands; and it was, no doubt, much more wholesome.

There were but few mechanics, of any description, in the country, and every head of a family was compelled to learn how to manufacture, construct and prepare the necessary implements for farming and household purposes. Iron could not be had without much difficulty, and then, it had to be transported a great distance, and at great expense. Axes, ploughs, mattocks and hoes, with a drawing-knife, and an auger, here and there, at great intervals, were all the iron tools the inhabitants possessed. Their horse-collars were manufactured by their own hands, out of corn-shucks, and the traces of their farm-gear were made out of straps of raw cow-hide, twisted into a rope—their clevises were made of the same material, with a wooden, instead of an iron pin. Many of the first settlers had not even a horse, with which to plough up their ground, and cultivate their crops; and, consequently, were obliged to plant their corn, potatoes, tobacco, &c., without breaking up their ground, merely making hills, by digging up the earth with their mattocks and hoes, at suitable intervals, where the seed was planted; and then they cultivated their crops with the same instruments.

If the fashionable and indolent portion of the citizens of Tennessee at the present day, were compelled to resort to the same means for sustenance, which were used by their territorial ancestors, they would, no doubt, expect soon to be plunged into a state of starvation, famine and death. But our hardy and enterprising fathers lived comfortably, and contrived to bring out of their mother

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earth, a plentiful supply of all the necessary vegetables to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and the indispensable wants of nature. They had the whole country before them, settled upon the most fertile spots, and cultivated them long before they were disturbed by the speculator and land-jobber. They lived in harmony, friendship and brotherly love with each other. Generous hospitality and kindness reigned over the land; and if a stranger came amongst them, he was received with open arms; treated to a rich feast of fat bear's-meat and venison, and regaled with floods of milk and honey; for, after the lapse of a few years, the inhabitants had raised herds of cattle, and the forest was literally a vast store-house of the rich and delicious production of the industrious and busy bee. When a stranger, who visited the settlers in these, then, newly populated regions, departed, he had no *bill* to pay, but carried with him the good wishes and pious benedictions of his generous host; and if a new emigrant came and settled in the country, he was immediately supplied with every necessary of life which his wants demanded, so far as the inhabitants possessed the means of ministering to his comfort and convenience. Peace, independence and freedom, pervaded the whole country. The inhabitants had not the expenses of an extravagant and prodigal government to bear; and, although apparently poor in this world's goods, they had at their command exhaustless stores of wealth, for, all the flocks and herds of the forest were theirs. Their waterfowl laved in a hundred lakes and rivers, their deer drank at five hundred streams, and their buffalo bounded over a thousand hills.

Such were the first inhabitants of Tennessee, and such their character, habits, and condition. But, as days and years rolled by, a change came o'er the spirit of the

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times, and transformed the fashions, habits and pursuits of the inhabitants.

For several years, the citizens of this new colony lived without any government, except that which they established for themselves. They had traveled into the country through the forest where no trace of the foot of civilized man could be seen. They brought hither their little household goods upon the backs of their horses and *cattle*, and, consequently, there was not a wagon or other wheel-carriage in all the country.

The Rev. Mr. Doak, of the Presbyterian faith, and a Mr. Mulky, of the Baptist persuasion, were the first preachers of the gospel who came into the country; and during the Indian wars, when these holy men assembled the people on the Sabbath day, to instruct them in the ways of religion and truth, it frequently happened that every man who was seen at the place of worship, had his shot-pouch, tomahawk and butcher-knife upon him, and his gun in his hands during the performance of religious exercises; and sometimes, these ministers of the gospel, immediately after preaching a sermon, took up their arms and marched off with their neighbors, in defence of the country.

After the lapse of some years, the county of Washington was established, as the reader has been informed in another part of this work. The limits of the county, at that time, included all the settlements. A County Court was organized, which assumed to itself the exercise of both legislative and judicial functions. The justices of the County Court, when in session, levied taxes, made arrangements for the defence of the country, and, sometimes, ordered out military excursions; to all of which, the inhabitants most cheerfully submitted.

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CHAPTER XII.

INCREASE OF POPULATION—THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANKLAND ESTABLISHED—THE TERRITORY NOW CONSTITUTING THE STATE OF TENNESSEE, CEDED BY NORTH CAROLINA TO CONGRESS—TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHED—SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS DURING THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT—CONSTITUTION ADOPTED, AND TENNESSEE ADMITTED INTO THE UNION.

The population of the country increased rapidly; and two other counties, Sullivan and Greene, were established, adjoining the county of Washington, or, rather, taken off the territory before included within the boundaries of Washington. The citizens continued to provide for themselves, in the best manner they could, the State of North Carolina making but little provision for their wants and necessities. The inhabitants being thus left to provide for themselves, became tired of a government that levied taxes upon them without affording them protection; and in the year 1784, principally through the agency of the representatives of the counties of Washington, Sullivan and Greene, an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina was passed, ceding the territory west of the mountains, to the United States, for the purpose of being erected into a new government; but shortly after the aforesaid cession act was repealed. Before it was repealed, however, the people had become dissatisfied with it, because it provided that if Congress did not accept the cession within two years, it should be void; and the citizens of these new counties believed that, during these two years, they would be exposed to all the dangers and

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perils of Indian hostilities, without being provided with any means of defence. They, therefore, undertook to provide for their own safety and protection, by all the means within their power; and, as it was now absolutely necessary to have a government of some sort, the project of forming an independent State was set on foot, finally succeeded, and the citizens, with great unanimity, elected members to a convention, formed a constitution, and established an independent State, which they called Frankland, in defiance of the authorities of North Carolina. In accordance with the constitution, they elected members to constitute a General Assembly, composed of a Senate and House of Commons; and the General Assembly met at Jonesborough, in the year 1785, and elected Landon Carter Speaker of the Senate, and William Cage Speaker of the House of Commons. The Assembly then proceeded to elect the necessary officers for the organization of the government. Gen. John Sevier was elected Governor, David Campbell Judge of the Superior Court, and Joshua Gist and John Anderson Assistant Judges. Landon Carter was elected Secretary of State; Daniel Kennedy and William Cocke were elected Brigadier Generals; and Gen. Cocke was also elected a Delegate to Congress. William Cage was elected Treasurer, and Stokely Donaldson Surveyor. The Assembly also laid off and established three new counties, Spencer, Caswell and Sevier. The county of Sevier covered nearly the same territory it now does, maintaining its position and name, through all the mutations of government that followed. Spencer county was where Jefferson now is, and Caswell occupied the territory now constituting the county of Hawkins. A law was also passed, providing for a new county to be laid out, including a part of Washington county, and that part of Wilkes county that lay west of the mountain. A

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number of other laws were passed; amongst which was one "for levying a tax, and for the support of government;" which made the taxes payable in country products, skins and furs.

The Governor of North Carolina, on being informed of the establishment of this new State, issued his manifesto, commanding the citizens to cease their operations, and return to their allegiance to the State of North Carolina; but the citizens disregarded this manifesto; and the Government of Frankland was carried on until the beginning of the year 1788. But a portion of the inhabitants continued to adhere to the Government of North Carolina; and conflicts arose. Courts were held, and public officers were in the daily exercise of their duties, under the authority of both Governments, and contests and rencounters frequently occurred between them. On one occasion, Col. John Tipton, who was a man of great influence, and the leader of the North Carolina party, went into one of the Frankland Courts and took away, by violence, having a strong party with him, all the papers and records of the Court, and carried them off; and shortly afterwards Gov. Sevier collected a party of *his* friends and marched into the Court held under the laws of North Carolina, and re-captured the papers and documents.

These unfortunate and perplexing contests finally ended in a battle between the two parties; in which Sevier was overpowered, and compelled to retreat, several of his party having been taken prisoners, and amongst the rest two of his sons. Sevier had one man wounded, who afterwards died; and Tipton had one killed and one wounded; and a woman, going to the house where Tipton and his party were forted, was accidentally shot, and wounded in the shoulder.

Sometime in the spring of the year 1788, Judge Spen-

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cer, of North Carolina, while holding Court at Jonesborough, issued a Bench Warrant against Gov. Sevier, and he was afterwards arrested by Tipton and his party, and sent in irons to Morganton, in Burk county, North Carolina. But he was followed and rescued from the custody of the Sheriff, by a few of his friends, amongst whom were Dr. James Cozby, and two of Sevier's sons. The plan to be pursued for the rescue of Gov. Sevier, was contrived by Cozby, who was an enterprising, artful, intelligent and fearless man. When the company arrived in the vicinity of Morganton, they separated, and entered the town, coming in from different directions. Cozby so managed as to convey a letter to Governor Sevier, informing him of the whole plan, and where he was to meet the party after his release; and advising him not to exhibit any evidence of his acquaintance with any of the party. The party permitted no one to see them together. Sevier was in custody of the Sheriff, but treated with lenity and politeness. It so happened, fortunately for the designs of the party, that the Court continued in session until after nightfall. It was raining, and the night was excessively dark. As the Sheriff was retiring, with a candle in his hand, and having Sevier in custody, just as the Sheriff and his prisoner stepped out of the door of the Courthouse, the candle was knocked out, Sevier thrown upon a fleet horse, and in an instant he was gone. When the candle was extinguished, one man could not be distinguished from another, and Cozby and his friends retired and met Governor Sevier at the place appointed; from whence they conducted him in safety, to the western side of the mountains. Gov. Sevier, on his return, immediately retired to the border settlements, raised troops, and continued to defend the inhabitants against the hostilities of the Indians, for some time; until his populari-

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ty became so overwhelming that he could with safety set at defiance all the opposition of his enemies; and he then went back into the midst of the settlements, mingled with the people at all their public assemblies, was elected a member of the Legislature of North Carolina, went on and took his seat, notwithstanding a law had been passed, expressly, disqualifying him to hold any office of honor, profit or trust.

Thus ended the Frankland government, the whole history of which, would form an interesting volume of itself; but we must here drop the curtain for want of room.

The population of the country continued to increase briskly, mills were erected, mechanics came amongst the people, and the condition of the settlers became much more convenient and pleasant, than it had been in earlier days. In 1790, the State of North Carolina made a cession of the country to the federal government, which was accepted by Congress, and a territorial government established over the inhabitants. Gov. Blount arrived in the country, as stated in another part of this work, in 1790; but it was not until 1794, that a legislative council was convened, for the government of the territory.—The Governor and judges, exercised the authority of enacting and executing such ordinances as were necessary, for the convenience and interest of the people; and thus they lived, for nearly four years, without a legislative assembly, to regulate the affairs of the territory.

In February, 1796, a constitution was adopted, by a convention of delegates, which assembled at Knoxville, for the establishment of a state government; and the State of Tennessee was admitted into the Union in the month of June following.

The manners and customs of the people had now un-

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dergone a considerable change; and many of them began to think of becoming a polished and fashionable people. School houses were erected all over the country, in which the children were instructed, not only in the various branches of literature, but, it was the business of school-teachers, at that day, to instruct the youth in the rules of politeness and morality, as well as in those of literature and science; and it was rare to meet with a boy of thirteen years of age, who would not make a more genteel bow than is now made by our members of Congress. Children, at that day, were not permitted to join in the conversations of grown-up people, but were taught to be listeners instead of talkers; and educated to respect hoary hairs, and treat the aged with politeness and veneration. Although the inhabitants were, in many respects, wild and rude, and profane swearing was pretty much reduced to a science, yet the forms, at least, of decency and respect for the opinions of their neighbors, were preserved; and it was but seldom that any man, however rude, ventured to use profane expressions in the hearing of a professor of religion, or utter an oath in the presence of a lady.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF TENNESSEE—RIVERS, WATER-FALLS, &c.

Cliffs on cliffs in towering grandeur rise,
Rearing their lofty peaks, as if to reach the skies;
Ever and anon, the thunders roar along their base,
And the livid lightning's beam darts terror through the place,
Tornadoes sweep along, and showers drench the plain,
Swelling the brooks and rills that rush onward to the main.

In the romantic highlands of Eastern Tennessee, including the mountain district, the eye of the inhabitant is so accustomed to look upon the grand sublimity of nature's works, that he passes by the most wonderful natural curiosities without an emotion. This region of country is, in truth, one of nature's grand museums, in which she has collected and stored away, an almost endless variety of her most romantic, sublime and majestic works. When we take a survey of the gigantic and lofty mountains of Tennessee, with their thousands of yawning chasms, frightful gulfs, towering and projecting crags, and massy over-hanging cliffs, the sides and summits of these mountains studded with tall and stately trees, and their surface covered with an endless variety of shrubbery, herbage and grass, through which meander a hundred rivers and a thousand rivulets; all rushing onward with a current as swift as the winds, foaming and thundering over the smaller cliffs, until many of them dash, headlong, from the summits of over-hanging precipices of hundreds of feet elevation, it is well calculated to in-

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spire the soul with feelings of astonishment, awe and ad oration; and yet, a poetic mind, when beholding these splendid and sublime works of nature, standing in wild and unutterable confusion and incongruity, cannot well resist the imaginary idea, that nature, when on her grand errand of creation, as she passed through this region of space, was in a fanciful mood, and slackened her flight, for a moment, to indulge in a fantastical display of capricious and whimsical freaks; or, that otherwise, she dashed up these huge and ragged protuberances in confused disorder, to give to the balance of creation a more splendid, beautiful and brilliant aspect.

The Cumberland mountains of Tennessee, are a part of the great Apalachian chain, extending through the United States, from New Hampshire to Alabama. They are the Blue Mountains of Virginia, the Alleghany and Laurel Mountains of Pennsylvania, the Catskill Mountains of New York, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The highest summit of this great chain of mountains are in the State of New Hampshire, and are between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Their name in the language of the Indians, signified *endless.* In the State of Tennessee their average altitude is between two and three thousand feet above the level of the valleys at their base. They intersect the northern boundary of Tennessee near the eastern extremity of the State, and, running in a direction from north-east to south-west, cross her southern limits about mid-way, from east to west. The sources of the rivers Holston, Clinch and Cumberland are in this range of mountains. The head springs of the Holston and Clinch are in Virginia, and those of the Cumberland in Kentucky and Tennessee. The branches of the Cumberland and Clinch, present a singu-

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lar and strange natural phenomenon; those of the Clinch, rising near the northern and those of the Cumberland, near the southern summits of this grand highland region; and, consequently present an interlock of from thirty to fifty miles; this grand chain of mountain being from fifty to sixty miles across. Hundreds of streams, frequently, not more than from two to five miles distant from each other, are found, running with a most rapid current, in directly opposite directions. One of the branches of the Clinch, called Emery's river, has its source in this chain of mountains, in what is now Morgan county; and from its source its general course is south, until it falls into the Clinch about two miles above the town of Kingston. The principal branch of Emery's river, however, is called Obed's river, which is, in fact, much the largest stream, though its name has been swallowed up by the mingling of its waters with the Emery. It presents a strange and singular natural curiosity. Rising in the county of White, it runs in a north-eastern direction, (exactly the opposite course of Cumberland and Tennessee) along the summit of the mountain, occupying the dividing ground between the branches of the Cumberland on the north, and Tennessee on the south, until after running some fifty miles, it falls into the Emery; and if it had not struck here, at right angles, the rapid current of the Emery, dashing and foaming along its rough and rocky path, and plunging down rugged steeps, to Lord knows where this strange little river would have stopped in its wild career of running up the mountain.

The Little Tennessee river, which rises in the State of South Carolina, runs through the chain of mountains that skirt the southern limits of East Tennessee, and receives the Holston about twenty-five miles below Knox-

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ville; and here it robs the Holston of its name, although the latter is much the most important river. The Clinch and Tennessee unite about a mile and a half below Kingston, the Tennessee still maintaining its name. From thence the Tennessee flows on, passing through the Cumberland mountains—then making a curve to the South, it runs through a part of North Alabama, and then tacks about, and runs nearly north, until it crosses the whole State of Tennessee, runs through a part of Kentucky, and falls into the Ohio river about fifty miles above its junction with the Mississippi. The Cumberland river, the most important branches of which, rise in Kentucky, (though many considerable tributaries rise in the mountains of Tennessee) passes through the northern and middle regions of Tennessee, flows on by the city of Nashville, and then taking pretty nearly a northern direction, falls into the Ohio, some twelve or thirteen miles above the mouth of Tennessee. The Cumberland river, from its junction with the Ohio up to the city of Nashville, is, perhaps, one of the finest navigable streams of its size, upon the habitable globe. Its current is generally deep, smooth and gentle, though its channel is remarkably narrow for a river of its length. On the other hand, the Tennessee, though a beautiful river, presents frightful obstructions to its navigation. Its current is generally rapid, and filled with innumerable rocks, shoals and shallows, as well as many dangerous eddies and whirlpools.

The range of mountains that skirt the south-eas and southern border of East Tennessee, shoot out from the main Apalachian chain, about the head waters of the Holston, and running in a south-western direction, through a portion of North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, terminate in the State of Georgia. They are known at different points by different names, such as the

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Iron, Smoky, Yellow, Bald, Unicoy and Chilhowee mountains; but the whole chain constitute a portion of the general range of mountains, designated and known as the Blue Ridge.

The whole mountain region of Tennessee abounds with the wonders of nature. There are thousands of mineral springs, cascades and cataracts, and subterranean caverns without number; and both ranges of mountains abound with iron-ore and pit-coal. Alum and Copperas have been found, and great quantities of Saltpetre, and sometimes Epsom Salts, have been manufactured out of the earth taken from the caves found in these mountains. Gold mines have also been discovered in the range of mountains on the southern border of Tennessee; as well in the State of Tennessee as in the State of Georgia. The gold mines of Tennessee are some twenty miles south of Madisonville, in Monroe county, on a small stream called *Coko creek.* They were discovered in the spring season of 1830. Gold of the finest quality is found there; and, with reasonable industry, seventy-five cents per day, for every hand employed, clear of all expense, can be made by working these mines. About fifty hands were employed in them during the summer of 1841.

In the extensive mountain region we have been describing, there are a vast number of splendid cascades and romantic water falls; but we can only spare the necessary space to sketch a few of the most magnificent.

In the county of Roane, about two and a half miles east of Spencer's Hill, and about two hundred yards from the main stage road, a rivulet, affording about two thousand cubic inches of water, plunges down a perpendicular, rocky precipice, of about one hundred and fifty feet elevation. This precipice is formed by a sort of chasm or

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deep ravine in the summit of the mountain; which looks as though some dread convulsion of nature, had torn asunder the earth and ripped up the ponderous and massy rocks from their quiet and stable foundations; continuing its powerful and rushing current until it met an extensive and solid subterranean cliff, whose deep planted columns and expanded battlements resisted the rushing fluid, and forcing it upward at a right angle, it carried with it a vast body of earth and thousands of bursted, torn and shivered rocks, forming a kind of semi-circular ridge on the summit of the final extremity of the chasm. The name of Fall creek has been given to the rivulet upon which this cataract is situated. Some four or five years ago, the body of a man, who had been murdered and robbed, as was supposed, was found at the base of this precipice. After he was murdered and robbed, his body was, no doubt, thrown down the precipice for the purpose of concealment.

About fifty miles south-west, from this place, is another water-fall, much more magnificent and grand, than the one just described. In the county of Hamilton, about eight miles west of the town of Dallas, a creek, near twenty feet wide, and two feet deep, called Falling Water, plunges down a rocky precipice, on the southern side of Walden's ridge, of at least two hundred and fifty feet elevation. The stream pours down into a kind of basin below, formed by ledges of rock that lie all around; and the falling of the waters produce a roaring and lumbering sound, that can be heard at a distance of six or seven miles, like the voice of distant, but continued thunder. This water-fall also falls down a precipice formed by a chasm in the mountain, but of much more singular and romantic character than the one before mentioned.—The chasm runs from the base of the mountain, at a

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right angle into it, until it reaches the extreme summit, gradually becoming narrower, however, and finally ending in a point at the summit of the mountain. At the base of the mountain this chasm is nearly a quarter of a mile in width; and on each side as it runs into the mountain are towering and tremendous cliffs, with massy overhanging projections and deep indentations, apparently corresponding with each other; so that if this part of the mountain could be forced together, and the chasm closed up, the projections on the one side would exactly fit into the indentations on the other. The stream of water falls over the precipice on the western side of this chasm, about mid-way between the summit of the mountain and the base. At the summit of the cliff, where this bold rivulet makes its downward plunge, it is a smooth, silvery current; but before it reaches the basin into which it falls below, the greater part of its volume is dispersed and falls in rain-drops; the center of the current only, pouring down in a stream. A dense fog arises from the basin into which the waters fall, and a heavy spray hangs along the brow of the mountain.

In the county of White, some distance north of Sparta, there is a water-fall on a creek that falls into the Cany Fork of Cumberland. This creek bears the same name as that in Hamilton county, (Falling Water.) This water-fall is in a table-land section of the mountain, and the precipice over which the water falls, is made by a chasm similar to the one near Spencer's Hill. The bluff or precipice, down which the water falls, is upwards of a hundred feet elevation; and a short distance below, on one side of the chasm, a small streamlet falls over a rocky bluff of near two hundred feet; but the volume of water is so small, that it is dispersed in its long leap, and reaches the earth in rain-drops and mist.

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The foregoing described water-falls, among the thousands that are to be seen in the mountain region of Tennessee, are the most grand and romantic.

On the wide spread, lofty and romantic chain of the Cumberland mountains, are found fertile valleys, broad prairies, extensive glades, and, on many of the loftiest ridges, large bodies of fine arable land, producing, with reasonable cultivation, from thirty to fifty bushels of Indian corn per acre. The greater portion of the soil, however, is sandy, sterile, and unproductive; except for timber. Dense groves of large and towering pines, poplar, chesnut, hickory and oak, cover the ridges, and highlands; and along the margin of the rivers and large creeks, beech, maple and sugar-tree are sometimes found; and in many places, groves of buckeye, linn and birch; but the principal growth along the margin of the streams, is tall white, and spruce pine, with dense laurel thickets, and sometimes a narrow cane-brake, as an undergrowth.

The principal part of this rough and broken region, is now considerably populated. Counties have been laid out, towns established, and wealth and fashion have found their way into these, once, dreary and solitary wilds.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

One of the most singular natural curiosities in the known world, is the Enchanted Mountain, situated in the north-eastern corner of the State of Georgia. It has hitherto been represented as being in the State of Tennessee, but this the author believes is a mistake; from the best information he can obtain, it is near the line, but within the State of Georgia. It derives its name, partly, from the traditions of the Indians, that formerly inhabited the country, and, partly, from the fact that a great number of impressions appear in the rocks, above the surface of the earth, which present to the eye the appearance of having been made by the feet and hands of human beings, and by the feet of animals and fowls. There were a great many traditions amongst the Indians in relation to this mountain. One of which was, that it was the landing place of the Great Canoe, after a flood of waters had deluged the whole earth; and that the impressions found upon the rocks were made by the persons, animals and fowls who had been preserved in this great canoe, during the inundation of the earth; and, the rocks being softened by their long immersion in the water, received the impress of the feet and hands of the human beings, and of the feet of the animals and fowls, as they disembarked from this great canoe. Another tradition, or rather superstition, was, that this mountain is the residence of the Great Spirit; who is always angry when any one

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presumes to approach it too near, and that he never fails to visit the impious wretch who dares to ascend the mountain, with frightful threatenings of his awful indignation, by sending forth the flaming chariot of his wrath, and pouring around the summit of the mountain, a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain. There was yet another tradition, amongst these rude children of the forest; and that was, that a great battle had been fought on this mountain, many centuries past, and, that the Great Spirit, being angry, on account of the great effusion of human blood, transformed the surface of the mountain into stone, as the retreating armies retired, and fixed, in an indestructible substance, the prints of their hands and feet, as also the impressions of the feet of their animal attendants, as an everlasting memento of his displeasure.

On or near the summit of the mountain, there are one hundred and thirty-six impressions of feet and hands, visible in the face of the rocks. The impressions of human feet, are from the size of four inches in length,to that of seventeen and a half inches in length and seven and three fourths in width. This last mentioned track is much larger than any other, and has six toes. The Indians believed this large track to be that of the great warrior who commanded the victorious army, in the great battle fought there. Near the feet of this great warrior, is the impression of a fine turned female hand, which the Indians alleged was that of the great warrior's wife. All the human tracks are bare except one, which has the appearance of having worn moccasons. Many horse-tracks are to be seen; one of which, only, appears to have been shod.—Some are very small, others of the ordinary size, and one measures twelve and one fourth, by nine and a half inches, transverse and conjugate diameters. A great many

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turkey tracks, three deer tracks, a bear's paw, and the tracks of almost every other animal common to the country, are to be seen.

How these impressions were made on the rocks of this mountain, has puzzled the learned world! And, strange to tell, descriptions of this singular mountain have been published all over Europe, while many of our own citizens, who reside within a few miles of it, are wholly ignorant of the existence of any such natural curiosity upon the face of the earth! Many persons who have visited this wonderful and singular curiosity, believe the impressions were really made by the feet and hands of human beings, and the feet of animals and fowls; whilst others believe they are the works of art. The problem, in all human probability, will never be solved; for, the Indians, who inhabited the country for ages, have neither recollection or tradition amongst them, from which even a clue can be obtained to unriddle the mystery. Whether they are natural or artificial, still the question arises, how came they there? We are wholly unacquainted with any principle of nature's law that could have imprinted them there; and, if they are the works of art, by what people were they made? The traditions of a savage people always preserve, at least, some faint remembrance of important events; and the traditions of the Indians who lately resided in the vicinity of this mountain, so far as they prove any thing, prove that these impressions were found there when they first came into the country, many centuries ago.

A party of Georgians visited this mountain in the summer of 1834, and were much astonished to witness the verification of one of the Indian traditions. When they arrived at the base of the mountain, the sky was clear and serene, and not an angry wind disturbed the green

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foliage of the forest; but, as soon as they began to ascend the mountain, dark and lowering clouds began to gather around them, and before they reached the summit of the enchanted spot, peal after peal, of loud and bellowing thunders burst above them, the lightnings blazed in every direction, enveloping the mountain's peak in one broad sheet of liquid fire, while torrents of rain poured down upon their devoted heads. They hastily cut from the rock, by means of a mallet and chisel, which they had carried with them, for the purpose, a human track, and then descended the mountain with all possible speed. A literary gentleman who was in company, and published an account of the campaign shortly afterwards, stated, that although he was not superstitious, he could not avoid looking back, occasionally, as he descended the mountain, "with the expectation that a legion of ghosts were pursuing him." This storm of thunder, lightning and rain, however, was, of course, purely accidental; for, if the dread artillery of omnipotence, is, in truth, let loose upon every individual who dares to approach this sacred spot, then it is, not only the enchanted mountain of the poor, ignorant, superstitious savage, but the modern Mount Sinai of the refined and enlightened christian.

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CHAPTER XV.

CAVERNS, LAKES, AND OTHER NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

To describe with minuteness the numerous caverns found in the highland region of Tennessee, would fill a large volume, and is, therefore, beyond the province of this work. All we can expect to do is, merely to notice, in a sort of general way, a few of the most romantic; and make a passing remark or two in relation to a few others.

In the county of Greene, about six or seven miles from the town of Greeneville, there is a large cavern that has been visited by many individuals, and amongst others, some of the citizens of the southern States, who have occasionally visited Greeneville, and by whom its interior wonders were viewed with astonishment and delight. The entrance into it is in the side of a ridge, about midway between the summit and the base, and is about three or four feet wide, and four or five feet high. Immediately at the entrance the descent is abrupt—almost perpendicular, for about ten feet—and then becomes a gradual slope, for a short distance, the passage continuing somewhat narrow; but after the visitor has traveled a short distance, a large subterranean chamber opens to his view, with high and well-turned arches. There are a number of chambers, or rooms, in this cavern; and from the roof of some of them, hang thousands of stalactites, of various sizes and lengths. The surface, or floor, is

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rough and uneven, in most places dotted over with stalagmites, formed by the calcareous substance brought down by the drip from the roof, or arch. One of these stalagmites, of considerable size, is almost exactly in the shape of a coffin. In one of the large chambers stands a column reaching from the floor to the arch above. This column is near two feet in diameter, and some fifteen or twenty feet in height; and within a few feet of it, is a very large stalagmite, rising up about the proper height for a convenient and comfortable seat. This column has received the name of the Devil's Whipping-post. This name was no doubt applied by some mischievous wag, who explored this cavern at an early day. A bold rivulet, affording a sufficient volume of water to propel the machinery of an ordinary grist-mill, runs through one of the chambers of this cavern.

In the county of Jefferson, about six miles east of Mossy creek Iron Works, is a large cavern, which is rendered romantic from the circumstance of its being in a level country. Its mouth, or entrance, is in a large sink of the earth, forming a sort of basin, commonly called, in the western country, a sink-hole. The entrance into it is so large, that a person can see how to travel for more than fifty yards under ground. The general course of this subterranean passage is east. But it has never been explored very far, there being a stream of water found running with its channel, too deep for a man to wade, and about twenty-five feet in width. On the south of this stream of water, is heard a loud and constant roaring of water, as though a much larger stream (which is no doubt the fact) was rushing through a neighboring subterranean passage, to unite with, and mingle its waters with those of this little under-ground river. The general surface of

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the country in the vicinity of this cavern, is level—thin timbered—and there are but few springs or rivulets in the neighborhood.

About two miles distant from this cavern, in a south-western direction, is a lake of water, about forty rods long and twenty wide. Its water is remarkably clear, and there is no perceivable current, except, that the trash and brush that happens to fall on its surface, drifts to the west end. It is situated in a deep sink or basin, the surrounding country being about one hundred feet above the level of the water in the lake. It has often been sounded, with a view of ascertaining its depth, but no bottom has ever been found. In this singular little lake, are to be found thousands and millions of small fish—perch—about the length of a man's hand.

Some eight or nine miles south-east of this lake, are Swingle's lead mines. From these mines, the first settlers of East Tennessee procured the necessary supplies of lead to carry on their wars against the Indians. They dug the ore from the earth, and placed it in large piles of timber, commonly called log-heaps, which, being set on fire, melted the lead out of the ore, and ran it together in large masses. There was not, however, a sufficient quantity of rich ore to render the working of these mines a profitable business, and they have, therefore, not been worked for many years.

In the southern corner of Jefferson county, in the side of a mountain, called English's mountain, there is a cave from which issues a continued current of air, which rushes out of the mouth of the cavern, at short intervals, like the blowing of a bellows. It has never been explored, because the current of air that issues from its mouth, is so strong as to extinguish any torch or light that could, conveniently, be carried into it.

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In the Unacoy mountain, near the head waters of the Little Pigeon river, there is an extensive alum mine, found under a vast range of projecting cliffs, that run along the side of the mountain, for more than a mile. This range of cliffs, standing out and rising above the earthy surface below, form what is, in the mountain region, denominated a rock-house. Above this rock-house, a very elevated peak of the mountain shoots up; through which are two large apertures, not very distant from each other. One of these strange windows through the mountain, is irregularly round, and the other is rather of an oblong shape.

Many romantic caverns are to be found in all the mountain and highland region of Tennessee; and sometimes in low and level situations. There is one in the county of Carter, that deserves to be mentioned, on account of its having been the theatre of an awful and tragical event. Some years ago, three or four men pursued a fox into this cavern, that had ran into it, to escape a pack of hounds, that were in hot pursuit. These individuals entered the cave with torches, supposing there was no danger; but after they had proceeded some considerable distance, their lights went out, they found the air very oppressive, it being with difficulty they could breathe. They wandered about, in midnight darkness, until they became satisfied that it was impossible to find their way out of this subterranean prison; and feeling the noxious vapor fast operating upon them, they submitted themselves to their fate, in despair; joined their hands together—agreed to offer up, to a Throne of Divine Grace, their fervent and united supplications, for acceptance at the awful and impartial bar of Omnipotence, before which they felt they were quickly to appear. They fell upon their knees, offered up their prayers, and agreed

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to die together; but, one of them, after a few moments' reflection, determined to make one more effort to escape such an awful and frightful death. His disconsolate companions, insisted upon his remaining, and taking his fate with them, as all hope had fled; but he determined to cast himself upon the broad, but in this instance, benighted ocean of fortune, relying upon his own exertions, and the protection of Divine Providence, for escape, and run the risk of perishing alone, rather than meet such a terrifying and horrible death. He took an affectionate farewell of his companions, rushed off through the thick darkness, that could almost be felt; and, after wandering long, and encountering many perils, he finally succeeded in finding his way out of this dreary and horrible pit, to communicate to his friends the mournful fate of his companions. Those who remained were found dead, where they had been left by their friend who escaped.

In the county of Monroe, about six miles north-west from Madisonville, there is a spacious and extensive cavern, that is, perhaps, as romantic as any one in the State of Tennessee. Its entrance is on the north-western side of a large and extensive range of ridges, commonly known by the name of the Milk-sick Knobs. The entrance is about mid-way between the summit and the base of the ridge; and is quite contracted, being just large enough to admit a large man to pass in. The descent from the entrance is perpendicular for about twenty feet; and then a gradual slope, the passage being narrow, for several hundred yards; when a chamber opens out, about three hundred yards long, and one hundred and fifty in width; the arch or roof above, being between two and three hundred feet high. There are a chain of chambers, connected by narrow passes or apertures, through massy bluffs of rock, but each successive chamber is nearly as large as the first;

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and on each side, by turning through narrow passes, on the right and left, other large chambers are found—three on each side—and there are some smaller chambers again, connected with the main rooms, by narrow and contracted door-ways. In one of the large rooms, there is an inexhaustible bank of nitrous earth, from which great quantities of salt-petre have been manufactured; and in another large room, is an enormous bed of ruddle, or red chalk, commonly called *red keel.* I have not a doubt but a hundred wagons could be here loaded with this material. A small rivulet runs across the main cavern, finds its way into a small chamber, and there plunges down a bluff, and escapes out of the cavern. This small chamber is about thirty yards long, and twenty wide, having a well-turned arch above, of about thirty feet in height; many parts of which are smooth, and white-washed, by means, it is presumed, of the water, in times past, issuing through the fissures of the rocks, and running down the sides of the arch, leaving behind this calciform polish. This small chamber has received the name of the music room, from the circumstance of musical instruments, (which are often carried into, and played in the cavern,) producing a much more sweet and delightful sound in this chamber, than in any other one connected with the cavern. The connected links, or successive chambers of the main cavern, continue about three quarters of a mile. The surface is undulating, some of the small ridges and hills arising to something like fifty feet of an elevation. In some of the chambers, there are millions of stalactites hanging from the arch above, some of them of very large size, perhaps ten inches in diameter and ten feet in length, some not larger than a goose-quill, while there are thousands of others, of various sizes and lengths, ranging from the minimum to the maximum.—

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The floor of the cavern is, in many places, dotted over with thousands of stalagmites, of various sizes, and of almost every shape and form that could be imagined. Immediately at the door-way, or entrance into the first large chamber, there are three broken columns, lying down, that once reached from the floor to the arch, but have been broken down by some mischievous individual, or individuals, whose taste did not give a proper relish for the beauty, magnificence and grandeur of the works of nature. These columns are about ten inches in diameter, and were, before they were broken down, about ten feet in height. Near the entrance into the second or third chamber of the main cavern, are three columns, reaching from the floor to the arch, or roof above—about twenty feet.—One of these columns is of enormous size, being near five feet in diameter. About three or four feet distant from this gigantic column, stands the second in importance; and it is about two and a half feet in diameter. About eight or ten feet farther on, and to the right, stands the third, and although the smallest of the three, it is nevertheless the greatest curiosity. It runs down the side of the arch, or rather the side wall of the arch, some two or three feet, and the wall, here, receding abruptly, the column descends to the floor of the cavern, but is hollow, and there is a large oblong aperture on the side next the wall, or bluff; and the shell of the column being composed of the same material as that of calcareous spar, is translucent, as is proved by putting a torch in at the aperture, when the rays of light stream through, presenting a most brilliant and beautiful appearance. The diameter of this last column is about two feet. All these columns are composed of the same material, and are reeded on the outer surface, as handsomely as a cabinet workman ever ornamented a column for a bureau or side-

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board; and they have, doubtless, once been as white as the driven snow; but are now smoked and tarnished, by the many light-wood torches that have been carried into the cave, and held near them to afford spectators an opportunity of viewing them.

On the south-eastern side of the ridge, in which this cavern is found, there is a lake of water, about three hundred yards in length, and one hundred and fifty in width; which, no doubt, receives its supply of water from the stream passing through the cavern; for the stream, where it escapes from the cavern, is running in a direction toward the lake. The lake is in the head of a large hollow, or sunken ground, between two spurs or elevations of the main ridge, a narrow bar of earth and rock running across the hollow, at the eastern extremity of the lake, and fencing in its waters. A few paces below this ledge or bar, that fence up the waters of the lake, there are several springs, the waters of two or more of which, contain mineral and medicinal properties.

There is a cavern on the south side of Tennessee river, about six miles from the town of Jasper, in the county of Marion, known by the name of the Nickajack cave, that deserves to be noticed. Its entrance is at the base of the north-western side of the Raccoon mountain. A bold rivulet, or small creek, issues from the mouth of this cavern, large enough to bear a canoe of ordinary size, loaded with passengers. Many years ago, Col. Ore ascended this creek, in a canoe, some three miles, for the purpose of exploring the cavern. He found it to be nearly a straight subterranean passage, running under the Raccoon mountain, with occasional expansions, or openings on each side; sometimes on one, and sometimes on the other. In this exploration, however, Col. Ore did not find the termination of the cavern; and how many miles farther it

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extends under the mountain, no one can tell. At some places, the arch, or roof above, is high, and at other places, he found it sinking down so as barely to allow him to proceed upon his subterranean voyage. Not far from the entrance, or mouth of the cavern, is found extensive banks of nitrous earth; and great quantities of salt-petre have been made, in times past, from the earth taken from these banks.

Higginbottom's cave, as it has been commonly called, situated in the county of Warren, is a large and romantic cavern, having many chambers, one of which is supposed to contain an area of near ten acres. But we have so many subjects to notice, in this small volume, that we must close our description of, and remarks upon caverns; otherwise, we shall crowd out things of more importance. One other cavern, however, if such it can properly be called, must be noticed. It is stated in many gazetteers, and some other works, that there is in Tennessee, a cavern in which there is an abyss that has been sounded to the depth of four hundred feet, without finding bottom. This bottomless pit, is to be found in the county of Marion, below Battle creek, and near the line of the State of Alabama. It is in a flat country, near the termination of a spur of the mountain. The entrance is not large, but the descent is perpendicular; and, of course, it has never been explored. Large rocks have been thrown into it, for the purpose of obtaining some data by which its depth could be ascertained; but, if these massy and fleet messengers, reached the goal of their destination, they returned no report announcing the fact.

We have noticed but a few of the many thousands of natural curiosities to be found in the State of Tennessee; and it would be, to the author, a pleasing task to pursue the subject much farther; but the limits of this work, as

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before remarked, will not allow him to do so. He will, however, in concluding this part of his work, venture the opinion, that an accurate, and well written, geographical and geological history of Tennessee, would be of more real value to her citizens, especially to the youth, than all the trashy novels that have been brought into the State since her admission into the Federal Union. But this is a task the author must leave to be performed, if ever, by the learned and scientific amateur of nature's majestic, grand and curious works.

CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORY OF THE HARPS.

Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did these deeds?
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?

SHAKSPEARE.

We have now a narrative to relate, which must shock and horrify the soul of every individual possessing the ordinary social feelings, and sympathies of human nature. The tender, the delicate and timid female, may well feel the shudderings of *horror thrill* through her soul, and allow the pale mask of terror to mantle her lovely visage, while she peruses the page filled with tragic deeds of carnage and death; and the bold, the brave and manly bosom, may for the time, indulge the risings of virtuous and chivalrous indignation, when he reads the story of slaughtered babes and matrons, youths and men, murdered in cold blood; not for spoil or plunder, but for the gratification of a hellish thirst for carnage, and a fiendish delight in human misery, that none could pos-

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sess, but a *devil incarnate*, carrying within his unnatural and accursed bosom, all the rankling and burning furies of the infernal regions.

In the year 1797 or 1798, two men came into the county of Knox, and settled near Beaver creek. They professed to have came from the State of Georgia; represented themselves as being brothers, and said their names were HARP. One of them, who called himself Micajah Harp, was a very large brawney-limbed, big-boned man, of a most vicious, savage and ferocious countenance.— He brought with him a woman, who he represented as being his wife. The other Harp who called himself Wiley, was unmarried, or, at least had no woman with him. Whether their real names were Harp or not, no one knew; nor was it ever ascertained where they had been born and brought up, or who were their relatives. Wiley, the one who brought no woman into the country with him, sometime after he came, married a young woman by the name of Sarah Rice, the daughter of an old gentleman, who lived some five or six miles from Knoxville. Micajah Harp took another woman to live with him, by the name of Roberts, whom he found living somewhere in the mountainous region of Sevier or Blount county.— And, from the time he took home this second woman, he lived and co-habited with both her and the one he brought with him into the country. Wiley was much the smallest man, and his countenance was not so savage and fiendish as that of his brother. They planted and cultivated a crop, the first year after they came to the country, and lived in peace and friendship with their neighbors. But after they had resided about a year in Knox county, they began to steal and plunder. It was some time, however, before they were detected. But it is difficult for thieves to keep their villanies long concealed, in

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a civilized community, if they venture to dispose of their spoils. The Harps stole hogs and sheep from their neighbors, on Beaver creek, and sold the pork and mutton to John Miller, an old and respectable gentleman, who resided, at that time, in Knoxville; and this sale led to the discovery of the thieves. Shortly after, they stole several fine horses from Edward Tiel, who resided one mile north-east of Knoxville. Tiel suspected the Harps—procured a few of his friends to go with him, in search of his horses—went to the house of the Harps and found they were not at home. Tiel and his friends then turned out in search of them. Upon examining the woods in the vicinity of where the Harps lived, they found where horses had been tied in the woods. They took the trail; for at that time the grass and pea-vine clothed the whole surface of the country, so that horses could be easily tracked. They pursued the trail across Clinch river, and into the Cumberland mountains, where they found the Harps, encamped in the mouth of a large cave, and the horses impounded, near the cavern. They succeeded in taking the Harps, and recovering the horses; but on their return, after they had crossed Clinch river, the Harps broke custody, and escaped, somewhere between Clinch river and Knoxville.

Shortly after this, the Harps commenced the bloody work of inhuman and ruthless murder; which they prosecuted to an extent that alarmed and terrified the inhabitants of the whole country. Their relentless and furious rage, spared neither the aged, or the young, nor regarded either size, sex or color.

They murdered a youth by the name of Coffey, on the Copper Ridge, in Knox county, who was on his way to a grist mill. Their next victim, so far, at least, as was known, was a man by the name of Johnson, who was

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believed to be a resident of Hawkin's county. They murdered him on the road two miles below Knoxville.—Shot him through the head, ripped him open, filled his abdomen and chest with stones, and threw his body into the Holston river.

These tragic deeds aroused the whole community.—Every man carried his fire arms, his dirk or his butcher knife about him; and search for and pursuit after the Harps was made, in every section of the adjacent country. These monsters, in human shape, afterwards murdered a man in the county of Knox, by the name of Ballard. It was believed, that they supposed, at the time they killed Ballard, that they were murdering Hugh Dunlap, Esq., as Dunlap had been very vigilant in endeavoring to arrest them, and they had threatened him with their savage vengeance.

The whole community was now in a state of consternation and alarm; companies were raised, scouts kept continually out, and rewards offered for the apprehension of these murderous and marauding wretches; in consequence of which they were compelled to seek shelter in a more wild and uninhabited region; and they, therefore, fled, taking their women with them, to the mountains, along the line between Tennessee and Kentucky; occasionally breaking into the settlements, as well in Kentucky as in Tennessee, and committing the most awful, horrible and bloody murders.

When they left the State of Tennessee, they went through the mountain at the Cumberland Gap, along the route, at that day, called Boon's trace. When they had proceeded as far as Richland creek, in Knox county, Kentucky, they fell in company with a man by the name of Peyton, who was pedling, having his goods packed upon his horse. The Harps murdered Peyton, took his horse

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and goods, and proceeded on their journey. Shortly afterwards they went to the house of a man by the name of Pharris, who was settled upon the road, and keeping a public house, for the accommodation of travelers, near a branch of Cumberland river, called Little Rock Castle. They arrived at Pharris' about breakfast time in the morning. A young man by the name of Langford, from the State of Virginia, who was on his way to Kentucky, had lodged at Pharris', the night previously, and had not left, having tarried to take his breakfast, before he set off upon his journey. The Harps—their women with them—were, to all appearance, in a wretched condition, being ragged and filthy—as well the women as the men. They, however, called for their breakfast, which was furnished them. After they had eaten they disputed with the landlady, (Pharris not being at home) about the charge; upon which Langford remonstrated with them for quarreling with a lady, whereupon the Harps quarreled with Langford. Langford told them if they were scarce of money, that that was no justification for disputing with a lady, and that he had plenty of cash, and would pay their bill, if they would cease their abuse of the landlady; but, that he would not permit any man or set of men to abuse a lady in his presence. Finally, Langford paid the charge for the Harps, the parties professed to be reconciled, the Harps, as well as Langford; and all set off together.—After traveling a few miles the Harps murdered Langford, and threw his body by the side of a log, and covered it over with brush. A few days after, a company of men were driving cattle along the road, and when the cattle arrived at the place where Langford had been murdered, they took fright, and ran in every direction, bellowing most hideously. The drovers were astonished

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at this strange and singular freak of the cattle; but their surprise was soon increased; for, in collecting their cattle they discovered the corpse of Langford. His name was marked upon his clothing. His corpse was carried to the house of Pharris, and was immediately recognized by the family. The Harps were pursued; arrested and carried to Danville, the county seat of Lincoln county; and there they were committed to prison.—They, however, broke jail, and made their escape. The jailor, soon after, resigned his office, left the jail, bought a farm, and settled himself in the country, where he very shortly became wealthy—no one ever knew, with certainty, by what means—but the general suspicion was that he had acquired his wealth by receiving a large bribe from the Harps, to permit them to escape. They now went into the newly settled region along the line of Kentucky and Tennessee, where they increased their atrocities to a most dreadful extent. They murdered all classes and sexes, without distinction; not for plunder, but for the love of shedding human blood. They sometimes robbed travelers, but from the citizens they took nothing, except such articles as their immediate necessities demanded. Murder was their every day occupation. They killed a man in Stockton's Valley, and a youth by the name of Trabeau, in some other section of the country farther west. They met with a negro boy going to mill; dashed the boy's brains out against a tree, but left the horse and bag of grain untouched. These horrible transactions aroused the community—they felt it absolutely necessary, for their safety, to adopt some means to free themselves from the depredations of such a lawless and marauding foe. They collected into companies, and scoured the country, in search of the brutal monsters; in consequence of which the Harps returned to Tennes-

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see; continuing, however, on their march hither, to wreak their blood-thirsty and hellish vengeance, upon almost every unsuspecting traveler they met with on the route. They murdered a man by the name of Tully, on Lick creek, a water of Wolf river, not far from the line between Kentucky and Tennessee; and how many others they slaughtered, in cold blood, while on their retreat to Tennessee, no one can tell; for the mountain section of the country, through which their route passed, was a vast and dreary wilderness. This excursion of the Harps to the State of Kentucky was made during the year 1799, or 1800. Either on their retreat from Kentucky, on this occasion, or on their return thither, shortly after, they killed a man, by the name of Bradbury, in what is now Roane county, on the road leading from Beaver creek to South-West Point. They murdered Bradbury about eight or nine miles east of Kington, on a large ridge, which has ever since borne the name of Bradbury's ridge.

After their return from Kentucky, they remained in Tennessee a short time, before it was ascertained they had returned. But as soon as the citizens were informed of the return of these lawless wretches, they began to be on the alert; and sent out scouting parties to seek for them. They, however, soon returned to Kentucky, crossing Clinch river, at the Papaw ford, in the eastern end of Roane county. Thence they proceeded, along what was then called the Kentucky trace; ascending the Cumberland mountain, and crossing Emery's river about one mile above where the town of Montgomery, in the county of Morgan, is now situated. About a mile and a half or two miles beyond the river, they met two men, one by the name of Brasil, whom they murdered; the other, whose name I have not been able to ascertain, made his

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escape. Brasil had with him a rifle gun, which the Harps battered over the rocks, shattering the stock to pieces. He also had in his pocket a quarter of a dollar, which was left in his pocket, and found with his corpse. The place where he was murdered, being on a spur of the mountain, yet bears the name of Brasil's *knob*. They proceeded on into the State of Kentucky, spreading death and dismay amongst the inhabitants, wherever they went. On all these bloody excursions, they took their women along with them—camped in the woods, or lived in rock houses or caverns, in the mountains.

When they entered the territory of Kentucky, they murdered a man by the name of Love, and then proceeded to the county of Henderson, (now Union) which was at that day (1801 or 1802) a new, and thinly populated region. In this county, lived a man by the name of Moses Stegall, who had formerly resided in Knox county, Tennessee, and was himself a man of bad character. The Harps had frequented his house on former occasions; and, it is said, had cautioned Stegall's family never to designate them by their real names, in the presence of any other persons. On their arrival in Henderson county, they encamped, with their women, under a projecting bluff of rocks, called by the mountain people, a Rock-house. They went to the house of Stegall, early one morning, and called for breakfast—Stegall not being at home. Mrs. Stegall told them they could have breakfast, but they would have to wait some time, as her child was very fretful and cross, and she had no one to nurse it. The Harps replied that she might put the child in the cradle, and they would rock the cradle, and attend to the child until she cooked their breakfast. She, accordingly, placed her innocent babe in the cradle, and retired to the kitchen, to prepare a breakfast for them, leaving them

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rocking the cradle. A man by the name of Williams was at Stegall's, engaged in breaking flax; and one or two young women were at the spring washing. After Mrs. Stegall had prepared their breakfast, and the ruthless and savage murderers had partaken of her hospitality, she went to the cradle to see if the child was asleep, expressing some astonishment, (as Micajah Harp acknowledged when he was afterwards taken,) that her child should remain quiet for so great a length of time. And what could have been the *horror* that *seized* upon a mother's soul, and the *pang* that rent her bosom, when she beheld her tender, harmless and helpless infant, lying breathless, with its *throat cut* from ear to ear, and almost floating in its own innocent blood!! She shrunk back, with *terror*, from the awful and shocking spectacle, uttering a loud and frightful *scream!* while the rushing current of her veins were pouring back their floods upon her woe-stricken heart, and the warm blood curdling in her bosom. But the relentless monsters staid not their bloody hands for the tears and heart-broken wailings of a bereaved mother! They instantly dispatched her, with the same instrument, (a butcher-knife) with which they had cut the throat of the child; then set fire to the house, and fled. In the meantime, Williams, hearing Mrs. Stegall scream, and guessing at the cause, alarmed the young women at the spring; and they and Williams, made their escape, with all possible speed.

Williams ran off and alarmed the neighborhood. Stegall, not being a great distance from home, was soon informed of the direful tragedy. Thomas Leiper, Stegall and Williams, with some others, made immediate pursuit; and overtook the blood-thirsty wretches the next day, about noon, quietly resting, in supposed security, in their rocky dwelling of the mountain. Having dis-

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covered the smoke ascending from the fire of these bloody monsters, and suspecting it to proceed from their encampment, Leiper and his party advanced cautiously, and with such care and skill, that the Harps were not apprised of danger until they were fired upon, and the big Harp, (as Micajah was called) wounded. Upon being fired on, they flew to their horses, leaving their women to their fate. The big Harp mounted the horse ordinarily rode by his brother. They dashed off at full speed, in different directions. The number of the pursuers did not allow of their separating, and following both of the fugitives; and they, therefore, selected the larger Harp as their game, and made hot pursuit; leaving one or two of the company to secure the women. Leiper was mounted on an animal, fleet of foot, and possessing great elasticity of bottom; and he, therefore, was soon out of sight of his comrades; for Harp was riding a mare of uncommon speed, but not of such elastic bottom as that of Leiper's. The race continued for about eight miles, over hills, across ravines, and through thickets; the principal part of the way through the woods. Harp's mare finally began to fail, and Leiper discovered he could soon overtake him, but finding himself alone, his comrades being far in the rear, and Harp being a stout and desperate man, and armed with a good rifle, Leiper pursued cautiously, until he became satisfied that Harp's gun was not charged. He then dashed suddenly upon him—fired, and broke his arm, the ball passing, also, through the side of the chest. Harp fell from the noble, but jaded animal, that bore him, rolled over, and crawling up by a log, that lay hard by, he seated himself with his back against it. Leiper, suspecting (although Harp had dropped his gun when he fell from his saddle,) that he might have a pistol about his person, did not approach him, until he re-loaded his gun.

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Then, cocking his piece, and presenting it at Harp's breast, he advanced to him, telling him that, if he moved a hand, he would send the contents of his rifle through him.—Leiper, having satisfied himself that Harp had no arms about him but a butcher-knife and tomahawk, made him surrender these, and then entered into a conversation with him; with a view to ascertain, if possible, the reasons that prompted him and his brother to the commission of such savage and cruel deeds. Harp said his brother and himself (for he declared Wiley Harp was his brother) had became disgusted with all mankind, and agreed with each other, to destroy as many persons as they could. He knew, at the time they commenced the perpetration of these bloody deeds, that he must die, some day, by the hands of man, or fall a victim to the offended laws of his country; but he determined to risk the consequences, and slay as many as he could, before the sword of justice should overtake him. He said he never had committed but one murder for which he felt remorse; and that was the murder of his own child. It cried, and vexed him, and he killed it. He confessed that, his brother and himself, had committed many murders; some of which, related by him, had never before been heard of. The object of Leiper was to extract from him a full account of all the bloody deeds perpetrated by him and his brother; but, the remainder of the company coming up, Stegall with them, who was burning with rage, on account of the cruel and inhuman slaughter of his wife and child, an end was put to the conversation, by Stegall cutting off the head of Harp. Stegall took Harp's own butcher-knife, which Leiper had compelled him to deliver up, and taking Harp by the hair of the head, drew the knife *slowly* across the back of his neck, cutting to the bone; Harp staring him full in the face, with a *grim* and *fiendish*

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countenance, and exclaiming, *"you are a G—d d——d rough butcher, but cut on and be d——d."* Stegall then passed the knife around his neck, cutting to the bone; and then wrung off his head, in the same manner a butcher would that of a hog.

That portion of Leiper's company that remained behind to secure the women, took them into custody, tied them by the arms to a sapling, and then followed on after Leiper and the others, who were pursuing Harp. The company did not return to the place where the women were tied to the sapling, until the next morning; and, consequently, the women stood tied to the sapling during the night.

The spot where Harp was slain was beyond the settlements, in what was then called the wilderness. Some of the company happened to have with them a bag, into which they put Harp's head, and set off on their return march. As they passed a small farm of a new settler, knowing that they would be obliged to camp in the woods, they procured as many roasting-ears as would serve them for their supper; and, having no other means of carrying them, they put them, unhusked, into the bag, with Harp's head. They accordingly camped in the woods; but Williams would not eat any of the roasting-ears, because they had been put into the bag with Harp's head; and, consequently, he was compelled to endure the cravings of hunger until they returned into the settlements.

Leiper and his company proceeded, on the next day, to the place where the women had been left confined, and found them where they were left the day previous, standing tied to the sapling. They were interrogated as to the cause of their living with such bloody monsters as the Harps. They rendered as an excuse, that, when they

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first went to live with the Harps, they were ignorant of their real character, and when they had ascertained what kind of men they were, they were afraid to leave them, lest the Harps should murder *them* and all their relations. They also confessed that the unnatural and abominable wretches with whom they cohabited, murdered their children soon after they were born; and they likewise confirmed the confessions made by Micajah Harp. The company then set them at liberty, and proceeded on into the settlements. They carried Harp's head to the nearest justice of the peace, by the name of Newman, and, having made satisfactory affidavits, before Esquire Newman, that it was Harp's head, they then took it to the nearest cross roads, and put it upon the top of a lofty pole, or in the fork of a tree. The accounts given of this particular transaction, are variant; but it is certain the monster's head was there put up, and long remained a most shocking and revolting spectacle. His body was left in the wilderness where he was slaughtered, a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, and the fowls of the air. The spot where the head of this lawless wretch was thus put up, is near the Highland Lick, in Union county, and is still known by the name of Harp's Head; and the public road passing by it, is called Harp's Head road.—Thus, the memory of this incarnate monster is "damned to everlasting fame."

The author is apprised that an account of the capture and execution of Micajah Harp, has been published, differing in some particulars with the foregoing statement; but he is well satisfied that the account he has here given is, in all its details, substantially true; for, the most material facts were obtained from a gentleman of great respectability and undoubted veracity, who resided at the

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time, not far from the scene of action, and who received his information from one of the persons engaged in the capture and execution of Harp.

Wiley Harp made his escape, and fled to the neighborhood of Natchez; where he continued his bloody deeds until the winter of 1803, or spring of 1804. He had associated himself with a band of robbers, who were headed by a man by the name of Meason, or Mason, who was well known in the country as a desperate villain; and for whose head, if he could not be taken alive, a considerable reward was offered. Harp sought an opportunity to slay Meason, and having done so, carried his head to Natchez, and demanded the reward. It so happened, that he arrived at Natchez, with Meason's head, at the same time the troops from East Tennessee arrived, who were on their march, by order of the Federal Government, to take possession of Louisiana. Some of the troops were well acquainted with Harp—identified his person beyond a doubt—and he was condemned and executed shortly thereafter.

Thus ended the lawless and bloody career of those incarnadine monsters, whose ruthless, unnatural and barbarous deeds, must startle and astound the reader who has not hitherto heard the story of their more than brutal outrages. Even the most ferocious, blood-thirsty and carnivorous beast of the forest, and the most warlike and rapacious fowl of the air, possesses social feelings and animal sympathies. Neither the wrathful lion, nor the fierce-eyed tiger, will destroy, but will guard and protect his female mate and helpless offspring, as well as those of his own peculiar species. The wild and timid stag will throw his antlers between his feminine companion and approaching danger, and guard with sedulous care the secret haunt of the fawn. The eagle soars with keen-

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eyed vigilance around the towering cliff where sets his brooding mate; and, when the period of incubation has terminated, and the eyes of the helpless eaglets look upon the brilliant rays of the burning sun, he feeds and nourishes them with the most anxious solicitude. But the incarnate fiends whose bloody career is portrayed in this chapter—incapable of, even such animal sympathies and natural feelings as are inherent in the bosoms of brutes and birds—waged relentless war upon their own race, and, without provocation, imbrued their hands in the blood of the innocent, the helpless and unoffending. And, regardless of those paternal feelings, which compose the silken cord of parental affection, that bind even the brutal tenants of the forest to their feeble offspring, and the winged inhabitants of the air, to their tender and helpless brood, they butchered their own unoffending children, who should have been the idols of their hearts, and the objects of their most anxious and constant solicitude.

After the death of Micajah Harp and the flight of his brother, their wives went into the settled parts of Kentucky and besought the inhabitants for protection. The two who had lived with the big Harp, had nothing peculiar in their appearance; but the wife of Wiley was a woman of handsome features, genteel demeanor and, apparently, of delicate constitution. She alleged she had made several unsuccessful attempts to escape from Harp. Her father afterwards took her home, and she was restored to the society of her kindred and friends.—The two women of Micajah Harp remained in Kentucky.

The Legislature of Kentucky, by an act of Assembly, gave Leiper two hundred and fifty dollars in consideration of his bold and chivalrous conduct in arresting the big Harp.

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The writer of this narrative has no doubt the bloody transactions here detailed, will sound in the ears of some of his readers, very like the fictions of Baron Monchausen, or the tales of the Arabian Knight's Entertainment; for it is hard to believe that man, in this enlightened and christian age, can sink below the vicious and grovelling nature of the most fierce and ferocious beast; and perpetrate deeds that, even the fiends who reign in the infernal courts of pandemonium would shrink from with revolting horror. But such of his readers may cast their doubts to the winds, and rest with unshaken confidence in the truths of this tragic history; for, hundreds of the most respectable individuals, who are yet living, will bear testimony to its veracity.

It may seem astonishing that two lawless brigands, having three women to guard and protect, should so long infest a civilized community, and spread terror and death throughout a country inhabited by the most daring, brave and chivalrous people to be found upon the habitable globe; for such were the inhabitants of Tennessee and Kentucky, at the time those tragic scenes were being transacted. But, when the reader is informed, that both these States were, at that day, but sparsely populated, and an extensive range of mountains (running along the line between the two States) divided the settlements of the one from the other some sixty or a hundred miles, and that this vast range of mountains were filled with rock-houses and caverns, and many parts covered with dense laurel thickets and extensive cane-brakes, where these lawless wretches could conceal themselves, and subsist upon the wild game of the forest for months at a time, his wonder will cease.

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CHAPTER XVII.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS UPON THE PRACTICE OF ELECTIONEERING.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, dispute and madden round the land.

POPE.

Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown
By standing up and pulling others down.

DRYDEN.

———— * * Ambitious aspirants,
"'Till they have gained their ends, are giants in
Their promises, but those obtained, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allowed" by many, "so they may deceive,
They may swear any thing;" for, the simple folks,
"As they constantly hold" do "never punish"
"But smile at" public "perjuries."

———What so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent the aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot ten thousand in an hour.

YOUNG.

———————————As a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best are
But serving men in rich liveries.

MASSINGER.

Fifty years ago, or even thirty, if a candidate for office had left his home to traverse the country and solicit votes, instead of securing his election he would most cer-

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tainly have occasioned his defeat, no matter what his personal popularity might have been. Nor would this have been the only consequence of his imprudent temerity; he would have met with an insult from every individual whose vote he solicited, and in all probability would have been knocked down before he had solicited the suffrages of twenty men. But now, how changed are the feelings, manners and customs of the people in relation to this subject! A candidate for office in these enlightened days of science, politics, and the march of mind, is not only permitted to electioneer for votes, but if he does not do so—nay, if he is not very industrious, and also, very skilful in the science of flattery—he is certain to be defeated, though his opponent may be the veriest ignoramus, as well as the greatest scoundrel, (who has not yet been convicted of a penitentiary offence) in all the country.

Here let the reader, for a moment, reflect upon this subject! Is it prudent, is it politic, is it calculated to advance our prosperity and perpetuate our freedom and independence as a nation, to put up, in open market, all the honors and emoluments of office, to be struck off to the lowest bidder, or to be intrigued for by scoundrels, who will, invariably, "have an eye single to the recompense of reward," instead of the good and glory of the country, and the prosperity of the people? Is it not as notorious as that we have a government, that men without talent, without learning, without experience, and often without moral character—*nay, even of notorious ill-fame*—obtain the highest and most important public stations within the gift of the people? If this latter interrogatory be answered in the affirmative, and it admits of no other answer—for the facts stand out in such bold relief "that

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he who runs may read, the fool may understand, and even, the way-faring man need not err;" then, if such be the fact, is it not time the citizens of this free, and, as yet, happy government, should pause in their reckless and downward career, before they reach the goal, and plunge the gulf of everlasting national destruction?

Go, gentle reader, and consult the history of all the long list of republics that have arisen, flourished and fallen before the establishing of our own, and enquire for the cause of their overthrow! And you will, invariably, date the commencement of their decline with the same period at which vicious men began to intrigue for office and power; and assign their final overthrow to the corruptions of men in high places. The intrigues of corrupt and wicked men will, as necessarily, corrupt the morals of the people, as the substance, standing in the brilliant noon-day's sun, will cast its shadow; and the corruptions of the people, who in governments purely republican, are the source and living fountain of all political power, will as necessarily corrupt every depository, and fill every channel and avenue of administrative authority, with a turbid and desolating stream of wickedness and villany.

Thus the cause and the consequence progresses conjointly. The citizens are first corrupted by bad men, and being corrupted fill all the offices of the government with corruptions, and these corruptions in high places, flow out and deluge the whole political surface, like floods of water breaking loose from the summits of the mountains and overflowing the valleys below.

It is a trite saying that mankind are governed more by example than precept. Let us, then, look back the stream of time, through the medium of history, and take lessons

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of experience from the conduct, character and final catastrophe that mark the rise, progress, decline and utter annihilation of all the republics that have gone before us.

What has been the fate of the Jews, the once chosen and favored people of the living God? Alas! though they had just escaped from the iron hand of Egyptian servitude, they suffered themselves to be corrupted by the counsels and intrigues of ambitious and wicked men.—Not content, even, with the LIVING GOD for their Governor, (through the instrumentality of his chosen prophets) but setting their affections upon the noisy and oppressive pomp of power, and the gaudy glitter of titles, they *must* have a King to be like other nations. After a long series of tyrannical oppressions, awful afflictions and terrifying judgments, their kingdom was overthrown, their country desolated, their temples polluted by the profane, their altars trampled under foot by the heathen, and they themselves made to drink the bitterest dregs of the cup of their iniquities. They are now sojourners and wanderers in every land, the scorn of every people, and without a government or a national name on the broad face of the whole earth.

Where now are the ancient republics of Greece, once the seat of science, of song and the arts? Once their fame filled the earth, and the glory of their name covered the land as the waters do the channels of the great deep. They ran a brilliant and grand career; but in the midst of prosperity, glorying in their mental and physical superiority, and slumbering in self security, wicked and ambitious men began to intrigue for office and scramble for power. The citizens were soon corrupted—feuds and factions sprang up, intestine broils and internal commotions rendered them an easy prey to surrounding nations; and, ere long, their highly cultivated and flourishing

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country was strewed with the splendid wrecks of their ruined grandeur, the land drenched in blood, and the earth itself, seemed, almost, to groan beneath the mighty weight of their mournful and awful desolation. True, Greece yet lives in the eloquence of her Demosthenes and the song of her Homer! But the rich and mellow strains of her poet fall upon the ear like a sound from the fathomless and illimitable void of nonentity, and the soul stiring eloquence of her orator comes up like a voice from beneath the lethean sea of everlasting forgetfulness. Greece endured a long night of servitude and oppression. For ages the long beard of the barbarous Turk waved over her liberties, and the haughty foot of the proud Mahometan trampled upon her rights. At length, being goaded to desperation, she has partially broken her shackles; but it cost her an ocean of blood; and, after all, she has but changed her master; the advantage being that she now has a civilized instead of a barbarous monarch, and a government tolerating the christian religion, and securing individual rights and personal property.

But it is needless to recount examples; for the ruins of liberty lie strewed on either side of the long vista of ages, as we look back the stream of time! Let one other suffice! The Roman Republic once stood the proud mistress of a subjugated world! Her conquering sword glittered in every land—her banners were a terror to all nations—by the power of her arms she carried her conquests over the greater part of the then known habitable globe—her very name became the wonder, admiration and dread of the whole earth. And where, now, is Rome, this mighty colossus of nations! She, too, has fallen. True, she still lives in name, but stripped of her power and shorn of her grandeur. "Her cloud-capt towers, her gorgeous palaces and solemn temples," have

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all tumbled into ruins; and she herself, has dwindled into a petty sovereignty, too feeble to excite either the envy or jealousy of other nations. Inquire for the cause of the downfall and overthrow of this mighty government, and you will find first an enslaved people, before a fallen nation. The citizens, led astray and corrupted by ambitious, unprincipled aspirants, placed vicious men in power, and thus both the people and the government became, by degrees, corrupt. The love of country and national honor were swallowed up in devotion to men; and then came intestine feuds and contentions for power. Internal commotions and party contentions harassed the people, until one portion sought refuge in the establishment of a monarchy, and the remainder were beguiled into it by their devotion to partisan leaders.

Political liberty must be based upon the virtue and sustained by the intelligence of the citizens. A vicious people can no more enjoy free government, than the eagle can subsist upon the briny waves of the broad-bosomed ocean. And the first step towards the corrupting of the people has its origin in the intrigues of ambitious men for power. Who is a public functionary but a public servant? And is it fit, is it becoming, is it dignified, for a man to supplicate, cringe, fawn and flatter, to become a servant? But this is not the light in which aspirants view it. They intend, in fact, to become our masters, and not our servants; and hence, their great exertions to obtain office.

If the foregoing observations and arguments be true, it follows, that all the vices and evils that have crept into the administration of our government, have had their origin in the intrigues of wicked and ambitious men for power; and that electioneering, is the door through which the intriguer enters, and that, therefore, the practice should be discountenanced, and scowled out of existence.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SATIRICAL BURLESQUE UPON THE PRACTICE OF ELECTIONEERING.

If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare challenge me of wrong,
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em.

B. JOHNSON.

It was in the year 18—, that an empty-sculled, vain, conceited ignoramus, determined to become a member of the Legislature of the State. When the community in which he resided, ascertained that it was the intention of our hero to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in their legislative councils, they were struck, for a time, with dumb astonishment; and when they recovered their vocal powers, the idea was so perfectly ridiculous, that it excited universal scorn and contempt; and our would-be legislator was made the butt of sarcasm, ridicule and vulgar merriment. Nothing daunted, however, he persevered in his attempts at becoming popular, and in a short time procured his friends, or rather a few individuals, who found they could use him as a tool to accomplish some sinister purposes, to speak of his pretensions pretty freely. And finally, a small squad of individuals, composed, in part, of loggerheaded dolts, and in part of designing men, determined to solicit this sage politician to announce himself as a candidate; and having come to this determination, they forthwith sent a committee of their own body to inform him that it was the wish of the citizens of

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his county, that he should become a candidate to represent them in the Legislature of their State. Upon receiving this gratifying intelligence, our hero placed himself in the door of the court house, (it being court time, and a crowd present,) and announced the fact to the astonished multitude, then and there assembled, in the following manner:

"Feller citizens: ther are ben a public porpus held, to renominate a candidate for the legislator; and I are renominated, and I are a candidate no matter who reposes me. I 've nothen furder to tell ye, gentlemen, only if the old hoss is lected, he 'll sarve ye to the best of his compacity."

The multitude looked wonders at hearing this astonishing announcement, while the better informed portion of the crowd, tucked down their heads and shook their sides with laughter. The little boys ran about the streets, repeating the speech at every corner. The very ostlers, at the taverns, learned it. The rascally wags picked it up, and suiting the action to the words and the words to the action, repeated it at muster-grounds, still-houses, and other public places, and the whole community was convulsed with laughter.

A very unfortunate beginning, you are ready to exclaim! but be not too fast, in anticipating the conclusion! This man was not only elected on this occasion, but repeatedly afterwards; and, several times, over men of respectable talents and attainments.

But here we must describe this great man's personal appearance. He was exactly five feet nine inches and three quarters high; square built, broad shouldered, brawny limbed, crooked backed, bow-legged and pigeon-toed. His head was of respectable dimensions, but at least two-thirds of it hung behind his ears. His complex-

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ion rather of a tawny cast. His hair was black and grew down his forehead, or rather where his forehead should have been, within an inch of his brows, which latter overhung his little dull black eyes about one inch and a half, his cheek bones peering out below to an equal extent with his brows, which gave to his organs of vision very much the appearance of two black pebbles set in the cavities of a small bluff of rocks. His nose was about one quarter of an inch in altitude at its junction with his forehead, but projecting out about three inches, increasing in size in proportion to its longitude; and he had a peculiar and indescribable sniffing, which, ever and anon, covered his proboscis with a cluster of wrinkles from base to point. His jaws were exceedingly wide and muscular, his chin pointed, and his mouth enormously broad when open, and extending almost from ear to ear; but he had a peculiar capacity and habit of contracting it into a sort of puckers when shut, which in some degree concealed its enormous size. His dress was coarse and unfashionable. His manners and demeanor of the vulgar cast. His personal carriage was awkward, and he had an extraordinary shrugging up of the shoulders and drawing down of the neck, which seemed, at times, to bury half of his head within his chest.

On one occasion, when he was in the midst of a hot electioneering contest, a friend informed him that his opponent was running ahead of him within a certain precinct. To which he replied: "Yes, I expect to be beat there, for I've very few acquaintances in that distinct, and my component is a great oranger.* On another occasion shortly after he had become a candidate, five other individuals announced themselves for the same station; on

*Meaning orator.

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which a friend observed, "'Squire, you have pretty strong opposition;" "yes sir," replied our hero, "a most conformable composition."

Ignorantia Pomposity was a long, lean, lantern-jawed, swaggering, gasconading, braggadocia; who believed that mere instinct was all-sufficient to enable man to span the heavens, fathom the great deep and look through all space. He was about the height of a common stack-pole, and stood as erect as a Chickasaw Indian, being firmly planted upon a most robustious understanding.—His arms were pretty nearly as long as an ape's, his legs grew smaller from his ancles upwards; and it was supposed he was a great dancer, from the circumstance of his toes turning out at an angle of about sixty degrees. His head was small, ill-shapen and covered with a sort of sandy colored hair. His complexion was florid, occasioned, as the malicious tongue of slander had rumored, by too frequent visits to the bottle; and it was even said that he carried a *tickler* in his saddle-bags during his electioneering excursions. But whether this latter charge was true or false could never be satisfactorily ascertained, for his prudence, added to his great love of good things, prevented his ever exhibiting it. For the history of his birth, education and family lineage we must refer the reader to a sort of sketch given by Pomposity, himself, in one of his stump speeches.

THE SPEECH.

Feller-citizens: I am a poor man. I was borned in the county of S——— and fotched up in K——— without parentage, and if it hadn't a bin for the goodness of God and a few other gentlemen, who tuck me under their detection when I was a poor olfin boy, and gin me an edecation, I mout a bin raised without any larnin and bin just as ignorant as the rest on ye. Feller-citizens:

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My father was a patriarch of the revolution, and I'm a patriarch. My father stained the walls of Canada with his blood at the seige of Charleston, and when Ginral Jackson killed the injuns at New Orleans, I waded in mud up to my knees.

Feller-citizens: I haint time to enlarge upon this subject now; but at some other time I will enlarge upon my political publicity more in detention. Feller-citizens: I'd ruther be a gallipot slave than a nullifier. I'm a republican. I consider all candidates bound to make a political deposition of his ginral public views to the component understanding of his assembled constitutes, in a public compacity.

This oratorical flourish, though it excited the ridicule of every man of information, filled a portion of the audience with wonder and admiration; for, as they understood not one word he said, they supposed him to be a man of most wonderful genius and boundless intelligence.

Pertinacious Buttongrabble, was a rare genius. The good old lady who officiated at his inauguration into the world, predicted great things in relation to his future life. She was certain he had a very knowing head; and would in riper years become celebrated for his great learning and wisdom. She was, moreover, inclined to the opinion, that the shape of his head indicated a great capacity for the occult sciences, and gave a certain assurance that he would some day become a witch-master, and understand all the mysteries of conjuration. She also discovered a bump on his cranium which presaged honor and preferment. His childhood, youth, education, &c., we must pass over, with the single remark, that his education was just such, in every respect, as was well calculated to develope his *great genius.*

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His personal appearance was altogether that of a man of great parts. He was about six feet high, three feet across the shoulders, and measured exactly nine feet eleven inches and a quarter in the belt; his head was not very unlike that of a no-horned ox, with the exception that it was principally behind, instead of before his ears. He had a sufficiency of tongue, which he exercised most actively in the various branches of eating and drinking, at which agreeable performances he was a great adept.—His manner of conversation was altogether unique. Though he was a continual talker, he was seldom heard to utter a single sound louder than a whisper. It was supposed this singular mode of conversation was a mere habit, acquired by his frequent intercourse with the inhabitants of the invisible world.

Buttongrabble was wholly averse to public harangues; so much so indeed, that he seemed horror-stricken at the very sight of a stump or a court-house, at which a crowd of the populace had assembled. He never could be convinced that it was honest for a politician to express his views publicly; nor was he ever known to hold a political conversation with more than one man at the same time. Indeed he would frequently meet a man alone on the high-way, a mile, or more, from the habitation of any human creature, and walk him one hundred yards into the woods before he would venture to utter a syllable upon politics. Nor would he then until after he had carefully looked all around to see if any straggling eaves-dropper was in sight. This ceremony being over, he would *grapple* his auditor by the button or bosom, and whisper him most scientifically for the space of an hour.

His mode of electioneering in every other respect was

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equally singular. He traveled from house to house, carefully avoiding all public places, and taking care never to come in contact with any man of much note, information or character. His great hobby was the poor on the one hand, and the office holders on the other. He was for reducing taxes to benefit the poor, and reducing salaries to punish the rich; for he persuaded the ignorant that none but the wealthy obtained office. These were the only two subjects upon which he was ever known to express his opinions. Interrogate him upon what other subject you would, he would uniformly answer, "I will do what is right about it when I am elected." He persuaded the people with whom he electioneered, that he was a great scholar; could read Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and that he had acquired his education upon the proceeds of his own labor; though, in truth, he could not spell correctly any four words, successively, in all the English language; and it required a pretty skilful stenographer to translate the characters with which he wrote his name. He possessed one very remarkable and praiseworthy trait of character, however, that of never-tiring perseverance. He commenced electioneering for a seat in the legislature of his State, when a very young man, and though he was repeatedly beaten, he continued to press his claims, at every successive election until he became a grandfather. At length, however, he wearied and fatigued the people, until numbers voted for him with the hope that one election would satisfy him, and that thereby they would ever after be freed from his persecution. But the medicine instead of curing increased the disease. He has since been a candidate for Congress, and the world need not be astonished if he should at some future day announce himself for the Presidency of the United States. At least, there is noth-

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ing within the range of human probability more certain, than that if he ever should be elected to Congress, he will next be a candidate for the Presidency.

Capt. Loquacity was a tall well proportioned, genteel behaved man, with an air of assumed dignity about him. He had obtained a smattering of learning, of which he was manifestly very proud. His reading was chiefly of the light order, such as novels, newspapers, historical sketches, &c., to which he added some little smattering of law and theology. He had been a drunkard, a gambler, a blackguard, and then a school teacher; a preacher, a merchant, and then a drunkard and debauchee. But with all those horrible evil practices and habits, he had the unblushing hardihood to become a candidate for a seat in the general assembly of his state. When his name was first announced the community seemed horror-stricken. But, nothing daunted, he set out on an electioneering campaign; and the sequel proved that he was an arrant demagogue.

His appearance was respectable; he possessed a good voice, had some fancy, and was excessively fond of making public harangues. He had learned a great many long, large words, without very distinctly understanding their meaning, many of which he pronounced most barbarously. There was, however, an indescribable something in his manner of speech that caught the fancy of the ignorant. He professed to be a farmer, had a small farm in cultivation; and this circumstance aided him in making captives. He was ambitious and persevering, possessed an unusual share of undaunted impudence; and was troubled but little with that harassing companion of evil doers, *conscience*. He traveled from house to house, over a large district, discussing politics with every man he met; but most generally fishing out, in the first

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place, the opinion of the voter, in order that he might so order his arguments as to suit the taste of those upon whose good opinion his success depended. As soon as he had time and opportunity to form an acquaintance sufficient, he contrived to fill the whole district with slanders upon the character of his opponent; and that too without being known in it himself. He possessed too much cunning to retail slanders himself; his part of the business was to invent and find instruments to circulate. The slanders he propagated were of a kind, and dressed out in a manner, every way calculated to blacken the pospects, as well as character of his adversary. His opinions, as well in his conversations and speeches as in circular letters, were so expressed as to leave a vague ambiguity about them, affording him the liberty of giving whatever explanation suited best his various auditors or readers; and this very often, had the effect to induce the voter to give that construction which was in accordance with his own particular views. In short, there was a kind of double dealing in all that he done. If he mounted a hobby, and the populace seemed to wince, he could slide off of that upon another with the facility of a juggler, and one half of his auditors would swear he had not been on it atall. He often invented the most serious charges against himself, but such as could not be established upon him by proof, pretended they had been put in circulation by his enemies, and then contradicted them, when he knew no person had ever thought of making such charges; and in this manner he diverted public attention from his real vices, and made the impression that he was a most maliciously persecuted man.

Thus did this political swindler beguile and delude the honest unsuspecting populace, and wheedle himself into favor, place and power. He was several times in suc-

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cession, elected to the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee.

Col. Richard Wag was born in the State of Virginia, of poor, but industrious and respectable parents. He was a sprightly boy, but from his cradle, fatally bent on mischief; and many severe castigations did he receive at the hand of his good old father, with the pious hope of reclaiming his truant son from the evil of his ways—but all in vain. Before his back had ceased smarting he would commit a new depredation. He was sent to school as soon as he was of sufficient age and size to commence an education, but at the end of six months he had made such progress as advanced him only to the letter K, in the English alphabet. His father, therefore, despaired of making a learned man of him, and changed his place of education from the school house to the corn field, and plied the lash regularly; being resolved to make him work or give him a taste for books; but this course of discipline had no other effect than that of multiplying the objects of Dick's hatred. He before hated both books and labor, and now, while his antipathy to these was not in the least abated, he religiously despised his father, and cordially abhorred the hickory. After a few years probation, during which Dick displayed great tact and ingenuity in breaking, losing and hiding the farming utensils, the old gentleman determined to employ a new teacher to educate his refractory son. He apprenticed him to a blacksmith in the neighborhood, who was an industrious sober man and a severe master, with a hope that Dick might be trained to some useful occupation, and reclaimed from his evil habits. But Dick's over-topping ambition was not to be conquered thus. The blacksmith's hammers and other tools were continually disappearing, his bellows getting out of order, and, ever and anon, his

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customers' ploughs, axes, mattocks, &c., were lost out of the shop, until at length suspicion fell on Dick; in consequence of which his master gave him a much severer flogging than usual; upon which Dick forthwith absconded, or so concealed himself, that the ordinary number of stripes he had long been accustomed to receive, could not be administered. A long but fruitless search was made for him all around the neighborhood; and he was advertised in the newspapers; but all to no purpose; he could no where be found, either amongst the living or the dead. Dick made good his retreat into the State of North Carolina, and turned gambler, at which he soon became a proficient. From North Carolina he came to Tennessee, and continued the business of gambling pretty industriously, in the mean time, adding the elegant accomplishments of drunkenness and fighting to his former occupation.

Soon after this time, however, the war of 1812, broke out, and our hero determined on becoming a military chieftain. He therefore, put on his knapsack, shouldered his rifle and joined a company of volunteer militia. He was a stout, portly looking man, and withal a great droll; and these accomplishments soon rendered him quite popular with his fellow-soldiers. Indeed, he would have been a great favorite, had it not been, that, to use his own language, he pretty generally *slicked* them out of their pocket change, by the dextrous use of a pack of cards, which he had taken care to slip into his knapsack on setting out from home. He served out his campaign, returned home, was elected a captain of a volunteer company, and in that capacity served a second campaign. He now began to remember the many chastisements he had received in youth, at the hand of his father and the school teacher, with the hope of making him a scholar, but

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which he had so stubbornly disregarded. He therefore determined to make the experiment, whether he could not yet acquire a sufficiency of learning to enable him to sign his name to the necessary orders and other papers, which it was now his official duty to sign. He learned in a very short time to write his name, so that it could be read; and this answered the purpose for the campaign. On his return home, he procured a spelling book, and set about getting an education. In a short time, he acquired some little knowledge of the letters, and how to pronounce them; and in the course of three months, could spell in two syllables.

About this time, an election was coming on for the purpose of electing a Colonel of militia. Our hero resided in a mountain county—the citizens were wild and uncouth in their manners, and Dick had rendered himself conspicuous, as well by his drollery, as by his exploits in the grog-shop and in the tented field. He announced himself as a candidate, and was elected, although he was not even the owner of a horse, to ride to mill, much less upon parade. He lived in a log cabin, or rather hut, was a great hunter, kept a good rifle, five large bear-dogs, a pack of cards, and a keg of whiskey always on hand. Soon after this accession of plumes to Dick's military cap, the regular canvass for members of the General Assembly opened. The Colonel, now flushed with his recent popular victory, became a candidate for the Assembly. At first, even his most devoted admirers despaired of all hope of success; and the better informed portion of the people laughed at and ridiculed his folly. But the Colonel was not constituted of materials that took alarm at every seeming difficulty. He belted on his Sunday hunting-shirt, put a large twist of tobacco in one side of the bo-

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som, a tickler of whiskey in the other, and set out on foot to solicit votes.

He called at the cabins of the citizens, or visited them in their fields, or wherever else he happened to find them —dealt out his tobacco and whiskey very liberally—spoke in high terms of the honest, laboring man, and denounced in most violent epithets, the speculator and political swindler. Wherever night came upon him, there he lodged; whether at the hovel of the poorest, or at the mansion of the wealthiest man in his county. When amongst the poor, he was social, kind and obliging; played with the children, conversed freely with the lady of the house, and assisted the landlord in feeding his stock, cutting wood, making fires, &c. If the family were very poor, or seemed scarce of provisions, he would rise early in the morning, take the rifle from the rack, march into the woods, and kill and bring in a turkey, deer or bear, before he would leave them. When he visited the wealthy, if he was treated with the least neglect, he was certain to handle them in such a manner as to increase his popularity, and bring the offender to sincere repentance; at least, he was sure to repent falling into the hands of Col. Wag.

About the time the Colonel had made the tour of the county, a muster came on, at which a great multitude had assembled. After the military exercises were over, the Colonel's opponent, a young lawyer of very respectable talents and attainments, called the citizens together, and made a very handsome and interesting address; in which he touched upon the subjects of internal improvements, education, &c., together with various topics of local interest. All this was done without taking the least notice of the Colonel. His name was not so much as mentioned in connection with the canvass; for, indeed, the young

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knight of the green-bag did not consider the Colonel as being the least in his way. He had not been around the county, and was not apprised that the Colonel had been making friends almost as fast as the buds open out on the trees of the forest in the spring season of the year. This was known, however, to many of the Colonel's friends, and as they knew he was no orator, they were anxious he should remain silent; but this course did not suit the Colonel's notions of propriety—he was not to be backed out in this way. He therefore ascended the stump, and harangued the crowd as follows:

Gentlemen! my nopponent is a nice young man, but not much perlite. Why, feller-citizens, if I 'd ben a gwine to make a speech, I 'd a had perliteness enough to a teld him about it! and axed him if he wanted to say any thing to the people. Yes, gentlemen, and if I 'd ben as much younger nor him as he is younger nor me, I 'd a axed him if I should speak fust or last. But, feller-citizens, these dandy young lawyers have got to think the is nobody but themselves; and my nopponent thinks the is nobody in this county fit to go to the legislator but himself.

Now, feller-citizens, I know my nopponent is a high larnt young man. His daddy was rich, and sent him to school and teached him to scorn poor folks. My daddy was poor and larnt me to work; or, at least, if he didn't, it wasn't his fault, for when I wouldn't work, he made the hickory work me purty consederably; and he larnt me to think as much of a poor man, if he was honest, as a rich one.

Gentlemen, did this young lawyer, that reposes me, ever help you to roll logs or raise a cabin? No, gentlemen! it would spile his fine close and blister his tender hands! Could he kill a bear, or skin a buck?—no, gen-

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tlemen, he would starve in the woods, with a gun upon his shoulder, and ammunition in his pocket.

Gentlemen, I 'll not brag; but when this young man was rubbin his fine coat agin the wall of a college, or gallantin the gals, I was marchin through the mud, with my knapsack on my back and my gun upon my shoulder, to fight for my country. And, gentlemen, I have fit; and if you 'll send me to the legislator, I 'll do the best I can for you, as I did at the horse-shoe.

But, gentlemen, the is no use in makin a long speech; 'specially as I see my honary nopponent feels licked now. But if you 'll jist walk with me to that are wagin, I guess you 'll find Col. Dick has got a coon-skin or two he 's never spent yet. Come, gentlemen, let 's take a dram, it 's enough to make a hunter dry any time, to have to speak agin a lawyer!

Suiting the action to the word, the Colonel descended from his republican rostrum, and marched to the wagon, followed by the crowd, who instantly raised the shout—"*Hurrah for the Colonel! hurrah for the Colonel!!*" There he and the principal part of the crowd spent the remainder of the evening, very much to the chagrin and disquietude of his opponent; who had now, for the first time, ascertained that he had caught a Tartar. The truth was, the Colonel did not intend to allow his opponent an opportunity of replying to his harangue, and as it was fashionable for candidates to treat the voters, he determined to take this method of preventing a reply, and in the meantime, get the start of his adversary in the business of treating; and he succeeded to his full satisfaction.

From this time forth, the redoubtable Colonel had no farther trouble with his opponent. In the Colonel's own classic language, he was "*used up.*" Nevertheless, the young gentleman labored assiduously, hoping to turn the

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tide of popular opinion in his favor; but his labors were all in vain—the Colonel distanced him.

Having presented our readers with a few isolated instances of electioneering, and a portrait of one or two demagoguical champions, we have concluded now to call the roll of a whole company, and present the important transactions of an entire campaign.

Col. Foxhead and Lawyer Thundergust were candidates for Congress, and Col. Rigmarole and Esquire Dibbledabble were candidates for the State Senate, in a large district, comprising some eight or ten counties, the Senatorial district being pretty nearly as large as the Congressional. In their excursions over this large district, it would so happen, of course, that the candidates for Congress and the State Senate, would frequently fall in company at public places, with the candidates for the lower branch of the General Assembly; and of these there were an host, being in some of the counties, four or five in number. In one of the counties, Esquire Straightcoat and Capt. Broadfoot were contending aspirants; in another, Lawyer Linchittohim and Esquire Fairface were soliciting the suffrages of the good people; in another county, there were Col. Littlesword, Capt. Popgun and Esquire Lowfees; and in another Representative district, composed of two counties, there were Esquire Hidewell, Col. Forlornhope, Col. Loveliquor, Maj. Sagacious, Capt. Millpond and Esquire Backout, all contending for the honors of a seat in the Representative branch of the State Legislature.

The reader may imagine, that when the candidates for Congress, State Senate and Representative, all met at the same public place, there was a mighty war of words, and waste of wind; and so there was. But it so happened, that several of the candidates for the lower branch

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of the Assembly, were not public speakers, and this lessened, in some measure, the tremendous clash and clangor of tongues that were daily going on, in the country.

Col. Foxhead was a man of tolerable homespun appearance, and possessed some little political experience, having been a member of the State Legislature; but he was almost wholly illiterate, being scarcely able to read a paragraph in a newspaper. He was, however, artful, shrewd and cunning—had served a campaign or two in the war—was well skilled in the knowledge of human nature, and no man knew better how to practice upon the prejudices, whims and caprices of the ignorant. He was in stature about five feet ten inches, well proportioned, but stood awkwardly upon his legs, his knees pitching forward, somewhat resembling the position of a blundering horse. His complexion was rather of the florid hue—his hair dark—his dress was coarse, unfashionable, badly made, and fitted him worse.

Lawyer Thundergust seemed to carry the inspiration of his name within him, or otherwise, the fates had decreed that he should wear a name suited to his character; for he delighted in storms and tempests, and was continually blowing a blast wherever he went. He was full six feet high, with bone and muscle in proportion, and weighed about two hundred and forty pounds, being of great portliness in the belt.

About three months preceding the day of election, the candidates for Congress opened the canvass, and the candidates for State Senate followed suit. Col. Rigmarole was a man of fine personal appearance, being about six feet in height, and well proportioned. The expression of his countenance was cheerful, frank and open. He was talkative, mirthful and noisy, and so fond of anecdote, wit and humor, that he would have lost his election, ra-

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ther than have missed a good joke. He possessed some knowledge of men and things, having had considerable experience in various branches of public business, but he was wholly illiterate, with the exception of some smattering of reading, writing and arithmetic, which he had acquired principally by his own attention to study, without the aid of an instructor. He was a man of good native intellect, and, therefore, knew he was not well qualified to make public harangues, and consequently, but seldom attended it. His opponent, however, was the very antipodes of him in every particular.

Esquire Dibbledabble was a little, tight-twisted fellow, measuring about five feet and a half in height. He stood neither straight nor crooked upon his legs, but a little of both, being

"Balanced fair in ilka quarter."

His shoulder joints were large, and seemed to project outwards and upwards from his body—his arms were long, and dangled awkwardly by his sides, swinging a pair of huge, ill-shapen, dirty fists—his back was somewhat crooked, projecting his chest and abdomen forward, and throwing his exterior parts, contiguous to the haunches, about six inches in the rear—his knee joints were of enormous size, when compared with his body and limbs —his feet were of such excessive ponderosity, that they appeared to labor their owner to lift them, insomuch that, when he walked, he seemed to sling them forward like a man carrying a fifty-six at each ancle—his head was in size pretty well proportioned to his body, but rather ill-shapen, with the exception of the forehead, which was somewhat tall and prominent, being rather broader at the summit than the base—his nose was sharp at the point, but swelling out to a more than respectable size in its re-

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ceding march to his upper lip, forming, in the whole, a large end with a pointed summit, and from thence to his forehead, it tapered remarkably, so as to become small and low at its junction with the frontal piece of his cranium —his eyes were remarkably large, rolling and prominent; his mouth large, with loose lips; his cheek-bones high and large; his cheeks prominent and small, presenting a protuberance about the size of the half of an ordinary Irish potato, and this projection was placed on the broadside of the nether jaw-bone; his chin was sharp, and a little projecting, with a wrinkle running around it from each exterior angle of the mouth. His hair was dark, his eyes of a hazle hue, his complexion tawny, the skin of his face thick, and tanned by the scorching rays of the sun. He was vain, conceited and talkative, possessed some cunning, but had not prudence to conceal his plans. He was much inclined to waggery, but had neither intellect or wit sufficient to succeed. He had read some scraps of ancient history, and was continually attempting a display of historic lore, by merely running over a few names, such as Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Palmyra, Balbec, Babylon, Thebes, &c.

It may be well imagined that such a man as Dibbledabble was fond of making a display of his smartness, and truly he was; although he was wholly ignorant of politics, law and religion. He had, however, an everlasting propensity to talk, and talk he would whether he was listened to or not; but as he had no correct knowledge of language, grammar or pronunciation, he was perpetually butchering the English language most barbarously.

The county where the candidates for Congress and State Senate first fell into the campaign together, was that in which Lawyer Linchittohim and Squire Fairface

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were opponents. Fairface was a diffident, ignorant man, unassuming in his appearance, though aspiring; but he was a man of tolerable understanding and great prudence. He knew full well his want of capacity to appear in a public address before the people, and therefore wisely declined it. Linchittohim, on the other hand, was a noisy, boisterous, hot-headed lawyer, and relied much for success, upon his capacity for public harangues; but nevertheless he was artful and cunning.—An appointment for the candidates to address the people had been made, and therefore, as soon as Linchittohim saw his opponent on the ground, he politely invited him to take part in the discussion of the day; and offered to yield the preference to and allow his opponent to choose whether he would precede or follow him in the debate. This was done publicly, but Fairface declined making a public address, saying he was not accustomed to it, and thought, moreover, that too much time was employed in talking and not enough in doing.

When the hour for speaking arrived, it fell on Thundergust to lead the van, roll up the curtain and present the first scene of the exciting drama. This was exactly in accordance with his wishes. He was excessively vain and relied much upon his oratorical powers. He was a man of pretty extensive reading, and general information, with, indeed, some pretensions to literature. He possessed considerable genius, united with a brilliant, but eccentric, fancy. He had an easy command of language, and on some occasions made very interesting harangues; but most frequently, his eccentric, wild and incoherent flights of fancy, and vain, egotistical allusions were so commingled with the discourse as to mar its beauty. On the occasion of which we are speaking, however, he made one of his ablest and most happy efforts.

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He spoke of the condition of the country, its rapid advancement in population, wealth, agriculture and commerce; the improved condition of the citizens; the progress of the arts and sciences and the march of mind, &c.. And then drew a bold and striking contrast, between the then state of things, and those that existed during the revolutionary struggle, when our ancestors were beard-ing the British Lion in his lair, and contending with the most powerful nation of the earth for liberty of conscience and the right of representation. He then held up in bold and brilliant colors, the wisdom, patriotism, and valor of the heroes and sages of the revolution, and exhorted his countrymen to emulate their patriotic example. He spoke of the admirable frame of government transmitted to us by the immortal sages of the revolution, and reminded his audience that the same wisdom and patriotism that framed, was necessary to administer safely and prosperously our free and happy government.

He then discussed the constitutional powers of the federal government, in relation to the subject of internal improvements; advocated the power, and argued the necessity and policy of the federal government, removing the obstruction from the Tennessee river. Contended it was a matter of great national as well as local importance, and one that demanded the earliest and most ardent attention of their representative in Congress, who ever he might be, and one that claimed the parental patronage of the national legislature. He spoke of the commercial importance of that grand and beautiful stream, and also of the high necessity of clearing out the few, but formidable, obstructions then to be found in its channel, for the purpose of opening a grand highway for the transportation of men and munitions to the city of New Orleans, in the event of another war. Adverted to

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the fact that the greatest number of Tennesseans who participated in the glorious victory of our arms over the British forces, on the 8th of January, 1815, were transported to the scene of action on the broad bosom of that very stream in flat bottomed boats, having been embarked below the obstructions. And here he remarked that, in all human probability, without the aid of the Tennessee troops, the flourishing and growing city of New Orleans, the proud metropolis, and mart of southern and western commerce, would have been wrapped in flames, the smoke of her ruin blackened the heavens, and the ashes of her desolation only have remained to mark where once stood her lofty domes and splendid edifices.

He then spoke of connecting the navigation of the Tennessee waters with those of the Coosa by means of a Canal—of the establishing a national armory on the south-western waters; and also of various other topics both of general and local importance, and finally concluded with a peroration, interspersed with towering and brilliant flights of fancy; presenting in bold and vivid colors the prospective grandeur and greatness of the American nation, and the prosperity of the citizens, provided her government continued to be administered with the same prudence, patriotism, wisdom and forecast as that manifested in its organization; and then from the topmost heights of fancied prosperity, grandeur and happiness, he gracefully descended, overturning the political landscape in his downward flight, and presenting the opposite side of the drawing, strewed with the wrecks of national ruin and covered with an oppressed, wretched and miserable population, the slaves and serfs of tyrants and despots, provided the administration of the government should ever be committed to weak or wicked hands.

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At the conclusion of his address he thanked the audience very politely, for the marked attention they had bestowed on the subjects he had presented to their consideration, and making a graceful bow, took his seat.

It was very manifest that Thundergust had made a deep and powerful impression, but Foxhead was a shrewd, artful man, and understood well his own powers as well as his defects; he knew he was wholly incapable of raising a wind to contend successfully with a thundergust, and therefore he wisely determined to waft along with the gale and let fall a cooling shower on the way. In other words, he saw that it was necessary to fall in with the same creed and preach from a parallel text. He therefore addressed the audience to the following effect:

Feller-citizens: It is known to you all that I am not in the habit of public speakin; I live on my farm and work like the rest a you. I'm not like my honorable opponent, he's a lawyer and trained to the bar; its his business to git his liven by talkin, I git mine like the most of you do, by hard labor. It aint to be expected, feller-citizens, that I can make as eloquent a speech as my honorable opponent; but I think I can tell you what you want. I think I know the intrust of the poor laboren people, and it is them *I expect* to legislate for, for it is them that needs legislation; the rich don't need protection, they can live any where, under any government, by means of their wealth. It is the poor laboren people that needs protection, and its them that desarves it, for they supports the government. The farmer tils the sile and feeds all natur. And they are the men, gentlemen, that fights your battles. The rich and the great dont fight for the country—if they do they get well paid for it—they go as an officer and not as a soldier—they don't

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carry a knapsack and a gun—they carry a sword. 'Tis the farmers, gentlemen, that fights for the country, and they are the strength of every government. And these are the men I feel for, for I git my liven the same way—by workin the yeath. And I, in common with a great many of you, sarved my country in the last war.—Though I was a Colonel at home I went out as a private. But the people was good to me—they always have been good to me—a vacancy happened and I was elected a Captain, and afterwards another vacancy happened and I was elected a Colonel, it is true, before I got home; but I went out as a private and expected to sarve as a private; but the kindness of the men promoted me. I was very thankful for it, gentlemen—I'm like most of men, I like promotion when I can git it honorably. And I have no doubt I have had more than I desarved; but I was always thankful. No man can say I ever was ungrateful. And, feller-citizens, I always tried to do my duty; and I never was complained on that I know of—if there was any complaints I never heard them.

Now, feller-citizens, I agree with my honorable opponent on the subject of internal improvement. I think the government is bound to make every improvement in the country they can. And, I think we, here, in this country, ought to have something done for us. They've bin a spendin the public money at the North, along the seaboard, but we've got none; and I think its time some of the public money should be laid out among us; and if I git to Congress, gentlemen, I shall strive to obtain all for you that my honorable opponent has promised you. I'm in favor of cleanin out the rivers, and I'm in favor of connectin our navigable streams by canals. I'm also in

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favor, gentlemen, of havin a national armory established on the western waters. Its a subject that's bin long talked of; and where's a more suitable place for it than in Tennessee? Here we have the iron and the coal, and fine seats and every thing else necessary. If I git to Congress, gentlemen, I shall strive to have all this done. I don't know that I can do any of them; for I'll be but one man among upwards of two hundred; but I'll try to have it done—I'll do my best for you.

As I said, gentlemen, when I fust got up, I'm not much in the habit of public speakin, and, therefore, cant give you my views, in as flowry a manner as my honorable opponent. But I've tried to give you my sentiments in my broken way. I think its right. Its nothing more than you are entitled to. Every candidate should tell the people in some way what he thinks of the public policy of the country. I've nothin furder to say, gentlemen, only to thank you, for your attention, and if I git your votes rest assured I shall be much more thankful.

He then took his seat, with apparent self complacency, for it was already visible that he had, to a considerably extent, quieted the hurricane blown up by Thundergust.

Col. Rigmarole now rose, assuming a playful and humorous countenance and attitude, and addressed the assembly as follows:

Gentlemen: I'm *no orator*, and, therefore dont rely, for success, on set speeches. I rely, gentlemen, on my fine personal appearance, genteel deportment, good sense, honesty and business habits. I should not, gentlemen, under ordinary circumstances, have said anything in relation to my personal appearance, but, (pointing at his opponent) being opposed, as I am, by that tall

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portly, dignified looking gentleman, it is absolutely necessary to remind you, occasionally, that I'm not a bad looking man myself.

This speech was uttered in a moment, and produced universal roars of laughter, at the expense of Dibbledabble. It was, however, a very imprudent flourish on the part of Rigmarole, but he was determined to have a little amusement, even though he should loose the election in consequence of it.

As soon as the laughter had ceased, and the assembly had become quiet, Dibbledabble arose, and took his position, with his right foot placed about twelve inches in advance of the left, his left arm akimbo, his hand resting upon his haunch, and his right hand grasping the railing of the banistering before him. After rolling up his large round eyes with a sort of vacant stare, something like a sheep at a lick-log without salt, he commenced his harrangue as follows:

Feller-citizens: the Colonel seems to want for to make fun of me, because I aint big and purty like he is; but gentlemen if my opponent and the sovring people of this district will jist agree to let me have all the ugly men's votes, then he may brag about his beauty just as long and as much as he pleases. The constitution don't provide, gentlemen, that you shall elect either the biggest and purtiest man in the district, or the least and ugliest one; if it did, I don't expect either the Colonel or me arry one would have offered. But if the Colonel will try and git along with his beauty, I'll try to git along with my ugly. He doesn't have to carry my face nor I his, thank God, for I should hate to carry his face unless I was a good-eal bigger than I am.

As to his sense and business habits, that he brags of, I don't know that he has much more to brag of than my-

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self. I live in the mountain, gentlemen, and haven't had much chance to be smart; but he lives in town and therefore thinks he's smart whether he is or no. I expect there is narry one of us smarter than we ort to be. All I've got to say on this subject, gentlemen, is, of the two evils choose the *least*, and I'll be satisfied.

There is three separate intrusts in the country, gentlemen; the farmin intrust, the specalatin intrust, and the lawyer intrust, and we don't want but one of these intrusts, and that's the farmin. I want the laws made so the speculators and lawyers will have for to go to work.

Gentlemen, I didn't intend for to make a long speech when I got up. If you elect me I go for lowerin the high salaries and makin the laws so the common people can understand 'em without *feein* a lawyer, and let the lawyers and speculators go to work.

So saying, he made an awkward bow, unkimboed his arm and sat down. And though this harangue had nothing like political sense about it, yet the imprudence of Rigmarole and the way Dibbledabble handled him, gave the ugly little gentleman the advantage and made him some friends.

Lawyer Linchittohim now appeared on the rostrum. He was a tall, slender built man, with light hair and eyes, and his complexion somewhat florid. He was poor, had formerly been a mechanic, and made his way to the bar by his own industry, without the aid of any friends or even an education. He knew his opponent could not make a public speech, and if he attempted it he would be certain to loose ground by it, and therefore he was very anxious to force him out; for Fairface was well known to the citizens of the county, was popular, and it was important to reduce his popularity. Linchittohim, began his address in a mild strain, affecting to entertain for

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his opponent the highest respect; but argued the propriety and necessity of a candidate's making known his political sentiments and the principles by which he would be governed in the event he should be elected. He then proceeded to give his own views, at some length, and concluded with an appeal to the voters to compel his opponent to proclaim to the people, whose suffrages he was seeking, the principles by which he intended to be governed and the course of policy he intended to pursue.

But all was in vain! Fairface preferred risking his fortunes on a still hunt—did so risk them, and was in the end defeated; Linchittohim beating him something more than one hundred votes.

At the conclusion of the last address, the day's toil being done, the candidates and voters, retired to a grocery, hard by—the candidates treated the voters liberally on *bald-face*, not forgetting to take a large glass of the delicious soul-stirring nectar themselves. After the lapse of something like an hour, the most respectable and prudent portion of the crowd, took up the line of march for their respective homes, and the candidates retreated to their lodgings. A debate then soon commenced amongst the inspired sovereigns, in relation to the merits of the respective candidates, which, waxing warmer and warmer, finally terminated, not in a war of words and loss of wind, but in hard knocks, gouged eyes, bloody noses and the loss of several fingers and ears. After the battle, Dibbledabble repaired to the grocery, offered himself as mediator, and hoisted a gallon of bald-face as a flag of truce; whereupon the belligerants agreed to cease hostilities, shook hands, made friends, and administered again upon bald-face. Dibbledabble then retired, leaving the reconciled armies bivouaced upon the bloody field of their glory.

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On the succeeding morning, the candidates each set off, solitary and alone, except Thundergust and Rigmarole, who, being kindred spirits, determined to travel in company. Dibbledabble took a blind by-path into the country settlements, and spent the day in prowling about the new-ground clearings, visiting log-rollings and still-houses. Foxhead set off very early, in a western direction, traveled about three miles, then broke to the right, at a right-angle, traveled a mile farther, then made another wheel at a right-angle, and traveled the balance of the day towards the east. This subterfuge was resorted to, in order to prevent Thundergust from following in his wake and demolishing his work. This cunning device was, however, wholly unnecessary; for Thundergust never so much as thought of pursuing him. He did not rely much upon his skill at still-hunting, but was content to demolish Foxhead at every public meeting of the people where he met with him; and this he always imagined he succeeded in doing, whether the fact warranted the conclusion or not. On the other hand, Foxhead relied, and with reason, upon his skill and tact at a still-hunt. He never failed to capture a portion of the game he discovered in every day's hunt. His plan was to lay the bait cautiously, and let the voter nibble at it, without letting him know that he designed to use it. If the first offer did not seem to suit the palate of the voter, he decoyed him into a conversation, and then remaining silent himself, except merely throwing in now and then, a kind of indifferent, non-committal expression, in order to stimulate the voter's expression of opinion; and in this way, he would completely fathom him to the bottom; and when he had thus extracted the opinions of his intended victim, if those opinions were in accordance with his own, he would heartily concur, but if they were not, he would

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so manage the conversation, as to induce the belief that he concurred, without uttering a word that could even be tortured into an express committal. It was a cardinal point with him, never to contradict, or dispute with any man, unless he was an open and violent political enemy, past all hope of reclaiming.

But we must now return, and record the doings of Linchittohim and Fairface. Fairface set off early, without giving any clue by which his route could even be guessed at, as he thought. His opponent tarried an hour, set a spy upon Fairface, and being informed of the route he had taken, followed in his wake, unraveling his well-wrought political net-work, as fast as he wove it; and thus he continued close at the heels of the unsuspecting Fairface, for the space of ten days, before he received any information that his wily adversary was thus trailing him. When he received the unwelcome intelligence, he dashed off at a rapid pace, winding and meandering in every direction, and boxing every point of the compass, for the space of some ten or twelve hours, and then tacked back, to ascertain the condition of things in the rear; when, to his utter confusion, he found the whole populace in an uproar, and his fine-wove web of policy not only rent and raveled, but also a boisterous and unmanageable excitement created against him. He determined, however, to roll back the tide, if possible, and went industriously to work, supposing he had now made good his escape from his troublesome pursuer; but lo! in the course of three short days, he received information that Linchittohim was close at his back again, tearing asunder all his cob-wob schemes, for such they were, before the master-hand of Linchittohim. Struck with astonishment, his eye-balls glared wonders, his cheeks turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he determined to make one more ef-

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fort to rid himself of this horrible annoyance in the rear; he therefore dashed off at a right-angle, traveled about ten miles, then halted at the house of a friend, and there tarried an entire day. This subterfuge, however, was of no avail. His troublesome companion was not to be shaken off by any such contrivance. He very shortly ascertained that his unrelenting adversary was in the immediate vicinity, reconnoitering his encampment. He therefore dispaired of all hope of escaping the pursuit of his annoying and pestiferous enemy; and acting upon the maxim that there is no remedy for necessity, he resumed his march in the front rank, and so continued until the day of election, when Linchittohim dashed ahead, and led out a full distance.

Thundergust and Rigmarole traveled leisurely along the main highway, occasionally calling at public places, where they found a few of the sovereigns assembled, until they reached an adjoining county, where court was to sit the succeeding week. Foxhead kept on the scout every day, searching assiduously for new game; and did not arrive at the court-house until Monday morning.—Dibbledabble, so soon as he escaped from his own county, where the battle had begun, was an entire stranger, and therefore spent his time, until the sitting of the court, in slyly putting in circulation slanderous stories upon his opponent. He affected to be a traveler, and by hints, inuendoes, and statements of reports which he pretended he had heard in passing through the country, he published a whole volume of black calumnies upon the credulous, self-confident, unsuspecting Rigmarole. All this was done in conversation held with ladies and boys, who would likely not see the redoubtable Dibbledabble again until after the election.

On Monday of the court, the populace came thronging

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in by crowds, for it had been circulated in the country, that the candidates on that day would address the citizens. But here we must pause a moment to complete our roll-call, for we forgot to inform the reader, that in this county, Lawyer Logical, Capt. Doublegabble, Dr. Primp and Esquire Slouchabout, were all candidates for the lower house of the Assembly.

Lawyer Logical was a tall, genteel, well dressed man. His talents were above mediocrity, and he was a profound scholar; but had always confined himself closely to his books and professional pursuits, and therefore, was not well versed in the great volume of human nature.

Capt. Doublegabble was perfectly *sui generis*, in every particular. He was about six feet high, of brawny limb and corpulent body; his natural complexion was slightly dark, but he had rendered it florid by swallowing a few large potions of *bald-face;* his phiz was large, with impudence and deceit imprinted in every lineament; his head was large, but of a most remarkable shape, being flatted on each side, and from the temples to the occiput, the conjugate diameter becoming less, so that what is commonly denominated the poll of the head, in his, was the edge. He possessed considerable native intellect, and a goodly portion of tact, but was reckless and imprudent. He was well skilled in the knowledge of human nature, but wholly ignorant of books.

Dr. Primp was a tall, straight, starchy, delicate, dandy looking biped; effeminate in appearance, and affected in manner. His complexion was fair and florid; and, taken altogether, he was quite a womanish looking masculine; and had he been rigged out in fine petticoats, shawl, cap, bonnet and slippers, he might have been passed off, at least in the streets or at church, for an oversized lady. He had some pretensions in scholastic lore, knew how to

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administer a dose of calomel, and was said to be a pretty successful man-midwife; but he was utterly ignorant of human nature, history, politics and law.

Esquire Slouchabout was a plain, old-fashioned, good-natured, ignorant dolt, who had never traveled alone farther from his dwelling than to the nearest still-house, mill or church. He knew nothing of any body or thing, but was gifted with a kind of low cunning, combined with a sort of animal instinct, which nature seemed to have conferred upon him in the lieu of intellect.

At noon, the court suspended, for the remainder of the day, all judicial proceedings, and surrendered the court-house to the candidates and the people. The candidates took their dinners, and marched up to the contest, filled with rich viands and sweet-meats, washed down with bald-face, each flushed with rainbow-hopes of victory.

It was now Foxhead's time to take the lead, which he very much disliked; but Thundergust insisted that they should take it time-about; lead and drive and drive and lead. As soon as the candidates entered the court-house, it was filled to overflowing; and Foxhead having ascended the justice's bench, took a drink of water, cleared up his throat with a loud *ahem!* and commenced his address. He battled about as usual, committing a thousand blunders, both in pronunciation and grammar. But, nevertheless, he contrived to throw out a hook or a grapple to catch upon the prejudices, whims and passions of the great mass of the populace, for every literary blunder he made. His speech was short.

Thundergust followed, in his usual style; but this effort was not one of his ablest. Whether it was the rich dinner he had just taken, the bald-face he had so recently swallowed, or some evil genius, that fomented his vanity and egotism, never was known. But certain it was, that

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he let fall a very considerable shower of indirect denunciations of the ignorance and imbecility of his opponent, and uttered not a few pretty high-wrought encomiums upon his own exalted intellectual powers and extensive intelligence. He, however, made a very respectable address, and discussed with ability many important constitutional and political questions; and, as he was well known, his display of vanity and egotism did not affect his popularity; for the people were so accustomed to it, that if he had failed to distribute a sprinkle of these commodities amongst them, they would hardly have been satisfied with the speech.

Rigmarole and Dibbledabble both declined addressing the people on this occasion; and this at once gave room for the county candidates.

Lawyer Logical appeared first on the rostrum, and made a very able, manly and dignified address. He discussed, with much ability, various subjects of general and local interest; elucidating, with great clearness, the principles of republican government, and enforcing the policy of the measures he proposed, by the most ingenious, powerful and interesting arguments.

Dr. Primp next presented himself, standing in an erect posture, his right heel against the hollow of the left foot, the toe turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees, his left arm thrown gracefully across his back, under his coat, the hand grasping the right skirt, and his right hand grasping the banister-railing in front of him; and addressed the assembled sovereigns as follows:

Fellow-citizens: I had not intended to become a candidate, but I have been solicited from so many parts of the county, that I was obliged to yield. Just the other day, I received a letter from Crooked Creek, and before that, I had been written to from Panther Hollow, from Possum

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Creek, Shoal Creek and Scrougeabout, all pressing me to become a candidate. Letters from all the different quarters of the county, gentlemen; and how could I withstand it? I was obliged to consent, gentlemen. I did not want to be a candidate, gentlemen. I wanted to attend to my practice; and I shall lose money by it, gentlemen. My practice would be worth at the least calculation, one thousand dollars, while I shall be in the Legislature. But you have patronised me, and given me an extensive practice, and now I must give up my interest for a short time, for the benefit of my friends. But I am honest, gentlemen; I did not wish to be a candidate, because I thought the people needed my services as a physician; and I thought it was my duty to let them have them. But, fellow-citizens, when my friends want my services in any capacity which they choose to designate, I am bound to serve them. And, gentlemen, I have paid some attention to public business; I was once a justice of the peace, for several years, during which time I rendered some fifteen hundred judgments; and there never was an appeal taken, but what my judgment was confirmed, when the suit got into court.

As to my views, gentlemen, of public matters, I should like you to instruct me; but I shall write you a circular, in which I will place my views; but when you see them, it is to be understood, that they are subject to your instructions. If you instruct me otherwise, I shall yield my views for yours.

The Doctor then made a polite bow, and resumed his seat.

The truth was, he had been most villainously humbugged. A parcel of wags, in the town where he lived, had written all the letters he mentioned, and procured him to become a candidate, after the race was pretty

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nearly half run. But this artifice establishes a standard by which the size of the Doctor's intellectual calibre can be pretty correctly ascertained, for every one of those letters were anonymous.

Capt. Doublegabble now rose, and spoke to the following effect:

Fella-citizens: I don't know what is to become of me. I have jist got so that I can manage the lawyer and his books, and now, here comes this Doctor (pointing at him) *poking* his *caluma* and *assnic* at me. I don't think it's fair. I hev had trouble enough with the lawyer and his books; for he's a troublesome fella; and him and his books is hard to answer; but I've got used to him now, and I kin answer him, but he runs me in the night sometimes with his books and long speeches, so that I hev to carry pine-knots in my saddle-bags to make a light to see how to folla him. And now, when I've jist got so I kin manage him, to be settin this Doctor on me, with his *caluma* and *lodama* and *assnic*, I don't think it's fair. I *don't* want to be *pison'd!* I hope the Doctor won't think hard of me. I don't want to hurt the dilicate gentleman's feelins, but I must defend myself; and whoever advised him out, had better bin doin somethin else; for he can't be elected; and, if he knowed as much about the people as I do, he would know it. He may trouble me, and git votes enough to elect the lawyer, but can't be elected himself, I kin tell him. And he'd better take my advice, and quit now, or he'll hev his dilicate feelins worse hurt than I shall hurt them. And I don't want to hurt his feelins, for I always liked him; but I think he'd better stay where he is, he kin make a livin at that. I've always heard he was a good Doctor, specially among the women; and I advise him to stick to his practice, and let me alone. If inny buddy advised him to offer, it was

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jist to beat me; it wusn't to elect him; for they know better; they know he can't be illected.

But, gentlemen, I must leave my dear, dilicate Doctor, well as I love him, and try to answer the lawyer and his books. I know he has the advantage of me with his books. If it wusn't for his books, I could manage him very easy. But I must take him books and all, and I'll try to manage them both.

He then proceeded to answer the lawyer's arguments, in his own peculiar manner and style, throwing out a good deal of waggery, and now and then a little venom, as he passed on; and concluded with an appeal to the sympathies of the people, on account of past services, old friendships, kindness, personal favors, &c. Which was, every thing considered, executed with ability, and well calculated to catch votes.

As for Esquire Slouchabout, he was not forthcoming; he had gone off, we suppose, influenced by the inspirations of his animal instinct, into the country; and was there prowling about amongst the hills, catching stragglers. And so he continued prowling, until the day of election, nor could he ever be prevailed upon to meet his adversaries at any point; but on that day, he did meet and vanquish them; for he was elected by a handsome majority.

During the discussions, Dibbledabble was reconnoitering the taverns and grog-shops, talking politics busily. Rigmarole took a retired seat in the court house, leaned his huge back against the wall, and there he sat, occasionally shaking his sides with laughter, as utterly unconcerned as if he had been in no wise connected with the exciting canvass going on.

At the close of the day's proceedings, the candidates for Congress, accompanied by Rigmarole, retired to a

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tavern, Logical to his office, and Primp to his drug-shop, leaving Dibbledabble and Doublegabble in the street, amongst the people. It was now growing late, no general treat of ardent spirits was thrown out, and the principal part of the crowd soon dispersed. There was no blood shed, or ears lost, on that day.

Dibbledabble managed to form an acquaintance with a pious old gentleman from the country, by pretending to be religiously inclined, and particularly fond of the tenets of the church to which the good old man was attached; and by this means, procured an invitation home with him, and thus saved his tavern bill. Doublegabble continued scouting about the groceries until a late hour, and then set off for his residence in the country.

Early next morning, the candidates, who had gone to the country, returned to town; and the whole squad remained during the day. Dibbledabble and Doublegabble paid their respects to the grog-shops, and treated the citizens pretty liberally to bald-face; and, of course, a goodly number of them became pretty jolly. Towards the heel of the day, the inspirations of democracy began to stir within them, and consequently, a debate arose in relation to the respective merits and probabilities of success of the various candidates. Jim Jolter swore he would stick to Capt. Doublegabble as long as there was a button on his coat or a hair upon his head. George Undershot swore he would stick to him any how, coat or no coat, hair or no hair. Whereupon, Dick Pelter swore he would bet ten dollars that Esquire Slouchabout would lick him; George swore Slouchabout could do no such thing; Dick gave him the d——d lie, and George floored him, and leaped upon him. Then they had it, rough and scruff, rolling and tumbling, biting and gouging, up and down, round and round, kicking and pelting. The friends of

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the combatants made a general rally, shouting "*hurrah Dick! hurrah George!—fair play! fair play!—no man touch!*" both parties, all the while, showing all the foul play they could; by means whereof other contests ensued, until the battle became general, and clubs, brick-bats and stones were flying in every direction.—Fortunately, however, no lives were lost; but heads were gashed, ribs broken, and backs and sides bruised. No one could tell who had the victory, except Undershot drubbed Pelter, at the expense of a severe gouging, two broken ribs and three bitten fingers.

It so happened, that some of the grand jurors, who had hitherto formed a pretty familiar acquaintance with *Lord Baldface*, were present when the battle commenced, and witnessed the whole contest; in consequence of which unfortunate occurrence, the whole gang were presented in court the next day; and not a few of them paid for their frolic, in the end, by being committed to prison, and taking the oath of insolvency.

During the third day of the court, all the aspirants, except those for the county, left, and set off in different directions. Foxhead and Thundergust agreed to make their next pitched battle in a county without the Senatorial district, and this, of course, separated them, for a time, from Rigmarole and Dibbledabble. Dibbledabble continued, as he passed through the country, to retail slanders upon his opponent, in the manner before described. Rigmarole traveled leisurely, from one public place to another, and the election was pretty nearly at hand, before he even ascertained that the country was filled with slanders against him.

Foxhead and Thundergust met the next week at the place appointed, court being in session there also. Here they met with a new detachment of candidates. Col.

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Lofty and Col. Smoothhead were the candidates for the Senate, while Gen. Bombshell, Col. Creepabout, Esquire Sledgehammer and Dr. Pokeberry, were all contending for the honors of a seat in the lower branch of the General Assembly. Col. Lofty was a tall, portly, well-proportioned, fine looking man, about fifty years of age, with dark complexion, bold, manly features, and dignified deportment. He was, professionally and practically, a lawyer, a man of experience, learning and general intelligence.

Col. Smoothhead was tall, portly, and apparently unassuming. His complexion was slightly dark, but florid. He possessed some experience amongst mankind, and some general intelligence, but had no pretensions to literature.

Gen. Bombshell was, apparently, about the age of thirty years, and a lawyer by profession. He was about the middle size, well-proportioned, dressed very neat, was dignified, but rather pompous in his manners. He possessed some general information, was gifted with a vigorous, active intellect, and bold fancy; but his mind was not well disciplined; and he was, moreover, very irritable.

Col. Creepabout was a slow-motioned, poking old man, of about fifty years of age, in height about five feet nine inches, with a head as bald as a pealed onion, down to his ears. He was stupid and ignorant, but conceity and cunning. His complexion was tawny, and the expression of his countenance a perfect compound of ignorance and vanity.

Esquire Sledgehammer was a man of masterly magnitude. He stood about six feet three inches; his body and limbs rather over-proportioned in size, to his height. He was neither lean nor corpulent, but mid-way between.

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His head was nearly as large as his anvil, (he was a blacksmith) and not unlike it in shape, if the horn had been broken off, and an ear stuck on each side, about the size of a common pan-cake. His feet were about the size and shape of an old-fashioned oblong Virginia stool, and his fists would have weighed about ten pounds each. His complexion was altogether florid, his eyes dark, large and rolling. His features were remárkably coarse and large, and the expression of his countenance a perfect landscape of stupidity and ignorance.

Dr. Pokeberry was a well-dressed, genteel looking man, when sitting or standing without being spoken to; but when in conversation, he exhibited an odd, restless, frisky, silly, vain, pompous gesticulation and manner, that rendered him ridiculous. He was about five feet eight inches in height, and remarkably well proportioned. His complexion was dark, features bold and handsome, and his countenance full of sprightliness. He was well versed in the knowledge of human nature, and had some general information in relation to men and things; but was no scholar, nor had he any information in relation to law or politics. He was, however, a man of vigorous and sprightly intellect.

Appointments had also been made at this place for the candidates to address the citizens, but without any information that the candidates for Congress would be present; and therefore, Foxhead and Thundergust politely declined addressing the people on the first day of the court, and agreed to make their speeches on some subsequent day, so as not to interfere with the arrangements of the other candidates.

At 12 o'clock, the court adjourned until the succeeding morning, and as soon as dinner was over, the candidates repaired to the court-house, followed by the multitude.

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The order of debate was so arranged, as to allow the candidates for the lower house of Assembly, to fight their battle in advance; and as most of them seemed to manifest a little delicacy in firing the first gun, Pokeberry, who was never wanting in the admirable virtue of impudence, volunteered to make the first charge, and bring on the conflict. And a conflict he did bring on, most successfully, for he charged upon the whole phalanx, and affecting to consider each and every one of his opponents as his peculiar enemies, combined together to make common cause in his destruction, he so directed his blows as to set the whole platoon by the ears with each other. He charged Bombshell with procuring Sledgehammer to become a candidate, Sledgehammer with procuring Creepabout, and Creepabout with bringing out Bombshell.

After he disposed of personal affairs, he proceeded to discuss the measures of policy presented by his adversaries, disagreeing entirely with each and every one of them.

He argued that Tennessee ought not to remove the obstructions in her navigable streams, because it would let in the products from other States, and produce a competition in our markets that would break down and ruin our farmers. He scouted the idea of attempting to establish a system of common education, because we had not sufficient funds, and by attempting it too soon, would waste the funds, and produce no beneficial effect. He urged the policy and propriety of vesting the funds in some stocks to yield an increase, and so keep them growing, until we should have a sum sufficient. He insisted the schemes and projects presented by his opponents were mere humbugs to cheat and gull the people; and that all we could expect, under the then existing circumstances, and all that should be attempted, was wise and prudent legislation upon ordinary subjects of internal and local

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expediency and policy. He then concluded with a pretty ingeniously wrought appeal to the passions of the populace, made his bow, and took his seat.

Col. Creepabout next dashed out to break a lance upon the Doctor. He proceeded as follows:

Feller-citizens: The Doctor is *mighty* smart. He has drownded me in a spoonful a water, but I reckin as how I'll come too without bein obliged to imploy him to doctor me. He says I got the Gineral to offer. Now I deny that I did. To be sure I didn't care how many on 'em run, as they were all outen my county. As long as I kin have me own county to meself, I shan't trubble meself 'bout gittin any on 'em out, or keepin any on 'em back. The Gineral did ax me if I was gwine to offer, and I told him I didn't know that I should, and that he mout offer if he wanted to; but I didn't tell him I want a gwine to offer if he did.

As to public matters, gentlemen, I think we had ort to have the rivers cleaned out; and I don't want all the money spent on the rivers that runs by the big towns, nether; I want some on it spent on our river. And as to the subject of edecation, that's one a the highest noportance, and I think, one that desarves to be 'tended to. I feel the want on it, gentlemen. I know I haint got not much larnin, but I've got enough to know the want on it. If you elect me, gentlemen, I shall do all that I kin for the permotion of larnin and edecation; 'specially among the poor, and the olfin children of the country. Thanky, gentlemen, for your perlite detention; and if you vote for me, I'll thank you a heap more.

He then took his seat, manifesting by his countenance that he had, in his own opinion, completely demolished Pokeberry, if, indeed, he had not entirely extirminated the whole host of his opponents.

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Sledgehammer next came forward, and planted himself squarely upon his extensive land-trampers, threw his enormous head somewhat backwards, so as to project his mountain breast and capacious heaving chest in front, seized the railing in front of him with his left hand, and clenched his right fist as though he was preparing to wield his smith's hammer, and spoke to the following effect:

Feller-citizens: I'm not in the habits a public speakin; but I think its the duty of every man as offers himself to go to the legislator, for to make laws for you, to explay his public sentimentals on all generalities of political subjecs, of comportance that is most likeliest to come under his officious divestigations. Feller-citizens, I'm an advercate for the improvin on the navigatibleness of our navigating streams. I think this the only way we ken permotion the commershical intrust a the country.—Though the Doctor says, as how, this will ruin the country, cause it will let in the perduce from other States and create a commotion in our markets; but for my part I can't see as how it will.

As to perducin the Colonel to offer agin the Doctor, I didn't do it. Its true enough I didn't expect to git many votes in his county, cause I was not much knowin there. I did tell the Colonel I didn't care if he did offer, for I thought I could beat the Gineral in our county, but he mout beat me in tother; and I'd as lief to be beat by the Colonel as by the Gineral, if I was to be beat. But I never thought a the Doctor. I wasn't afeard a his beaten me. This is all, gentlemen, ever I sed about it. I didn't persuade the Colonel to run.

I bleive, gentlemen, I've now told you my views on the most comportant tropics that is most likeliest to docopy the detention of your perceeding Gineral Assembly; and I shall thenceforth come to a clusion by obsarvin

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that if, in your kind displeasure you should infer on me a deficiency of your suffrances to disable me to take a seat in the floor of your legislator, such compacity as I express shall at all times be explayed for the permoten a your best intrusts. I've nothin furder, gentlemen. I thanky you for your obligen detention, and shall feel under allegations for your sufferances.

The assembled multitude looked unutterable things, during this grand and extraordinary display. The orator took his seat, manifestly pleased with the deep and powerful impression, he imagined he had made upon his audience.

General Bombshell now came forward, and let off a tremendous explosion, scattering fire and thunder in every direction. He denounced Pokeberry in bold and violent terms. Said it was wholly ridiculous to talk about bringing out a candidate to divide the Doctor's interest, he had no interest to divide. He thought it very doubtful whether the Doctor could be elected if he had no opposition. He had no hand in bringing out Sledgehammer. He had said he had no objections to his being a candidate if he chose; but that was long after Sledgehammer was announced, and therefore could not have had any influence in bringing him out. As to Col. Creepabout, he considered the Colonel had treated him badly. The Col. had promised him not to be a candidate, provided he (Bombshell) was; but this the Colonel now chooses to deny, which had given him a different opinion of the Colonel from that which he formerly entertained. He left him, however, to settle the propriety of such conduct with his own conscience and with his God.

As it regarded the Doctor's whimsical notion of ruining the country by improving the natural channels of commercial intercourse with our neighbors, that was a

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grand discovery reserved for the gigantic intellect and more than human forecast of this modern Esculapius, both of medicine and political economy. The people had heard of a new theory that had recently been published, teaching that the earth was a mere shell, and that the interior of this mammoth shell was inhabited, as well as the surface. He thought the Doctor had better petition his Maker to jam the mountain together where the Tennessee river broke through it, and open a channel through the outer shell of the earth into the interior, and then he could be gratified with a purely down stream navigation, and, he presumed the Doctor would be free from all fear of competition, either in navigation or markets.

In relation to the observation of his honorable opponent, Col. Creepabout, that he did not wish all the money expended upon the rivers passing the large towns, he considered it as a dirty and dishonorable insinuation of the Colonel, intended to be applied to him, because he happened to reside in a large town. Now he would undertake to say, that when the high-minded Colonel made this low and contemptible insinuation, he knew it had no application to him, in point of fact, and therefore intended to make an impression as false as the author was contemptible.

As regarded his worthy opponent, 'Squire Sledgehammer, he had nothing to say, only he supposed him to be a clever, honest man, and believed he was a good mechanic; but the people must understand that law-making was a different business from forging horse-shoes and sharpening mattocks. As to the political views of the 'Squire, if he had any, he, (Bombshell,) was wholly ignorant of them, had never heard him express any.

In relation to the inspired Pokeberry's notion upon

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the subject of establishing a system of Common Schools, it was of a peace with his ideas in relation to the commerce of the country; and he again advised the Doctor to pay a visit to Syms' colony within the hollow of the earth, where perhaps he might find a population whose circumscribed notions of policy would agree with his own.

He insisted the State possessed ample means to commence a system of common education, and it was both wise and politic to do so. Intelligence and virtue was the basis of republican government. Unless the mind was enlightened the heart would become corrupt; and corruption and ignorance would as necessarily overturn the government as fire would consume combustibles.

The General closed his address abruptly, and sat down' looking volumes of indignation at Creepabout and Pokeberry. The Colonel explained, saying the Gineral mout a understood him to a promise not to run; but if he used any language to that effect, he didn't so mean it. But Pokeberry kept his seat, his countenance speaking out the gratification he felt at the rage he had thrown the General into.

Colonel Lofty now appeared on the rostrum, his friends applauding, for his friends were ardently devoted to him, and his enemies were as violent in their opposition. He made a very short, but handsome and forcible address, principally in relation to the commerce and currency of the country. Agreed with those who advocated the policy of improving the navigable streams of the country. Promised to state his political views, at length, in a circular letter, made a polite bow, and resumed his seat.

Col. Smoothhead now rose, and said he had just returned from a journey, and had not, as yet, ascertained what

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subjects were agitating the people; but promised to make an expose of his views as soon as he was informed upon what subjects the people wished to know them.

The assembly now dispersed. The day was far spent; but notwithstanding the friends of the candidates had provided a treat, of the liberty inspiring fluid, which was eagerly and hastily swallowed, by the thirsty sovereigns, (for who would not have been thirsty after all this preaching of politics and nonsense) a goodly number got half drunk, mounted their horses, and went screaming home, fancying themselves the main pillars of the government. Not a single eye gouged or nose mashed on that day; merely for the want of time, we presume.

The candidates all remained on the ground except Creepabout, who rode ten miles into the country, to his residence, rather than pay for his lodgings at a tavern.—He returned, however, early the next morning, and all the candidates remained in town during the day.

When the court adjourned at noon, for the purpose of taking dinner, the candidates for Congress took advantage of the suspension of judicial proceedings to address the citizens. Thundergust made one of his ablest and most happy efforts; and created a considerable revolution in public sentiment in his favor. Foxhead followed in his usual style, but rather fell, even below himself.—He seemed, manifestly, alarmed and disconcerted, at the visible change Thundergust had produced against him.

The candidates for the Assembly were busy during the day, elbowing the voters about the grog-shops, and treating them to ardent spirits; in consequence of which, a few light skirmishes took place in the evening; amongst the most important of which was a contest between Abram Overhand and Valentine Thumper, in which

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Thumper lost an eye and bit off one of Overhand's ears.

The whole company of candidates remained at the court until the fourth day of the term, without any other important affair transpiring. On that day they all left. The candidates for Congress on their journey to an adjoining county, where court was to sit the succeeding week, for the courts were coming on in regular succession around the circuit; the aspirants for the Assembly betook themselves to the country, to try their respective hands at still-hunting. And just here, before we bid them a final adieu we must record their fate. Smoothhead out-polled Lofty; and Sledgehammer sent his three opponents back into the quiet retirement of private life, leading out ahead of Bombshell one hundred and forty votes. Pokeberry was just at the heels of Bombshell, and poor old Creepabout, was so far in the rear that it was doubtful whether he had not concluded to take the other end of the path.

Thundergust and Foxhead were busy, meandering creeks and branches and climbing into corn-fields, and now and then visiting a harvesting, until the commencement of the court in the adjoining county. On their arrival they met with their old acquaintances, Rigmarole and Dibbledabble. In this county Col. Littlesword, Capt. Popgun and 'Squire Lowfees were contending for a seat in the lower branch of the Assembly.

Colonel Littlesword was a tall and brawny animal, of a dark complexion but sandy colored hair. He was awkward, ignorant and stupid, but excessively vain, and possessed some cunning. He had served a campaign in the war of 1812, and this circumstance helped him to not a few votes.

Capt. Popgun was a pert, noisy little man, of about

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five feet eight inches in height, and slender frame, with blue eyes and fair complexion. He was no scholar and possessed very little information upon any subject; but he, too, had served a campaign in the war.

Esq. Lowfees was a stout, heavy built, well set, bald-headed gentleman, possessing good natural sense and good moral character, but utterly ignorant of any thing connected with politics.

Neither Popgun or Lowfees attempted to harangue the populace, but Littlesword was, in his own estimation, a great orator.

The court adjourned, as usual, at noon, on Monday, to afford the politicians an opportunity of lecturing the good people upon the science of civil government.

Foxhead made his usual display, for he always made the same speech, with some little difference in the manner of its delivery. He still seemed alarmed at the inroads Thundergust was making upon his popular strength.

Thundergust made another able effort. He seemed to be conscious that the contest was a close one, and that it was necessary he should exercise a little more prudence than he had done in the early stages of the canvass. It was very evident that he made some new accessions to his popularity on this occasion.

Rigmarole made a very short but prudent and well-timed address; principally in relation to subjects of local interest. He, however, advocated a system of internal improvements, and proposed some slight changes in the judicial system of the State.

Dibbledabble said he was puty much an intire stranger to the people there, and therefore would just make a few observations on some few ideas, that he thought mout sarve the benefit of the people to think on; and sorta by way of formin some acquaintance. He was a poor man

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and lived in the mountains, but he hoped as how that would be considered as no sort of objection to him. He had sarved the people of this county for six years as a magistrit, and he bleived they was pleased with him; at least they never made no objections to him, on that score; and he supposed they didn't have no objection, as they had elected him, the last election to represent the county in the legislator; and he was sure they didn't make no objections to his course in the legislator, for more than half the people of the county had axed him to be a candidate for the Sinit. As to the internal improvement talked about, by my honorable opponent, (said Dibbledabble,) he mout as well talk about improvin the river Nile. I have bin to the legislator, gentlemen, and I know how this improvement bisniss works. When I ax for money to improve Tennessee river, every feller in the whole legislator wants some too to improve some branch or creek in his county; and there aint money enough; and cause every feller can't git a share, they kill the bill. They aint a gwine to let a dollar outen the treasury unless every feller gits his share on it.

I have nothing furder to say, gentlemen. If you send me to the Sinit I intend to make laws for the honest laborin people, and not for lawyers and speculators. He then thanked the citizens for their perlite attention they had gin him; and down he sat.

Colonel Littlesword now presented himself, and spoke as follows:

Feller-citizens: twenty-seven years ago, when I was a beardless boy, I come among you. I cut the cane and broke the roots wi you. It was then a new country, you know, gentlemen, and we had many diffickleties to rencounter, and many hardships to fergo, but I stood my part on 'em wi you. I have no talents to boast of.—

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I am a man without edecation, and hain't got no larnin, but what little I picked up arter I cum among you. My father was a poor man and I had to work for my liven, instead of gwine to school. But, notwithstandin, gentlemen, I've bin permoted, to some small distent; and I hope, feller-citizens, I shall meet with the same honorable disception on this occasion.

Gentlemen, I am like the rest on you, I work the yeth for my support, and git my living by hard liks. And, gentlemen, the farmer is the bone and sinure of the country, and I don't see no reason why you shouldn't have no more on it in your legislator. I havn't got no great scheme nor big plans to git your votes. I havn't no hobby to ride into the legislator on. If I git there, gentlemen, I shall try to make you a faithful ripresentative.

Gentlemen, you have heretofore paternized me, and I hope you will agin. When I was a poor boy you elected me a Capting, without edecation. And, gentlemen, when the war come on—when the deadly sculpin knife, and blood-thirsty tomahawk of the savage, was reekin for the gore of our wimen and children's blood along our frontiers, I shouldered my knapsack and picked up my gun, and marched off in the ranks, (though I was a Capting at home) to fight the battles of my country.—It's true, gentlemen, it so happened, I was not called into action; but I mout a bin. Yes, gentlemen, I've bin where I mout a bin killed and never knowed it, if they'd a bin any ingins nigh. But we did'nt know that, gentlemen—we had the risk to run; and we suffered a great deal with honger and fertigue. But when I come home you elected me a Colonel, and now, gentlemen, I hope you will, when you come to the ballot-box, in Orgust next, under the glorious liberties bequeath'd to us, by

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our immortal posterity that has gone before us, and fout and died and bled for us, and left their bones to rot on our sile; I hope you will, in your kind displeasure, defer a deficent number of your votes on me, to allow me to respire to a seat on the floor of your legislator. If you do, gentlemen, I shall strive to make you a faithful ripresentative. You shant never find me abstent from my post, when your intrust mout be sacrificed.

Gentlemen, I've retained you longer nor I intended. I thank you for your retention and shall thank you more for your votes, if I git 'em.

The public speaking being over, the citizens dispersed; and the candidates closed the labors of the day in giving private lectures, and visiting the taverns and grog-shops. Ardent spirits were dealt out pretty freely, and a few battles fought, but no great mischief done. A remnant of the war party appeared next day, however, with their eyes dressed in deep mourning.

The candidates all remained on the ground until the fourth day of the court, but nothing interesting occurred, save a few light skirmishes along the outposts, and now and then a collision of the scouts from the different parties. On the fourth day the court adjourned, and the good people took up the line of march for their respective homes. The candidates for the county betook themselves to the country, through which they traveled by highways and by-ways, up creeks, down brooks and rivulets, over hills and across valleys, visiting the citizens at their dwellings, in their harvest fields, at still-houses, churches, or wherever else they could find them. They scoured the whole county, and paid their respects to every man, woman and child within its limits, without respect to rank, age, sex, or color. Littlesword was perpetually talking of his services in the army, and boasting

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of his being a farmer. Popgun, by some means or other, had heard that females governed the world, overturned empires and established kingdoms, at their pleasure, by a sort of indirect, unseen influence; and being pretty much attached to petticoats himself, and, when at home, led about by the apron strings of his lovely Maria, he electioneered mostly with the women and children. His hobby was a general reduction of salaries and fees, without being able to inform the good people of his county, what amount of compensation was allowed by law, to any single officer of the government.

In this county Littlesword was elected, beating Popgun a very few votes. Lowfees was distanced.

The candidates for Congress and the Senate next met in the county where 'Squire Straightcoat and Capt. Broadfoot were contending for a seat in the lower branch of the Assembly.

'Squire Straightcoat was a stout, well proportioned, good looking man, about five feet eight inches high, of dark complexion, possessing good natural sense and unblemished morals; but without education or even general experience amongst mankind. Capt. Broadfoot was a stout, sturdy, well built, chubby son of Adam, about five feet four inches high, of fair complexion, and weighed about two hundred pounds. His qualifications for the science of legislation, in every other respect, were about equal to those of his antagonist. They were both good farmers, and possessed of some wealth, but neither had the first single qualification for the station to which they were aspiring. Neither made any pretensions to public speaking, and of course were not in the way of the Congressional and Senatorial candidates.

Here, as at other places, the court adjourned at noon on the first day, to give time for the discussion of politics.

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Foxhead at his own request took the lead and brought on the battle. He had been occupied in the forepart of the day, stimulating and encouraging his friends to make a strong charge for him. He informed his confidents of the danger of his defeat, and told them it was absolutely necessary to make every possible exertion, or he should be out-polled. His friends being advised of their duty, and prepared for the charge by the leaders and political Captains, rushed to the courthouse in crowds, as soon as proclamation was made that the candidates were about to address the citizens. This circumstance, however, brought together the whole multitude; for, it is the nature of man, generally speaking, to go with the throng. As soon as the multitude were assembled and quiet restored, Foxhead arose and commenced his harangue, amidst the deafening *hurrahs* of his friends, for this part of the exercises of the day had been particularly enjoined by the Captains, in pursuance of the previous instructions of their chief. This sudden and unexpected manœuvre, seemed, for a moment, to disconcert Thundergust, and his fiery and sparkling eyes blazed with indignant contempt; but, immediately recollecting himself, he resumed his firmness and composure of countenance, and sat, quietly, listening to the eloquence of his antagonist, without suffering a muscle of his face to disturb the even tenor of its expression; taking care in the meantime, however, to whisper one of his favorites, who sat near him, to slip gently through the crowd, and prepare his friends for letting off a double salute on his arising.

Foxhead exerted himself to the utmost of his ability, and, indeed, made for him a very respectable effort. He fought like one who had determined to die, if die he must, contending arm and arm with his antagonist. He finished his address slowly, and rather in broken sentences,

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giving notice that he was about to close; for, it was part of his instructions that his Captains should lead off the rank and file, and not permit them to hear the speech of his opponent. This he knew was difficult to accomplish, for there was a peculiar and singular attraction in the manner, method and matter of Thundergust's harangues that made even his enemies love to listen to him; and therefore, it was, that the wiley Foxhead, so managed as to give his confidents time to decoy off a portion of the crowd before he should resume his seat. And, in order that they should be certain to remain absent, when once he had succeeded in procuring them to retire, he had stationed one of his aids-de-camp at a neighboring grocery, whose business it was, when he should be informed that the proper time had arrived, to keep the delicious bald-face circulating freely amongst the sovereigns. The subterfuge did not succeed well, however, although it was admirably planned. Thundergust's friends were determined to hear him, and would not be coaxed away, while the curiosity of many of the supporters of Foxhead was such that they could not be prevailed upon to absent themselves, though they were secretly informed that a treat was preparing. A few, however, were decoyed off, but this proved to be only for a time.

As soon as Foxhead resumed his seat, his tempestuous and stormy antagonist arose; and scarcely was he upon his feet, when some hundred voices broke forth in unison, with a tremendous hurrah; and at the second peal it seemed as though the whole crowd were uniting; and so they continued, peal after peal, as though they would bawl down the courthouse, while not a single whisper was heard in behalf of Foxhead, his noisy friends having retired to the grocery; and thus the pro-

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verb was, on this occasion, most completely verified, that "he that diggeth a pit for his neighbor shall fall therein himself." The shouting having, for a time subsided, Thundergust proceeded with his address, the stragglers from about the town pouring in at every door, until the house was again filled to overflowing. Another grand accession was also made to the army: that is to say, a number of Thundergust's friends had been leisurely lounging about the groceries while Foxhead was holding forth; and these tipsy friends and advocates of the great Thundergust, came into the contest, very opportunely, and with as much ardor as giants refreshed with new wine. They could, and did shout loud, often and long, the more sober and prudent of their political and partisan brethren joining in the chorus, to keep up appearances and give character to the hurrahing.

Thundergust made a cogent argument, interspersed with towering and brilliant flights of fancy, as well as powerful and pathetic appeals to the feelings, passions and prejudices of the populace; and at every burst of fancy or apostrophe of passion, his audience responded with loud and reiterated hurrahs. Foxhead was heard to regret that he had attemped to hurrah down a Thundergust; and he promised his friends never again to seek a contest of the kind, with such an unequal adversary.

Rigmarole and Dibbledabble declined addressing the people, except that the former took occasion, publicly to contradict the slanders that were in circulation against him.

After the speaking was over, the candidates and the crowd transferred the scene of action from the courthouse to the streets, taverns and grog-shops, and there finished the labors of the day; the candidates in discussing polities with such persons as they could find sober enough to

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understand the difference between Congress and the General Assembly, and the voters by drinking and fighting with each other, except a small minority, who, having remained sober, in despite of every temptation the candidates and their friends could present, did not, therefore, attach themselves to either of the belligerent parties.—Crowds thronged the streets, both on foot and horse, whooping, screaming and swearing. The mounted troops, charging and dashing through the town, in every direction; and the infantry passing and re-passing, crossing and re-crossing the lines of each other. Ever and anon the cry was heard, '*a fight! a fight!*' the giddy multitude thronging to the scene of strife; and before one battle was over the war cry was raised in another direction; and thither again the eager and intoxicated multitude were seen rushing in the utmost disorder and confusion, like a herd of maddened wild beasts or an army of delirious ghosts from the regions of Pandemonium. Night came, and the sober part of the crowd had either retired to their homes or taken lodgings in the taverns. The candidates enjoyed a short respite from their labors, for they had made the sovereigns *so gloriously* drunk that passion, in her giddy flight, had transported them at least fifty leagues beyond the realm of intellect. They kept up their sports through the night, either screaming along the streets or drinking and fighting in the grog-shops. This day's labor added considerably to the revenues of the State and county, aided in no small degree to replenish the pockets of the attornies and officers of court, and caused many a virtuous wife and helpless offspring to subsist, *for many days*, upon a scanty allowance, and encounter the snows of winter and the suns of summer in rent and tattered garments.

The time of the election, now being near at hand, the

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battle was waxing hot, the people much excited, and the candidates and their friends very industrious. On the third day of the court, the candidates all left the town, and set out in different directions, through the country, to try their skill in taking the game by stealth. Straightcoat and Broadfoot were both skilful still-hunters, but Straightcoat had the advantage of being a member of a numerous sect of professing christians, many of whom believed it to be a sin to cast their votes for an unregenerate child of mammon, against a christian brother; and others, were inclined to favor his pretensions, because they, as is natural for all men, confided in his integrity on account of his sameness of opinion and sentiment in relation to the affairs of church. This circumstance aided more, perhaps than any other, in enabling Straightcoat to out-poll his adversary, which he done by a few votes.

The aspirants for Congress and the Senatorial branch of the General Assembly, proceeded, separately, through the country, in the direction towards the next adjoining, and last county in the district; where, the succeeding week, they were to make their final and great struggle for the mastery. On their arrival at the battle-ground, they met with Esquire Hidewell, Col. Forlornhope, Col. Loveliquor, Maj. Sagacious, Capt. Millpond and Esquire Backout, who, as we have before told the reader, were canvassing in this and an adjoining county, for a seat in the House of Representatives of the General Assembly.

Esquire Hidewell was a stout, robust man, of mighty bone and muscle, possessing a soul about the one-sixteenth of an inch in circumference, and that *great* soul entirely occupied by one single attribute, and that attribute low cunning, directed and controlled by animal instinct. He was about six feet high, of dark complexion and curly

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hair. He was utterly ignorant, having no capacity to become otherwise. His plan of electioneering was, to conceal all his views and opinions on every subject, (if he had any opinions at all, which many thought doubtful,) and find fault with every thing that had been previously done.

Col. Forlornhope was a tall, well-proportioned, good-looking man, of dark complexion, and plain, easy manners, but of very moderate capacity, without education or information; and possessing not more tact and cunning than an ordinary goose. He had served a campaign or two in the war, but he had not capacity to avail himself of the advantage this circumstance would have given him.

Col. Loveliquor was a stout, rough-looking, square-built man, about five feet nine inches high, of dark complexion, possessing good natural capacity, with some general experience. He was extremely mirthful in his disposition, free, open and communicative in his intercourse with the world. He loved a good joke, and could enjoy himself in any circle except amongst the rigidly righteous or strictly moral; but was mostly inclined to seek the company of the jovial, profane and rude. Whenever he met with a club of good fellows, he was sure to become pretty considerably fuddled, or, as Jack Tar would say, *seas over*, regardless of public weal or individual woe.

Maj. Sagacious was a tall, slender figure, of unique appearance. He was about six feet in height, and weighed precisely one hundred and twenty-four pounds. His face was long and thin, his cheeks sunken, and his head thickly covered with a suit of coarse hair. His complexion was fair, his hair auburn, his eye of a hazle hue, its glance keen and penetrating, and the general expression of his countenance presented a compound of art, ingenuity, intelligence, tact and talent. He had no pretensions to lit

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erature, strictly speaking, but possessed an extensive fund of general information, and was well read in the book of human nature.

Capt. Millpond was a chubby, thick-set, dark-complected, gabbling little man, possessing neither sense, information or experience. He was a mere bunch of ignorance, imbecility and impertinence.

Esquire Backout was a stout, brawny-limbed, coarse-featured man; as dark-complected as a Hottentot, and possessed but very little more refinement of manners, or pretensions to civilization, than do the inhabitants of that renowned nation of individuals. But the God of nature, for some wise purpose of his own, had conferred upon him a mind as robust and vigorous as his body, and which might, perhaps, have been trained, enlightened and disciplined, so as to have rendered him a useful member of society, and, peradventure, an efficient instrument in conducting the affairs of the body politic; but it had been his fortune, from childhood, to reside and associate with the most ignorant, rude and uncultivated people. He had no education, except that of barely being able to read and write. He had long been a leader of the rabble, and consequently, had become somewhat vain and dictatorial in his manner. He delighted in abusing professional or wealthy men, or those who moved in fashionable circles; and he had an utter abhorrence of every thing foreign—was in favor of home productions, home manufacturing and home living.

The court adjourned on Monday, at noon, and the candidates for Congress addressed a numerous crowd of the citizens. Thundergust took the lead, in his usual manner, but indulged his vanity so far as to bring about a seeming collision between himself and some of the candidates for the Assembly, which lost him many votes.

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Foxhead followed, endeavoring, as much as possible, to fan the embers of discord into a flame, without, apparently, connecting himself with the controversy.

After the public speaking was concluded, the crowd dispersed, some for their homes, and the remainder spent the evening loitering about the streets, taverns and grog-shops, discussing politics and regaling themselves upon bald-face, at the expense of the candidates. The excitement ran high, but the current was smooth and unrippled; not a single battle was fought that day. On the succeeding day, the court adjourned for one hour, at noon, and Rigmarole and Dibbledabble availed themselves of this short suspension of judicial proceedings, to address the citizens. Their speeches were very short; and no incident occurred worthy of being recorded. The court resumed the transaction of public business, and the candidates labored assiduously amongst the sovereigns, plying arguments, flattery and good liquors. The evening came—the bright luminary of heaven sinking below the western horizon, and casting back his brilliant splendors upon the lofty hill-tops, as he smilingly let fall the mantle of night upon another bloodless day.

The third day of the court came, and this being the day appointed for the battle between the candidates for the lower branch of the Assembly, the court consented to take a recess for three hours, in order to give each candidate a fair opportunity of making known his political views. Hidewell, Forlornhope and Loveliquor, each declined addressing the citizens, and this reduction in the number of expected orators, allowed to each of the other three ample time to make a full expose of his sentiments and opinions.

Backout appeared first upon the rostrum, and spoke to the following effect:

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Feller-citizens: All my opponents wants to make a great many laws. Now, gentlemen, I jist want to make three laws, and no more, and I want to repeal THREE THOUSAND. I want to take the jurisdiction from the County courts, except jist to do county business, and give it to justices of the peace, in their captains' companies, at home, and let them have a jury once a month, and do all the business at home, where it will not cost the people so much.

The next thing I want to do, gentlemen, is, to reduce your taxes, and the salaries and fees of every officer in the State one half, and give fees to the justices of the peace. I have been doing business a great while for no pay, and I think I had ort to a had some.

These are two of the laws I want to make, and the last one is, to repeal all the old British statutes, and make it indictable for any lawyer as dares to bring one of these old statutes of Great Britain into a court-house. I think, gentlemen, we can make laws good enough for ourselves, without gwine away back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and King Edward and Cromwell, for their old statutes that was made *three thousand* years ago. And what did these Kings and Queens, and crowned Lords, know about making laws for us? Why! we want born, and Columbus hadn't found this continent. And I think, gentlemen, as how, we hadn't ort to pattern after kingly governments. We are a free people, or, at least, we had ort to be free, and have free laws. But the lawyers says as how these English statutes are mighty good, because they are mighty old. But that is one reason why I want them repealed, because they are so old the people don't know nothing about them. They think, if they have a suit, it is to be tried by our own laws, but when they git into court, a lawyer gits up and reads an old British stat-

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ute, that the poor feller know'd nothing about, and out of court goes his suit. Yes, gentlemen, this is the way the lawyers serves us, and that's the reason as how they don't want these old statutes repealed; and that's the reason they want so many laws, as the people will be obliged to employ them. But, gentlemen, I want but a few laws, and I want them so plain that every man can understand them.

Every one of my opponents has his hobby, upon which they are tryin to ride into the Legislator, and so have I got mine, too, gentlemen. I intend to ride a lawyer into the Legislator, if I go at all. I am poor, and have to walk now electioneerin, but I don't mean to walk to the Legislator; I intend to ride a lawyer there. I shall have no use for him after I get there, and therefore, I shall then turn him out.

The old British laws some folks thinks is mighty good —great laws—because they come down to us from *posterity*. But I think as how we hadn't ort to care what posterity has done in other countries, and 'specially in kingly governments. We had ort to make laws for ourselves, and repeal *all these old laws of posterity*. And I don't want so many laws neither, gentlemen. The whole of our laws hadn't ort to make a book bigger than a spelling-book.

Sagacious next rose, and made a very sensible, argumentative, and, in some respects, handsome address. He advocated the propriety of increasing the common school fund, by every possible means; and the establishing a regular system of internal improvements. He also spoke of the state of the currency and commerce of the country—advocated the propriety of continuing in existence a National Bank, and deprecated the efforts making in

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the country to render odious the then existing Bank of the United States. He likewise discussed many questions of a local nature, and advocated the Penitentiary system of criminal punishments, as best suited to the enlightened age, and as recommending itself to every enlightened mind, both as regarded the policy and humanity of the system.

Capt. Millpond next presented himself, and in a pompous and dictatorial manner, addressed his countrymen to the following effect:

Gentlemen! You all know that I am not an orator. I have no edecation but what I got by my own industry. My father never sent me to school none of any consequence—nor I'm not rich, nether. I'm not able to buy books and pay superscriptions for newspapers, to git information like my opponent, Maj. Sagacious. He's rich, gentlemen. He can buy books and pay for newspapers, and who thanks him for knowin what's bin done and what's doin in the country. And, gentlemen, he's made his wealth off'n the poor people of this country, by speculation. But the Major says he's in favor of a United States Bank; but I aint. I'm opposed to every thing in a free 'publican government like anopolies; and what is the Bank of the United States but an anopolous. Gentlemen, it's no wonder the Major is in favor of a Bank of the United States, 'cause he's rich, and it would help him to anopolize the rights of the poor. But, gentlemen, I'm agin all such anopolous institutions. I'm agin givin the rich more power than they've already got. And, gentlemen, Gineral Jackson is opposed to a Bank of the United States. He says it's an anopoly, and constipates in itself an aristarky. And we all know Gineral Jackson is a patriark and a 'publican, and goes for the good of

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the country, and has fout for us; and I think we ort to foller his advice; and therefore, gentlemen, I'm agin the Bank of the United States.

I'm in favor of appointin magistrates in each captain's company, accordin to the votes of the people. Let the people hold an election, and let the man be appointed whom is voted for by the people; providin he's a 'publican, and a friend to Gineral Jackson. But, gentlemen, I'm agin appointin any man who's opposed to Gineral Jackson; 'cause I blieve they're all fedelists. And where does the Major stand? Aint he opposed to Jackson, and aint he a fedelist? As for 'Squire Hidewell, he won't tell any body what he is. And why don't he tell, gentlemen? Why, I reckon it's 'cause he 'dont know what to tell, or else he knows it wouldn't do to tell. But, gentlemen, I won't say the 'Squire is a fedelist, but if he aint, we don't know; and we know he's a stockholder in a bank, and this looks a little like fedelism; for, as I said before, banks is fedral institutions. As for the rest of my opponents, I don't reckon it makes much odds what they're notions is, for they won't git not many votes no how; but I think they mout condescend to give you their views on public matters, if they have any.

Now, gentlemen, there's bin a heap of lies told on me. Among other lies, they said I was a terrible wicked man, and had talked profane. They've told it over the country, that I said, when my mill-dam washed away, that I would dig out a foundation and make 'butments in the banks, and make my new dam so staunch that God Almighty couldn't tear it 'way if he'd try. Now, gentlemen, this aint true. It's a 'lectioneerin lie they've told on me. No, gentlemen, I never used any sich profane language: I'm not so zumptious. These is my views. There is many other things I mout give my views on, but

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I musn't wurry your patiences. If I'm elected, I shall support Gineral Jackson, and obey your instructions, 'cause I'm a 'publican, and blieve in the right of instructions.

Here ended the public speaking for that day, and for the campaign, for the election was just at hand, it being but a few days before it took place. The crowd dispersed, and the court met and adjourned until the succeeding morning. Every body was busy discussing the great affairs of State, as well as the respective merits of the great men who were aspiring to the confidence of the people and the honors of office. In the course of the evening, Backout notified his countrymen that he declined holding a poll, being, as he said, well satisfied that he could not be elected; but his friends rebelled, and swore he should not decline, announcing their determination to vote for him at all hazards; and, consequently, he was obliged to withdraw his avowal to decline, and permit his name to remain on the calendar of aspirants.

The contest was waxing warmer every hour. The candidates and their friends were exerting all their energies, and resorting to every possible stratagem and artifice, to rally their forces for the conflict, as well as to enlist new recruits. The whole country was one general scene of excitement and busy commotion. The gatherings of the coming storm, however, were not violent, nor did it portend any thing of evil, calculated to inspire apprehensions of danger to the general peace and harmony of society. It was like the gentle rustlings of the forest before a brisk summer's gale, accompanied with a few sudden peals of thunder, and ever and anon a puny, but turbulent, whirlwind, exhausting its might in hurling into the air a few particles of dust and chaff.

In this representative district, Hidewell was the suc-

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cessful candidate for the lower house of Assembly, literally distancing all his competitors. In the Senatorial district Dibbledabble outran his opponent so far, that the inspired statesman was under the necessity of applying to some of his more learned friends to make the calculation, and when it was made it was with difficulty he could comprehend the numbers, being so much larger in amount than he had ever before, in all his life-time counted. Thundergust and Foxhead made quite an interesting and close run, for Congress, Thundergust leading out (as a sportsman would say,) about a neck's length.

If the picture we have presented of the course of electioneering for office, and the portraits we have drawn of the character of public functionaries of the country, be correct, (and we are sure our readers will substantially sustain us in both) then is it not time the citizens of this, as yet, free government, should pause and reflect before they plunge the abyss of everlasting political ruin? What will it avail us that the unshod feet of our fathers left the frozen plain clothed in gore, and their unburied bones yet lie bleaching upon our native hills, if we disregard the rich purchase of their blood, and the dear bought inheritance for which they surrendered up their magnanimous souls to the father of spirits, and gave their flesh to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air? It is in vain that the worthless prodigal boasts an honest, virtuous, prudent and renowned ancestry! The fair character of the father but adds a deeper and darker tint to the blackening disgrace of the profligate son!

Let the aged reflect upon the condition of the country, and the manner of conducting public affairs, fifty years ago, when aspirants to office dared not leave their

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homes to solicit votes, and let the young look upon the calendar of names that then filled the councils, and occupied the public offices of the country, and contrast them with the public functionaries of the present day! The latter will appear like a swarm of pigmies, "cutting fantastic *capers*" *at the feet of an army of giants!* But electioneering does not exhaust its whole force, nor leave the foot-prints of its corrupting march, alone in the council halls and public offices of the country. Its blighting and desolating influence spreads over the whole face of the community, and ramifies every avenue of society.—False theories and principles are disseminated amongst the people—slander and detraction flies upon every wind, publishing ten thousand calumnies, to blacken the character and blight the prospects of the purest patriots of the land—the citizens are excited to riots and mobs—the bonds of social friendship, and, even of kindred blood, are rent assunder—the morals of the whole community are corrupted—hostile wranglings and personal conflicts ensue; and frequently the closing scene of the drama is clothed in a mantle of blood.

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CHAPTER XIX.

ANTIQUITIES OF TENNESSEE—BURYING-GROUNDS —REMAINS OF ANCIENT FORTRESSES, TOWNS, &c.

Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
* * * * * *
By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild bewildered gaze
Of one converted to stone by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays.

BYRON.

To describe minutely the various burying grounds, ruins of ancient fortifications, towns, &c., to be found in the State of Tennessee, would swell this work far beyond its prescribed limits. We must content ourselves with a few general remarks, and a description of a few of the most singular and interesting of those tenements of the dead, and decaying fragments of art, that testify to the existence, and mark the footsteps of another, but, now extinct and unknown race of civilized people, as well as that of savage nations who once inhabited this country; and, over whose bones, and the decaying ruins of whose labors, we are almost daily treading—unconscious that we are trampling upon the ruins of ancient splendor, and marching with careless stride over the sepulchres of other and different nations of civilized as well as savage human beings, who must have inhabited these regions many centuries ago; but who have fallen before the all desolating sweep of the ruthless and relentless

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sythe of time; and over whose individual, as well as national name, hath been spread the impenetrable veil of everlasting oblivion. Many conjectures have been published by the learned and curious, in relation to these unknown nations; but conjectures are wholly useless; for not a record, a monument, or even an inscription remains to inform us what nations of people now lie entombed in the silent dust, beneath the feet of the present inhabitants of this country.

When our territorial predecessors first fixed their habitations here, they found burying grounds, bearing indisputable marks of antiquity, at short intervals, all over the country. Many skeletons and thousands of human bones were also found in caves and rock-houses. These latter were, no doubt, the skeletons and bones of the Indians; for it was their custom to deposit their dead in caverns and rock-houses. But of the burying grounds the Indians could give no account, except that their fathers, according to the traditions of the nation, found them here when they first came into the country.

It is known that the whole country is dotted over with artificial mounds of earth, of various sizes; and that these mounds contain human bones. Sometimes a great number of bones are found in a small mound, while others, very large, contain only the bones of one or two individuals. So far as these mounds have been examined —and hundreds of them have been opened—the bones are uniformly found deposited in a kind of stone coffin, made by laying a broad flat rock at the bottom, setting up others at the sides and ends, and then placing one on the top. Beads and curious wrought stones are often found deposited with the bones. These mounds are to be found in every part of the civilized world; but by what people they were thrown up, or at what period,

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not a vestage of evidence can be gleaned from all the records of ancient or modern times; nor is there even a tradition amongst either the civilized or savage nations of the earth, that casts a solitary *gleam* of light upon the subject.

In some of the mounds found in Tennessee, human bones of enormous size have been discovered. The skeletons, when the bones are put together, measure from six to seven feet in height; but those of such gigantic stature are but seldom found; and frequently they are very small, measuring not more than four feet in height.

The most singular burying-ground to be found in the State of Tennessee, and perhaps in the United States, is in the county of White, about six miles from the town of Sparta. The skeletons are of small stature, being only from three and a half, to four and a half feet long; though they have every mark of mature age. They are buried in stone coffins, in a sitting posture, with the face to the west. Doctor McCall, in company with others, opened several of these graves. The skeletons were found a short distance below the surface of the earth; one of them only six inches. And in this grave was found the skeleton of a female, supposed to be about the age of thirty or forty years, at her death. The stone coffin that contained this skeleton was two feet long, fifteen inches wide and eighteen inches deep. The arms of the woman had been folded over the fore-arm of a cub-bear, and the ham of a deer. Under her right thigh was found a well shaped pot, composed of black iron-sand, white flint, burnt muscle-shells and blue pipe-clay. The pot was of size sufficient to contain a pint and a half; was well formed with lip and eyes, like a common pot; and was filled with ashes, in which were mingled snail-shells. Under the pot was found charcoal; and the bones of the wings

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and legs of a turkey lying around it. At her feet was a flat polished limestone; near which lay a round polished stone, excavated or hollowed out on each side. Under the shoulders of the woman, or rather behind her shoulders, were found the skeletons of two children, whose sculls rested in terrapin-shells. By the side of one of these infant skeletons were the bones of a rabbit, and by the other the head and fore-arms of a squirrel.

Several other graves were opened; in all of which were found only single skeletons; along with which were the bones of various animals—large and small.—The scull and face of these skeletons were of very singular shape. The crown of the head was flat and spread out very wide in the cheek and templar direction; the forehead was astonishingly short—in one instance rising only about half an inch above the brow. The chin, mouth and nose were shaped very much like that of a monkey. In each grave was found either a pot or bowl, retaining the evidences of having been used as cooking utensils; the appearance of smoke and soot still remaining upon them. The animal bones found in the graves were, uniformly, around or near the pot.

These were, no doubt, a rude and savage people; and it is believed, by men of science, literature and observation, that they were of the Esquimaux race; and that the bones of animals and fowls found in these rudely constructed tombs, were placed there with the flesh upon them, at the burial of the departed human being, in order to furnish him with the necessary supply of food, during his long, benighted and dreary journey to his final and everlasting habitation. For these rude and unenlightened children of the forest, had no idea of any other mode of existance than that of animal life; and, therefore, thought it necessary to furnish their departed friends

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with a sufficiency of rations to supply their wants until they should arrive at that immortal and blessed hunting ground where the fruits of the earth and the game of the forest abound in such exhaustless stores and numbers, as to furnish, at all times, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, a rich and luxurious repast for all the children of the GREAT SPIRIT.

Throughout the whole State of Tennessee, the ruins of ancient fortifications and towns are to be found; but, perhaps, these ruins are more numerous along the margin of the Tennessee river, than in any other section of the State. These ancient ruins are also to be found throughout the whole valley of the Mississippi, as likewise throughout the whole region of South America. They furnish incontestable evidence of the existence and prosperity of a civilized and highly improved people, who inhabited this continent long anterior to the discoveries of Columbus. It has been conjectured that the people, the decaying ruins of whose industry and art lie strewed along the margins of our rivers, and scattered over our widespread valleys, were the Astecks, who afterwards peopled Mexico and Peru; and that, being a peaceable and agricultural people, they were driven from this country by the numerous hordes of hostile barbarians that surrounded them. But whether this conjecture be true or false, must remain a problem, perhaps, to the end of time.

The stone fort, as it has been called, at the forks of Duck river, in Middle Tennessee, has been often noticed and spoken of as an object of wonder and astonishment. It has been recently surveyed by Col. Yoakum, a skillful and scientific engineer, and found to contain within its exterior boundaries an area of nearly forty acres. It was protected by the river and high bluffs, on every side except one, and that was protected by a stone wall.

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But there are to be found on the Tennessee river, the remains of other fortifications, as well as of towns, of much more importance (though not of the same extent) than that of the stone fort. In the county of Hamilton, on the north side of Tennessee river, at the town of Dallas, there is an entrenchment, running out from the bank of the river, then in a direction down the river, and then to the river again, including an area of about seven acres. Before the land was cleared and the entrenchment included within a farm, the ditch was about six or seven feet deep; and the gateway or passage out, on the back line from the river, was apparent. The ditch was cut in an angular line, the lines of the angles being about twenty feet in length, so as to prevent the raking of the ditch; which proves beyond doubt, that it was not only cut by a people understanding the modes of civilized warfare, but that it was intended as a defence against a people possessing the knowledge and use of fire-arms. Within the entrenchment are several large mounds, on one of which was standing, at the first settling of the country by the white people, very large forest trees, which, from their appearance, must have been at least four hundred years old. On the south side of the river, both below and above this fortification, are found the ruins of ancient towns.

Above this place, in the lower end of Roane county, is found a fortification, which has the appearance of having been a fortified town. It is on the south side of Tennessee river, where the river makes a sudden, short bend or curve, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe. The ditch runs across from the margin of the river above, to that below, including several acres of ground, and within the fortification or entrenchment are the remains of many

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buildings, and the appearance of streets, running across each other at right angles.

About three miles above the town of Dandridge, in an island in the Frenchbroad river, containing some thirty acres, or more, are the remains of an ancient fortification, on the lower point of the island. A ditch is cut across the island, above the ruins. The foundations of houses are still to be seen. Charcoal is found about these ruins; which evince the fact, that the fort was destroyed by fire.

In the county of Cocke, about one mile above the junction of Big Pigeon and Frenchbroad rivers, and on the north bank of Big Pigeon, on a bluff about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, is found the ruins of an ancient fortress. It is in the fork of the rivers Frenchbroad and Big Pigeon; and the situation is just such, in every respect, as a skillful engineer or man of military science would select for the establishment of a fort. From the summit of the bluff, a level plain extends out from the river; and the place is protected by the rivers on all sides except one. The situation being elevated far above the immediate surrounding country, affords an extensive and interesting prospect, and, of course, would enable the sentinels upon the ramparts to observe the approach of an enemy in time to make preparation for his reception.

An accurate and minute survey of this fort was made by Robert Armstrong, Esq., of Knox county, in the month of May, 1821, who, at the request of the author, has been kind enough to furnish a copy of his field notes, and a map of the outlines, or exterior entrenchment that enclosed the fort. Eight and one half acres are enclosed within the entrenchment. The back line of the entrenchment is parallel with the river, running south forty de-

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grees east, and is fifty poles in length. The course of the end lines, running back to the river, are north forty degrees east. The upper end of the area included within the entrenchment, is a perfectly smooth, level plain, and is supposed to have been the parade ground. The lower end is covered with the ruins of buildings, of various sizes; the largest measures sixty by thirty feet. The rocks still remaining where the buildings stood, bear incontestible evidence of fire having passed over them; and thus testify to the fact of the fort having been consumed by this destructive element. Thirty-six poles from the lower end of the fort, is a pass-way down to the river; and gate-ways are found passing out on the northern and eastern sides. These venerable ruins were first discovered in 1780; and at that time, posts at one of the gate-ways were still standing.

The ruins of this ancient fortress seem to define the limits, and fix a boundary to the progress of this unknown people up the water courses of the country. Nothing of a similar character has ever been discovered higher up the rivers of Tennessee, so far as the author has been able to ascertain.

Whether the fortifications and towns we have been describing, were the works of the Spaniards, who traversed this country some time during the sixteenth century, it is impossible now to ascertain, otherwise than by the appearance of these ancient relics. It is very manifest, from their appearance, that the fortifications and buildings, the former existence of which these relics establish, were erected long anterior to the date of these Spanish incursions into this country. There is no doubt, however, that the Spaniards, who traversed many sections of this country about the time before mentioned, did erect forts and garrisons. But these latter works bear

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little or no resemblance to those we have been describing.

According to the most satisfactory evidence now to be obtained, three campaigns were made by the Spaniards into the territory now constituting the State of Tennessee, the parties all landing at some point on the coast of Florida. One of these exploring parties, who are now believed to have been pirates, passed across the country in a northern direction, and it is thought by some, to be within the range of probability, at least, that they erected the stone fort. Another party passed across the country higher up, and penetrated the wilderness as far as the banks of the Ohio river; where, meeting with numerous tribes of hostile and warlike Indians, they were compelled to return. There is no doubt that this party passed across the country through the upper end of Sequachee Valley; for the appearance of an old encampment has been there discovered; in the vicinity of which, musket locks and barrels have been found; and some of the first settlers discovered an inscription upon a birch tree; which, however, they could not decipher, (being, no doubt, in the Spanish language,) except the date, which, as well as now remembered, was 1656.

Another party, commanded by a Spaniard, called De Soto, traveled up through Georgia—discovered the gold mines, and remained at them digging gold for some time. They then marched on farther north-east—had a battle with the Cherokees on the Chilhowee mountain, the Indians defeating them; and then they retreated from the mountain, in a northern direction, until they reached the level or flat country, and encamped, and fixed their winter quarters upon the head branches of a small rivulet, called, at that time, by the natives, "Oostenalla." The remains of the fort are still to be seen on the head waters of what is now called Eastenalla, about five or six miles

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east of the town of Athens. The next spring, the party set off on their return march, crossing the Hiwassee river above where the town of Columbus is now situated, as is established by the fact that, some years ago, after a great freshet, which occasioned the Hiwassee to overflow its banks, and the flood of waters washing off the alluvial soil, a number of musket-locks and barrels were found, as also a great number of musket-balls; which seem to indicate, at least, that De Soto here had another battle with the Cherokees. But if additional evidence be wanting to mark out the retreating route of this party, it is to be found in the fact that, after the settlement of the Ocoee district, a Spanish bridle-bit was found upon the farm of Col. Biggs, on the south-west side of the Hiwassee, in the county of Polk. The party continued their march to the sea-coast, there took shipping, and returned to Spain.

Beside these Spanish expeditions, French exploring parties sailed up the Mississippi, and traversed many parts of the country; and even built forts in what is now West and Middle Tennessee. But many of the ancient ruins we have been describing, exhibit incontestable evidence of their having been erected many centuries before either a Spaniard or Frenchman set his foot upon the soil of this continent.

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CHAPTER XX.

LEGISLATIVE AND JUDICIAL INCIDENTS.

Each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters.
Ev'n the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

OLD PLAY.

The first General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, met at Knoxville, on Monday, the 28th of March, 1796, sat twenty-six days, and passed thirty-five laws. James Winchester was Speaker of the Senate, and James Stewart Speaker of the House of Representatives. Gen. John Sevier had been elected Governor, and was duly inaugurated, at the meeting of the Legislature. William Maclin was elected Secretary of State. A judiciary system had been established by the Territorial Legislature, in 1794, consisting of County and Superior courts. The same system was continued under the State government; but new judges and other officers, of course, were to be elected. John McNairy, Archibald Roane and Willie Blount were elected, by the General Assembly, judges of the Superior courts. Other necessary officers were elected, and provision made by law for the complete organization of the State government. The pay of the members of the General Assembly was one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, and the like sum for every twenty-five miles travel, going to and returning from the seat of

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government. The salary of the Governor was fixed at seven hundred and fifty dollars; and the Judges were allowed eighty-three dollars thirty-three and one-third cents, for each court they should hold, subject, however, to deduction, for every court they should fail to attend.

The circulating medium of the country was gold and silver coin; and it was not until 1807, that a bank was established. On the 26th of November of that year, the Nashville Bank was chartered by the Legislature, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars. And on the 20th of November, 1811, the Bank of the State of Tennessee, at Knoxville, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, was chartered. These banks were organized, and went into operation soon after their incorporation.

At the time the government of Tennessee was organized, justices of the peace, acting singly, out of court, possessed jurisdiction over "all debts and demands of twenty dollars and under, where the balance was due on any specialty, note or agreement, for money or specific articles, or for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered, or for work and labor done." And judgments rendered by justices of the peace were to be stayed, as follows, upon the defendant giving sufficient security, "*if required by the adverse party*," viz: for all sums not exceeding five dollars, thirty days; for all sums above five, and not exceeding ten dollars, sixty days; and for all sums above ten dollars, one hundred and twenty days.

The judicial system established at the organization of the State government was continued, with some inconsiderable change of jurisdiction, until the year 1810. On the 16th of November, 1809, a law was passed by the General Assembly, abolishing the Superior courts, and establishing Circuit and Supreme courts. By the pro-

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visions of this law, the judiciary system it established went into operation on the 1st of January, 1810. The State was laid out into five judicial circuits; and a Supreme court of Errors and Appeals established, to be held at five different places, to wit: Jonesborough, Knoxville, Carthage, Nashville and Clarksville. This Supreme court was composed of two judges in error, and one circuit judge. Hugh L. White and George W. Campbell were elected judges in error; and it was provided by law, that the judge of the first circuit should sit in the Supreme court held for the second circuit; the judge of the second, in the first; the judge of the third, in the fourth; the judge of the fourth, in the fifth; and the judge of the fifth, in the third circuit. The judges of the Supreme court were allowed a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, and the Circuit judges one thousand dollars; and the Circuit judges were required to hold courts in each county. Solicitors General were also elected by the Legislature, one for each circuit, to prosecute the pleas of the State; and were allowed a salary of two hundred dollars, besides a tax fee on each prosecution. This system remained unchanged until the nineteenth of November, 1811, when that provision authorising the circuit judges to sit in the supreme court was repealed and the Supreme court left with two judges; the act of Assembly providing that if the judges of the supreme court should differ in opinion, the judgment of the circuit court, in all such cases should be affirmed. Thus the system remained until the eleventh of October, 1815, when an act of Assembly was passed providing that a third judge of the supreme court should be elected. Some years after this, a fourth judge was added to the supreme court, and subsequently again, a fifth; and the judges of this court were then required in

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turn, to hold separate chancery courts. This system continued for a few years, and was then again changed, by reducing the number of judges of the supreme court to three, and transferring the original chancery jurisdiction of the supreme court to separate chancery courts; which is the present system. The circuit courts exercised original chancery jurisdiction until after the constitution of the State was amended and modified in 1834; and for some purposes the circuit courts still possess chancery jurisdiction; but their jurisdiction on this subject is now very limited.

About the years 1806 and 1807, money became exceedingly scarce, and great distress prevailed. The citizens began to sue and harass each other; in consequence of which, the legislature, in 1809, passed what was then called a stay law, authorising debtors to stay all judgments, as well those rendered by the courts, as by justices of the peace, upon giving security for the payment of said judgments. The same law provided that, if the plaintiff would not receive property in payment of the judgment, at two-thirds of its appraised value, the property should be sold upon a credit of twelve months; and thus the collection of the plaintiff's demand was postponed.

Some years after the close of the late war, which was terminated by the brilliant victory of New Orleans, another pressure upon the money market occurred, which produced another enactment of the legislature somewhat similar to the one of 1809; but it contained many other provisions.

Since the organization of the State government, four judges have been impeached; and one surveyor. The surveyor was convicted and removed from office.—Three of the judges were acquitted, and one convicted.

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But many individuals who were, at the time of the trial, busy actors upon the public theater, believed the conviction was wrought, more by the excitement of the occasion than by a cool, dispassionate, and legal investigation.

After the adoption of the banking system in Tennessee many interesting incidents of legislation occurred; but as we are rapidly approaching the outermost verge of our limits, we must close this part of our work with a very brief statement of a few others only.

During the session of the legislature of 1829, an investigation into the condition of the State Bank of Tennessee was instituted. In the progress of which it was ascertained that the cashier had squandered the funds of the bank, by permitting his friends improperly to check for money when they had no funds in bank. A committee of the General Assembly was appointed and instructed to go into the bank and count the money, and make a thorough examination; but the cashier took away and concealed the books, locked the doors of the banking house, and absconded. He was, however, arrested soon after, in pursuance of a resolution of the legislature, and the books of the bank recovered. A court was constituted, to investigate the affairs of the bank, consisting of one judge of the supreme court—one chancellor and one circuit judge. The act of assembly, however, constituting this court, was afterwards declared to be unconstitutional and void, by the judges thus associated together for the purpose of investigating the affairs of the bank; and consequently no investigation was then had. The business of the bank was afterwards wound up and a settlement had with the cashier; but the loss to the State was very considerable.

The most important incident that has occurred in the legislation of the State, however, was the failure of the

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General Assembly of 1841, to elect Senators to Congress and lay off the State into districts for the election of members to the ensuing legislature. It is not for the historian to assail the motives of public functionaries; but it is yet to be determined whether this dereliction of duty on the part of the representatives of the people, would not, if carried out, amount to a disorganization and overthrow of the government.

In the year 1786, the legislature of North Carolina enacted a law providing that all persons "convicted of horse stealing, should be branded with a red-hot iron on the right cheek with the letter H, and on the left with the letter T, stand in the pillory one hour, be publicly whipped on his bare back with thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, and at the same time have both his or their ears nailed to the pillory and cut off." This law was adopted in Tennessee, and many persons punished accordingly. In the year 1799, this law was repealed by the legislature of North Carolina and an act of Assembly passed inflicting the punishment of death upon persons guilty of horse stealing. This latter law was also adopted in Tennessee, and several individuals were tried according to its provisions, convicted and hanged. In 1807, however, the legislature thought proper to repeal this severe penalty, and substitute in its stead, punishment by whipping, branding in the hand, standing in the pillory and imprisonment; and this latter law remained in force, until the Penitentiary system was adopted, in 1829.

Many singular and interesting judicial incidents have occurred since the organization of the State government of Tennessee, but to record them would fill an ordinary volume. We must be content with relating the outline of one of the most astonishing criminal trials to be found in the judicial annals of the world.

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Mary Doherty, a female about the age of thirteen years, was indicted in September, 1806, in the superior court then held at Jonesborough, for the murder of her father. It appeared in evidence on the trial, that her father was an intemperate man; frequently got drunk, and was often found lying by the road-side. Sometime previous to the institution of the prosecution he was missing; and, after four or five days, search was made for him. A Mr. Beaty and others went to the house where Doherty had lately resided—enquired of the defendant where her father was—she professed not to know. They made search all about the plantation, believing he had lain out drunk and died. After some time they discovered something under the floor of the cabin where Doherty had lived, that attracted their attention. They went into the cabin, raised a puncheon and discovered the body of Doherty. The left side of his scull was broken, and there was a cut on the right side of his head. They found an axe at the house that had the appearance of having been recently washed; but there was blood on it, about the eye. They also discovered some specks of blood on the bed-clothes, on the wall of the house at the head of the bed, on the chairs, and some appearance of blood on the floor. The floor had been washed, but still the appearance of blood could be seen. Upon making these discoveries, Beaty said to the defendant, "you knew this;" to which she answered, "Beaty, you lie." An inquest was held upon the body of the deceased. The defendant was arrested, and interrogated, but she constantly denied knowing anything about the death of her father. She appeared to be remarkably ignorant; and on the trial the witnesses stated that she very seldom was seen from home, during the lifetime of her father. He had several other children, but she was the oldest. Her mother had been

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dead some years; and her father was a dissolute man and paid no attention to the proper education of his children. The defendant always appeared to be of a taciturn disposition—talked very little.

After the inquest was held upon the body of the deceased the defendant was committed to jail. Soon after her committal she ceased to speak at all, except on one or two occasions she was heard to say yes or no, to a black girl who was sent into the jail to dress her; and to whom the defendant appeared to become attached. She remained in jail about four months, before the meeting of the court at which she was tried. She had no counsel, nor was she advised, by any human being, as far as was known, what course to pursue. She not only ceased to talk, but refused to eat, and lay always on one side, with her eyes nearly closed. The jailor became alarmed, thinking she would perish, and attempted to force her to eat; but could make her eat but very little. He then left her victuals in the jail. On his return the provisions were gone, but whether she ate them or not he could not tell, but supposed she did. He uniformly found her lying in the same posture, and with a heavy blanket over her in the heat of summer. He did not remember seeing her wink her eyes, at any time after she became speechless. During her imprisonment she was visited by a great many persons; none of whom could discover any evidence that she possessed the least consciousness; but all were of opinion that she was totally insane. Not one of the numerous witnesses examined on the trial ever saw her wink her eyes during the whole time of her imprisonment.

Colonel Gray and judge Powell, two distinguished attornies, were, by the court, assigned to defend her. Powell visited her in jail, and used every endeavor to prevail

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upon her to speak; telling her that if she would speak he could save her life, but could not if she would not talk to him. She exhibited not a single emotion, however, but appeared utterly unconscious that she was even spoken to.

During the trial she exhibited no symptoms of alarm, or the least consciousness of what was passing. Her eyes were nearly closed, and during the whole trial, she was not observed to wink them; and her face wore a death like paleness. She was acquitted upon the ground of insanity, and when the Sheriff took her out of the bar, she appeared so wholly insensible as to hit her head against the end of it. The Sheriff lead her out into the court yard; where she stood, motionless, for sometime; and a great number of persons examined her, from curiosity. She remained where the Sheriff left her until some old ladies, that happened to be about the courthouse, lead her away from the crowd. On the next day after her acquittal, however, she recovered her speech; manifested a considerable degree of sprightliness—sat down by the courthouse door, in company with the old ladies who had taken charge of her on the day previously, and when the judges were about entering the courthouse she looked up at them as they passed by her, and smiled. Her countenance was then gay and sprightly; and her visage wore a fresh and ruddy complexion.

This extraordinary female remained long in the country, and perhaps may yet be residing in the neighborhood, near where she was tried. It is certain that, after she grew up to womanhood, she married, and resided long in that section of country. Her case is to be found reported at length, in Tennessee Reports, by Judge Overton, volume second; commencing at page eighty.—

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And we will here close our remarks upon this most extraordinary transaction, with an extract from a note appended by Judge Overton, to his report of the case.

"After having been arraigned for murdering her father, it would not be strange if every nerve were tremulously alarmed.

"But how any being, endued with thinking powers, could so abstract the mind, and withdraw its accustomed emanations from the countenance, upon so awful an emergency, is beyond ordinary calculation.

"She certainly practised a deception, and that most completely. No person was seen, but supposed she had literally lost her understanding, if not her speech. Several hundreds, if not thousands, particularly examined her from time to time, and none discovered the deception.—This part of her character, to some, may appear the more extraordinary, when it is recollected that she was young, without education, decorum, a sense of religion, or the benefit of social intercourse."

CHAPTER XXI.

ECCLESIASTICAL INCIDENTS—THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL OF 1804-5.

About the year 1802, or 1803, a man by the name of Grenade, of the Methodist persuasion, came through East Tennessee, preaching to the people, wherever he could collect a congregation. He gave a very strange account of his religious experience. He stated that when he was stricken under conviction for his sins, the feelings of guilt

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became so weighty and awful, as in a measure to derange his intellect; in consequence of which, he ran off into the woods, where he remained until he became as wild as the beasts of the forest. One of his brothers brought him food, during this season, he permitting no one else to come near him. After a probation of something like three years, he suddenly came to his reason, and was irresistably impressed with the weight of that divine command given by Christ to his apostles, "go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" in consequence of which, he immediately returned to his friends, proclaiming the gospel in their ears, and instantly set out on a tour through the world, preaching wherever he went. He was a man of considerable mental vigor, of enthusiastic and impassioned feelings, and, withal, possessing some pretensions to literature, and poetic talent. His discourses were desultory, stormy and pathetic. In the midst of religious exercises, he uttered *aloud* impassioned exclamations, and this he denominated shouting. He composed many hymns and spiritual songs, all of which were filled with these impassioned exclamations. He was proverbially called the wild man, on account of the strange history he gave of his experience. His preaching produced wonders in the land. Thousands were seized with the same propensity for shouting; and in a short time, the whole country was filled with *shouting* congregations.

About this time, the Rev. Mr. Doak, who was emphatically one of the principal fathers of the church in East Tennessee, went upon a journey to the north. After his return, his flock assembled, to see their old pastor, to shake him by the hand, and hear from his reverend lips an exhortation. The meeting took place on the Sabbath, and at the house where this father in Israel had long minis-

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tered in holy things. He was the oldest clergyman in the State, a man of fine genius and extensive learning.—When animated, his voice was like the roarings of the lion, and his eye flashed like the lightnings of heaven. Although he was somewhat dogmatic in the maintenance of his particular opinions, and harsh and absolute in enforcing them, he was, nevertheless, greatly beloved by his flock. He had spent the prime and vigor of life, (after risking his scalp, by settling in this country at a very early day, while the hostile savage was ringing his frightful yell in the ears of the inhabitants,) in exhorting his fellowmen to "cease to do evil and learn to do well," and in teaching their children the delightful ways of science and literature. Consequently, the meeting excited much feeling in the bosoms of all; and was well calculated to stir up all the sympathies of human nature, as well as the pathos of religion. The assemblage was so large, that the house would not contain the half, in consequence of which, the old parson was compelled to address them from a platform erected out of doors. His address was unusually powerful and pathetic. In the midst of his discourse, a strange convulsion seized his corporeal system, which occasioned his limbs to jerk and twist in every direction, and in a short time, set the old parson to jumping; and he finally fell off the platform, tumbled down, and went rolling and jerking down the hill, (the surface of the earth forming a gentle declivity from the platform) and in this manner he continued rolling down the hill for some time, while his congregation stood unutterably astonished and awe-stricken. After some time, he arose and concluded his sermon, but his limbs continued to jerk, twist and quiver, in a most strange and unaccountable manner This strange disease did not soon leave the good old man, but continued to afflict him, occasionally,

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when he was in the midst of his most powerful and pathetic discourses. And it was not long before some of his hearers were seized with the same strange distemper. It soon began to prevail over the country; and it became a sort of proverb, that Grenade had brought the shouts into the country, and, old father Doak, to match him, had brought the jerks.

Shortly before or after this singular occurrence, a young man by the name of Gideon Blackburn, obtained license from the Presbyterian church, the same church to which old Mr. Doak belonged, to preach the gospel. He was a tall, slender, meagre figure, of pale complexion, afflicted in one leg with a disease commonly called the white-swelling; but the features of his face were fine, and his countenance expressive. He was rather of obscure parentage, and his appearance in the sacred desk excited no particular interest. Very soon, however, he got to himself a great name, and set all the whole western region on fire. Possessing a burning and brilliant fancy; a vigorous and active intellect; a handsome classical education; a tall, well-proportioned, and rather handsome personage; his face *pale and ghost-like* in appearance; his features well-proportioned; the general expression of his countenance solemn and intellectual; his eye keen and flashing, when excited; his voice clear, loud, shrill and melodious; and his oratorical gesticulation inimitable;—he produced a deep, fervid and wide-spread excitement all over the country, that had never been witnessed before, nor has the like ever been experienced since. His powers of description were astonishingly picturesque and luminous, and his thrilling, deep-toned feeling, connected with the capacity to infuse into his auditory all the ardor of the orator, produced consequences which could be felt and understood, but cannot be described. He traveled

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all over the country, preaching to the people, in churches, court-houses, cottages, in the open fields and in the woods; and hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands congregated together to hear him. He sometimes stood upon crutches, while he preached, on account of his lame leg. And frequently the citizens erected a platform in the woods, elevated some ten feet, upon which he stood and preached for days, to thousands of his fellow-mortals, of all ages, grades, colors, sizes and sexes.

There was something in this extraordinary man, calculated to enchant and enchain "the wilderness of free minds around him, and to strike a blow in the world that should resound throughout the universe," the ultimate consequences of which were only to be realized in eternity. The wild man's shouts, and old father Doak's jerks, became the common diseases of the country, and prevailed all over the land. Thousands and tens of thousands were seen jerking and shouting; and the most extraordinary and unaccountable scenes were witnessed. Under the pathetic and wonder-working discourses of this prodigy of human nature, hundreds were seen falling down, at one time, in a swoon; others jumping, jerking and shouting, while hundreds were singing, praying and dancing; and some would, occasionally, dash through the crowd, almost with the velocity of the wind, and escape to the woods, their friends pursuing them, under the apprehension that they had suddenly became deranged, and would flee from the face of man, and perish in the wilderness; or, in some wild and lonely place commit suicide. The opinion became prevalent, that the millennium was just at hand, and the whole religious community were looking with anxiety "for the coming of Christ the second time, without sin unto salvation," expecting every day to see him descending through the clouds, seated upon

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that great white throne, described by John in the Revelation, and followed by a countless throng of angels, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

This excitement was at its highest, perhaps, during the years 1804 and 1805, but it did not entirely subside for many years thereafter. It has now, however, passed away, and those extraordinary men (Grenade, Doak and Blackburn) who, to all human appearance, were the principal instruments in producing it, now sleep with their fathers, their mortal remains resting in their honored graves, amongst other departed saints, while their immortal spirits have gone to try the realities of that boundless and never-ending eternity they so often exhorted their fellow-men to prepare to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONTRAST OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITIZENS OF TENNESSEE, AT THE PRESENT DAY, WITH THOSE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS—THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, &c.

> All the inventions that the world contains,
> Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;
> But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
> Upon them by mistake or oversight.
>
> BUTLER.

When the first inhabitants of Tennessee fixed their dwellings in this country, they had many difficulties to encounter, owing to their remoteness from the densely populated and commercial sections of the country. But since that day, wonderful improvements, as well as as-

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tonishing discoveries, have been made. At the time of the first settling of Tennessee, even the cotton gin had not been invented—the power of steam, and its application to machinery, was wholly unknown. Our good old mothers picked their cotton with their fingers, or by means of a little wooden gin, worked by hand; they done their own spinning and weaving, and every article of clothing was manufactured at home, by the hands of the female part of the family. The only water-craft then used in navigating the rivers, to carry off the surplus products of the country, to Natchez or New Orleans, then the only markets, were pirogues and flat-bottom boats. Small log-cabins, built of unhewed poles, served the inhabitants for houses of education, and temples in which to worship their God. The household furniture of all the inhabitants of an entire county, did not cost as large a sum as our wealthy citizens now pay for a fashionable sideboard. The inhabitants of the country at that day, lived plain and economical, and were comfortable and happy. Our present fashionable and poisonous luxuries were wholly unknown amongst them. The citizens were stout, robust and healthy. Plain, wholesome diet was their medicine, and active labor their physician. Now, we have splendid mansions and gorgeous palaces, filled with rich and costly furniture, for mere ornament and show. Steamboats ride along the swift currents of our rivers, and wealth and fashion cover the land; but luxury and vice keep equal pace with all our improvements. Steam mills, cotton factories, iron forges and foundries, and every kind of machinery usually found in a wealthy community, amongst an enterprising people, have been erected all over the country. Turnpike roads have been constructed, and the building of railroads are in progress. Splendid colleges and academies have been put up, and all the

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means and facilities of education provided for the rising generation. But idleness, folly and vanity seem to march on, step by step and side by side, with the progress of the arts and sciences; and fashionable vices and noxious luxuries are found in almost every dwelling, from the mansion of the wealthy to the hovel of the poor. Idleness, luxury and fashion are making frightful inroads upon the constitution of the rising generation; and we are fast dwindling into a race of mere pigmies and dwarfs, when compared with our ancestors. Swarms of lawyers, doctors and clergymen are seen in almost every town; and every man who has acquired a little wealth, is educating his sons for the learned professions; and what is worse, training them up in luxury, idleness and vice, and teaching them, while yet he lives, to spend his fortune as soon as he is buried.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANECDOTES.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find
That gives us back the image of our mind.

POPE.

At a large temperance meeting, one of the managers of the affair asked a lady to sign the pledge against intemperance. "I thank you, sir," said the lady, "I have been too well educated to drink ardent spirits."

Themistocles had a son who was the darling of his mother. "This little fellow," said Themistocles, "is the sovereign of all Greece." "How so?" said a friend.

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"Why, he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern all Greece."

An Englishman asked an Irishman if the roads in Ireland were good. "Yes," said the Irishman, "so excellent, that I wonder you do not import some of them to England. We have the road to love strewn with roses; the road to matrimony through nettles; the road to honor through a duel; the road to prison through the courts of law; and the road to the undertaker's through the apothecary's shop." "Have you no road to preferment?" "No," said the Irishman, "not now—that road, since the union, is removed to England: you pass through it to the king's palace; and I am told it is the *dirtiest* road in Great Britain."

How to raise a report.—Mother Hopkins told me that she heard Green's wife say, that John Harris' wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow Bushman say, that Col. Hopkins' wife believed that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned that Samuel Dunham's wife had told Soulding's wife that she heard John Frank's wife say, that her mother told her, that old Mrs. Jinks heard granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact.

An accepted suitor while walking the street with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his passion said, how transported I am to have you hanging on my arm. Upon my word, said the lady, you make us out to be a very respectable couple when one is *transported* and the other *hanging*.

A Greek bishop is said to have thus characterised his own church:—One half the Greek church has no religion atall; and those who have any are worse than the others.

A military officer of diminutive stature while drilling an

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Irishman considerably above six feet in height, said to the recruit *hold up your head!* elevating the chin of the Irishman with his cane, to something like an angle of forty-five degrees. And must I always do so my noble captain, asked the recruit. Yes, always, answered the officer. Then fare you well my dear little fellow, rejoined Paddy, I shall never see you more.

Two village merchants, one of whom was named Steel and the other Hyde, entered into partnership, and as usual they put up a sign over their door—"STEEL & HYDE." A traveler rode into the village and called at a tavern for the purpose of spending the night; but shortly after, happening to discover the sign, he exclaimed with astonishment—"*Steel & Hyde!*" Well, I'll be d——d if I stay in such a place as this, I shall have every thing stolen and safely hid before morning; and, immediately he mounted his horse and left the place.

A rich physician was complaining, in a coffee house, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he would give ten thousand pounds each, and yet he could find nobody to marry them. An Irishman immediately stepped up, and making a low bow, said, by your leave, Doctor, I'll take two of them.

A planter in Mississippi when correcting a negro boy for some trivial offence, was continually annoyed with the supplicating exclamation of *pray massa! pray massa!* Upon which the master replied, *pray yourself*, I don't know how to pray! The boy immediately fell upon his knees, and said, Let us look to the Lord and be dismissed.

A clergyman asked a lad whom he saw reading the bible, who was the wickedest man? *Moses*, answered the lad. Moses! said the parson, how could that be? Wy, said the lad, he broke all the commandments at once.

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CONCLUSION.

Othello's occupation 's gone.
SHAKSPEARE.
My labor for the day is over now.
BYRON.

The author now casts this, his first-born literary bantling, upon the broad ocean of public opinion, claiming no high pretensions to elegance of style or beauty of composition. He has not the vanity to suppose his work is free from literary blunders and grammatical errors; for, but few authors can claim this exemption, though they may have been brought up in the schools of science, and drank deeply of the limpid fountains of classic lore. How much less, then, could one expect to arrive at perfection, whose entire stock of literary intelligence has been acquired *alone* by his own industry, without the aid of an instructor!

He flatters himself that the mechanical execution of the work is, at least, equal if not superior to any hitherto published in the western country from a manuscript copy.

In page sixteen, line thirteen from the top, first word in the line, read south, instead of north; and the fourth word in the same line, read western instead of eastern. Page one hundred and sixteen, fifteenth line from the bottom, and second word in the line, read summits, in place of summit. These are all the errors that affect the sense; and the first was occasioned by following a blunder committed by Judge Haywood, in his history of Tennessee.

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